WOMAN'S

HERALD OF INDUSTRY

VOL. III

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. III. No. 1. San Francisco, California, January, 1884. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

MRS. J. W. STOW,
...EDITOR...

S. GERTIE SMYTH,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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A Monthly Newspaper, Published in San Francisco, Cal., Devoted to the interests of Woman: To her Dress Reform; Race Culture; Physical Culture; Labor and Political Enfranchisement---thru co-operation and self-help.

Independent in politics and religion.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

HOME, DRESS-REFORM DIRECTORY; CHILDREN'S CORNER; CORRESPONDENCE; DRESS REFORM; PHYSICAL CULTURE; INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION; CO-OPERATION; RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA; STIRPICULTURE; SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT; LITERARY NOTICES SUFFRAGE NOTES; TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

S. S. S.

CAEIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

PRESIDENT—Mrs. J. W. Stow, 1921 Sac'to-st., S. F.
HON. SECRETARY—S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal.
MEMBERSHIP.—Life, $25. Annual, $1.

THE DAY THAT IS COMING.

When a man shall work and bethink him, and rejoice
in the deeds of his hand,
He'll never come home in the evening too faint and
weary to stand.

People in the good time coming shall work and have no
fear
For tomorrow's lack of earning and the hungry wolf
anear.

O strange new wonerful justice! but for whom shall we
gather the grain?
For ourselves and for each of our fellows, and no hand
shall labor in vain.

Then all mine and thine shall be OURS, and no more
shall any one crave
For riches that serve for nothing but to fetter a friend
for a slave.

What wealth shall be left us, when none shall gather
the gold
To buy his friend in the market and pinch and plunder
the sold?

Ah! what? save the lovely city, and the little house on
the hill,
And the wasts and the woodland beauty, and the bloom-
ing fields we till;

And the homes of ancient stories, the tombs of the
mighty dead,
And the wise men seeking out marvels, and the poet's
teeming head;

And the painter's hand of wonder, and the marvelous
fiddle-bow,
And the banded choirs of music, all these that do and
know;

For these shall be ours and all men's, nor shall anyone
lack a share
Of the toil and the gain of living, in the days when the
world grows fair.

—[Selected.

Premiums.—This year we offer no premiums and no clubbing with other journals. If the HERALD is not worth a dollar it is not worth having in the house. We offer 50 per cent for obtaining new subscribers and advertisements. *Money* will purchase every salable thing.

Is there a one-firm monopoly in the manufacture of tricycles in the U. S? If so we shall defer our purchase of one until Co-operation destroys that monopoly. Why are they kept at such a fabulous figure?—to place them above the reach of women?

International Dress Reform Exhibition.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE SISTERHOOD offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

CHANCE, in her diamond set, for the most beautiful dress for a woman, that clears the ground 12 inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The Prize Exhibition will be held during the session of the FOURTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in Ixorn Hall San Francisco, the first week in September, 1884.

All NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 1921 Sacramento-st., by the 1st of Aug.

☞ OTHER PRIZES OFFERED.

Mrs. J. H. Holt, San Francisco, large oil painting, Landscape of California scenery.

S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal., a beautiful bracelet valued at $25.

No dress will receive more than ONE prize.

OUR NEW DEPARTURE.—Our union with the Brotherhood in no way conflicts with the *individuality* of the Sisterhood.

Patronize the enterprising people who advertise in this paper. They give help to woman's work in a practical form.

ISAAC B. RUMFORD, the Edenic (raw) food evangelist, has come up from Joyful and is stopping at 1921 Sacramento-st, where he will be pleased to see ladies and gentlemen interested in co-operation and associate homes.

The women of Washington Territory owe their political freedom to the tireless energy of Mrs. Duniway, and all the world owes her thanks Oregon will surely wheel into line in June, as the first *honest* state—unless Congress wakes up and grants the 16th amendment.

A WORLD'S FAIR will do for San Francisco what the Centennial did for Philadelphia; it will double the imports and exports of the State and place her representative men and women among the most enterprising people of the whole world—where they belong.

Why don't the chivalric press sound the clarion and blow the hoogong that Belva A. Lockwood is reinstated, together with the two or three hundred pantaloon-pleaders who were debarred at the time she was.

Be of good cheer, sister Belva, all the stones and clubs are found lodged in the good apple tree. The crab is unmolested.

PLUCK AND PERSEVERANCE.—Less than five years ago we made the acquaintance of Clara S. Foltz. She had just commenced the practice of law, in debt, with a family of five children to support and educate. It looked like a big job. Again we see her in her *bijou* of an office, with an effecient clerk, surrounded by clients and a man eager to pay her $10,000 for one little bit of her own land, and we learn indirectly that she holds bonds and mortgages that would make some men-lawyers proud and happy. Every woman on the coast is proud of Clara. She is a model housekeeper in her own home and has a servant to do her bidding.

The question whether women have equal rights with men to earn their livings by honest work has received a new impetus by the sentence of a New York court, fining Frank Chambers, the girl-sailor, a $100 and sending her to Brideswell for six months. The only crime charged against this young woman is her choice of trade, and her assumption of a male attire. In her case these two things go together, since she was compelled to take on a sailor's dress in order to ply his vocation.—X. O boastful *Liberty*, fling all your starry banners out. Who make the vile laws that say to one half the children born of woman, "Thou shalt not dress in garments that will enable you to compete with the men!" Shame, upon such an unnatural government! ! !

With this No. of the HERALD will be sent copies of Jan. '81, containing an elaborate treatise upon "The Rose," by Mrs. Smyth, who is a natural born florist as well as cook. Those in love with the queen of flowers will appreciate the favor.

CO-OPERATION will solve the labor question; co-operation will give a dignity to womanly handicrafts which she never possessed; co-operation will enrich the masses; for thru combination in the industrial pursuits and associate community homes, they will enjoy the equivalent of *riches*; co-operation will educate the hand and brain not only of little children but of children of larger growth; co-operation will do away with intemperance, legal rule, and slip the yoke of grinding monopoly. It is the hidden sin which debauches, defiles and leads down to savagery. It is only by associating together that men and women ascend the steps which lead to civilization. Lycurgus understood this when he founded communism. The record says:

In order to complete the conquest of luxury, and exterminate the love of riches, he introduced the use of public tables where all were to eat in common of the same meat, and such kinds of it as were appointed by law. At the same time they were forbidden to eat at home upon expensive couches and tables, to call in the assistance of butchers and cooks, or to fatten like voracious animals in private. For so not only their manners would be corrupted, but, their bodies disordered; abandoned to all manner of sensuality and dissoluteness, they would require long sleep, warm baths, and the same indulgence as in perpetual sickness. To effect this was certainly very great; but it was greater still to secure riches from rapine and from envy, as Theophrastus expresses it, or rather by their eating in common and the frugality of their table, to take from riches their very being. Hence the observation, that it was only at Sparta where Plutus (according to the proverb) was kept blind, and like an image, destitute of life or motion. It must further be observed, that they had not the privilege to eat at home, and so they came with a good appetite to the public repast; they made a point of it to observe anyone that did not eat and drink with them, and to reproach him as an intemperate and effeminate person that was sick or the common diet.

It is also interesting to observe that Lycurgus made no platform, for he ordered that no no laws should be written; and as for matters such as contracts about property, etc., it was better not to reduce these to an unalterable method, but to suffer them to change with the times, and to admit of additions or retrenchments at the pleasure of so well educated persons. He resolved the whole business of legislation into the bringing up of youth. This he looked upon as the greaest work, so he began with it at its very source, taking into consideration their conception at birth by regulating the marriages.

All manner of lasciviousness, prostitution and abject poverty became weeded out under his wise *unwritten* laws, and whatever community adopts his simple rules as its guide will live and prosper.

We are seeking to found just such an unostentatious associate home. Who will join us? We invite both men, women—and children.

PASSING STRANGE.—In reading Mrs. Tillotson's romantic record of Dress Reform in this country (for the last 30 years), and noting the numbers that have within that period been interested in the cause, we marvel that so *few* of that number have extended the helping hand to the journal that HERALDS the glad tidings that *all* have not backsliden into fetters, folly furbelows and fashion. What's the matter with such women? Did some other woman bear the burden of publishing a national organ devoted to dress reform, simplicity of life, co-operation and hygienic living, we should try to get our friends, acquaintances and strangers to suscribe for it, and donate money towards it support, and until this is done we shall place little faith in such lukewarm reformers(?).

We wish all our friends and patrons a Happy New Year with many glad returns, and hope they will each and all speak their wishes in deeds by sending the price of the HERALD for '84. A dollar is very little to you, but much, in the agregate, to us.

THE EDITORIAL COLUMNS OF THE HERALD, for '84, are enriched by the pen voices of two other distinguished writees, Ella A. Gibson and Emily P. Collins.

SCISSORS.

There are great truths that pitch their shining tents
Outside our walls, and though but dimly seen
In the grey dawn, they will be manifest
When the light widens into perfect day.

It is better to stand ALONE for the right, than to stand with the MULTITUDE for the wrong.

Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence; the palaces of kings are built upon the ruins of the bowels of paradise.

If men want to wrong a woman or trample upon her in any way, slander has been their chief method.

Womanly intelligence is arro using to live and keen play in the severe and exact provences of thought.

Mary A. Miller, of New Orleans, applied for a licence as master of a steam boat. The inspector found her competent, but debars her because of her sex.

Twenty-six women voted at a town election in Wtumwater, W. T., last week.

A movement is on foot to establish children's play rooms for the poor of London. America needs the like charity for hotel-hotbed children.

MRS. STRONG, the first cotton raiser in California, has grown 190 bales on her ranch this year.

The Southern Planters Ass'n admitts women to membership upon the same basis as men.

The entire Pacific Coast Congressional delegation has indorsed Markus D. Boruck's plans for a World's Fair, to be held in San Francisco during 1887.

Carrie Swain, an actress, has saved seven people from drowning, recently, and will be awarded a medal for her bravery.

The relation of husband and wife is slavery, unless both parties enjoy equal liberty in spending the common income without interference.

In some orange orchards at Pasadena can now be seen trees in bloom, trees with eatable oranges of last crop and ripening oranges of thisyear's crop.

Miss Fuller, a schoolteacher of Grand Marias, Mich., is an admirable shot with the rifle, and after school hours goes hunting in the neigboring woods.

Among the best bills that have been so far introduced in Congres is one proposing an amendment to the constitution, confering on women the right of suffrage. There is not a single valid reason why women should not be placed on a perfect equality with men, in the exercise of the political franchise. More people are getting to see this every day, so that the time draws near when women will enjoy the same rights as men now enjoy.

MRS. RUSSEL GREENE is an old lady residing on Clifford Street, in Providence, R. I. She is eighty-nine years old, does all her own work, and recently she whitewashed a long board fence between her own and a neighboring garden. She rises every morning at four o'clock, and gets her work done before the majority of people are up for the day.

MRS. O. W. PIERCE, of Providence, R. I., was recently chosen by the church of which she was a member, as their treasurer. The bank in which the funds of the church were deposited made objections to transacting business with a woman. They were not sure that a woman could legally hold the office of treasurer of a religious society. Besides "women did not understand business, and were troublesome to deal with." The secret of the opposition, it is supposed, lay in the fact that some of the bank officials wanted to have a certain man made treasurer. Mrs. Pierce is a capable woman of business, and would not have been at all troublesome to deal with. The church gave the bank to understand that if they persisted, the funds of the church would be withdrawn and placed in some bank that was wiling to deal with a woman; whereupon the bank succumbed

A BILL has been placed in the hands of Senator Miller which "prays" that monthly and bimonthly *newspapers* may be distributed by the pound, instead of a penny tax, in cities served by carriers. Will all interested publishers join with the HERALD in getting relief from this unjust taxation? Write your representatives, at once, in order to secure a concert of action upon the important subject.

ERRATA.—In Elmina's December article read: Spider spins, instead of "opens" and Animals become geneses unisexual, instead of "bisexual.

THE WATER DRINKERS.

I passed a garden where roses bright
Were clust'ring close to the lilies white;
The noonday sun was ablaze o'erhead,
"We're very thirsty," the flowers said.

"Thou lovely lily so fair to see,
O wherefore should'st thou thirsty be?
For gladly into thy cup I'll pour
The sparkling wine from my choicest store!"

The lily folded her pure white cup,
And closed each ivory petal up!
The rosebud shook in the breeze her head;
"We drink the rain and the dew" she said.

I took my wine to the birds that flew
Around the bank where the flowers grew;
They would not come of my glass to taste;
The lark flew up to the sky in haste.

The thrush sang "no" from her leafy spray,
The robbin hopped with a chirp away:
The blackbird raised from the stem his head,
"Our drink is that of the flow'rs," he said.

I saw a child, on that summer's day,
Amid the flowers and birds at play;
I brought him wine, but he answered "no"
With rosy lips, as he bade me go!

"I do not care for the red hot wine
While water fresh from the stream is mine!"
He smiled, and merrily shook his head;
"My drink is that of the birds," he said.

I turned; his father was watching near,
His step was firm and his eye was clear.
He took my cup but he dashed it down,
And quickly cried with an angry frown,

"I will not look on the cup whose glow
Has lured so many to deepest woe!"
The mother smiled, as she shook her head;
"Our drink is that of our child," she said.

GOOD HEALTH.

BY ELLA E. GIBSON.

Good health is so remarkable, and yet so desirable, that an ancient writer has styled it "A gift of the Gods." And yet it is no gift. Except in rare cases, it depends upon a proper understanding of the laws of health, and an obedience to the same.

So much has been written upon this subject that it is almost like an attempt to light the earth at noonday with gas to add anything to the advice and warnings already given. Would people bestow one-half as much attention upon their physical and mental constitutions as they do upon subjects of minor importance there would be less demands for physicians, and quacks would find their "occupations gone," and themselves reduced to the necessity of seeking some productive employment, instead of flooding the world with their spurious medicines and counterfeit advertisments.

To ventilate well, eat well, and sleep well, may be called the first trinity of good health. To think well, bestow well, and live well, may be styled the second trinity of the same family. The first belongs the body, the second to the mind.

A want of knowledge of the influence of air upon health is one great source of the cause and spread of disease. Fresh unadulterated air, containing about twenty-one per cent. of oxygen, is essential to the power of vitalization of the blood, and to the healthy action of the lungs, as is good nutritious food to the formation of healthy blood.

The majority of mankind neither know how to eat or what to eat. Persons should allow themselves sufficient time to well masticate their food, and not force the stomach to perform the double work of chewing and digesting. As to quantity and quality, every one should make their own selection; more harm is usually done by too much and too great a variety than by richness in quality. No general rule can be laid down; each stomach indicates its own adaptations and preferences and its own fullness; and if the eater will mark well the monitions of this faithful thermometer he will soon be able to regulate his diet better than any physician or strolling quack, who professedly enlightens his audiences, either through public or private lectures.

Sleep is as essential as either of the first two named requisites in its proper manner, time and duration. That is sleep in a sweet room always, and in the night time instead of the day, if possible, when the sun is not shining instead of when it is. Be up and out during the day and in bed and asleep during the night, and be sure and sleep with your mouth shut. Do not cheat yourself of any sleep you need to retsore the system, after toil, unusual fatigue or illness. Sleep and rest are better and cheaper than medicine.

If you would enjoy good health, learn to think well; that is to think correctly. The person who violates all moral obligations in his thoughts, who has no scientific basis for his intellect to rest upon, whose fancy leads his senses captive, finds himself amidst associates whose tendencies are to lead him into gross immoralities, unrighteous practices and vicious follies, if not crimes. To think well, to think justly, is to act well and act justly, it is to bestow well, and live well also. He who thinks correctly, whose judgment is not warped by ignorance or prejudice, will bestow his goods, his time, his love and himself, where each and all will be of the most value. By so doing, he promotes health, inasmuch as he promotes cheerfulness, kindness, justness and a consciousness of having well performed his part in the great drama of life. This imparts to his whole physical nature a tone a vigor that the sickly moral miscreant can not purchase, even if he possessed the means to buy up all the medicine in the universe, the venders and practitioners included.

To enumerate bad habits, and expatiate upon those generally considered most instrumental in producing disease, either directly or indirectly, is a task too mighty for a newspaper article, and too prolific for any volume, since these habits are as extensive and varied as is the human race.

Then let me close by saying, that which you know, or have reason to believe harms you, let alone. "If thy right hand offend thee cut it off and cast it from thee," when that hand becomes a darling sin, as dear to thee as are the eyes.

So also, as you would avoid all things that harm, endeavor to obtain all the essentials that would benefit, that would most conduce to your welfare, selecting first, those most necessary, afterwards those of less importance. Do not be diverted by ridicule or abuse from obeying the laws of your own being and the laws of your neighbor's being. Insist upon following your own individual tendencies, when those tendencies are right, though it may require you, in order to enjoy good health to differ widely from your neighbors. In this you have a right to differ, even as your faces and forms differ. The food you eat, the clothes you wear, the work you do, the friends you select, the books you read, the church you attend may all be different from your neighbor's, yet, nevertheless, just what *you* need in order to preserve health, and fulfil your life mission.

Then let me again urge upon each one who reads this brief article, the necessity of a well informed individual judgment in selection which is a thousand times better than any code of morals or set rules laid down by any theologian, physiologist or would be reformer of this age or any other in world's history.

We are on the eve of important inventions by which the powers of nature will be placed at the service of humanity, to a degree heretofore unknown.

The best religion is to cultivate the growth of civilization, whose symbols are the house we live in, the clothes we wear, the food we eat, the machinery we use, the books we read, and the love we bear each other.

Mary E. Buckley has recovered $1.180 from a Brooklyn, N. Y., saloonist for selling her husband whisky.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY S. GERTIE SMYTH.

FRIENDS AND SISTERS OF THE ORDER recipes for hygienic cooking, how to be well, etc., will be cordially welcome, for this department. Let us exchange views upon all things pertaining to the improvement of homes.

Address all communications for this department to Mrs. J. H. Smyth, 623 Montgomery-st, S. F., Cal.

GOOD HEALTH.—Few persons appear to realize how dependent we are on sunshine and fresh air for good health; many seem to have the idea that sunlight is their worst enemy; and so they carefully exclude it from their rooms, close their blinds and curtain their windows. Health and comfort are sacrificed rather than expose laces, furniture and carpets. That perfect ventilation and abundance of light and sun are indispensable to a healthy atmosphere, all through the house, should be understood as one of the essentials of perfect home keeping.

We have just finished reading a very interesting and instructive work entitled—*Lectures on the Physiological Laws of Life and Hygiene*, by H. S Cunningham, C. M. M. D., Indianapolis. It has a good word for every body and that an *English* word, which a child can comprehend. Every chapter is replete with information of the most vital importance to every member of the human family. It is a book which should be in the hands of all lovers of virtue, purity, and moral and social improvement. Scattered all through it from the affectionate dedication to his wife each chapter gives evidence of his faith in women. It is a model of goodness and beauty and ought to find a hearty welcome in every household in the land. We quote briefly from the chapter—*Women and Their Diseses:*

"America is woman's heaven upon earth, but even here her life is shorn of much of its just joys. She is taxed, but she can not have a voice as to who shall govern. If she sin, repentance can not restore to her what she lost; if she have an escort who is not Simon—pure she is blamed, and if she go unattended blame is equally her share. She is accredited the great moral reformer, but her sphere is so circumscribed as to give the denial to the fact. Poor woman, when will the day arrive that she can rise or fall according to merit or demerit, and if she has fallen, that she may rise again, if worthy, the same as her so-called male protector? God grant that she may soon have the power to protect herself. "Mothers look well to whose care and protection you entrust your daughters for life. Girls before you marry think seriously of what you are about to do; remember in your own selection you seal your fate for future happiness or misery."

This one chapter alone we consider is worth ten times the price of the book.

S. G. S.

WASHING-FLUID.—From a druggist procure one ounce each of muriate of amonia, and salts of tartar, and one pound of potash. Dissolve each separately; put the potash into a large earthen bowl (an old one as the boiling mass will check the glazing) pour boiling water over it, and let it stand until it has all dissolved, then put all three into one gallon of water, and jug up for use. For washing—put the boiler on the stove half-full of water, add a teacupful of the mixture, shave in a cake of good soap, then put in the clothes (which have been soaking over night), soap well the soiled places, and boil briskly thirty minutes, take out, suds well, rubbing any places that may require it, rinse in plenty of water, and you will be surprised to find how easily you accomplished a hard task. One of the Home Circle says she adds five tablespoonsful of kerosene oil to the first boiler of clothes, and three more to the second, but no more of the fluid. She asserts that it will remove stains that nothing else will, and the smell of the oil entirely disappears after drying. We are indebted to one of *Household* Band for the recipe for the fluid, and think it excellent; a little of it to moisten the brick for scouring knives, and added to the water for scrubbing acts like a charm. Will some of the sisters try it and report?

POULTRY HINTS.—Sour milk will bring better returns in eggs than in any other way. As a condiment for poultry, Indian corn, charred into charcoal, is excellent. It places the hens in good health and causes a general toning up of the system, and will assist in securing more and better eggs. Carrots may be fed profitably, to poultry for eggs; they can be easily prepared by chopping. They contain substances necessary for the formation of the egg to a greater degree than any other food, and if supplied freely to laying hens, a handsome return will be realized. The appropriate way to feed layers for profit, is to give them a variety of egg-producing nourishment. Corn feeding is merely a poor stuff for this purpose. It is too heating, and too drying to blood and tissue, too fattening—as a rule. In the season when hens are laying (or when they are about to commence to lay), we have found that oats, wheat, cracked corn, barley, and dry chandlers' scraps—in about five equal parts, are decidedly the best kind of provender to supply them with, in confinement, for two of the three daily meals. But this system must be varied, or they will eat the wheat and scraps, and give the oats and barley the go-by. At night give them whole corn and wheat.

AMERICAN POULTRY YARD.—We give our chickens soft feed in the morning, varying it as much as possible. One morning boiled potatoes thickened with middlings, and seasoned with red pepper and salt: then two-thirds bran and one-third barley, ground oats, corn meal or middlings, with carrots, onions, meat raw or cooked, the whole scalded and stirred stiff with boiling water, and for laying hens I add for each dozen hens—three tablespoonsful of corn meal to one of ground oyster shell and one heaping teaspoonful red pepper; the mush to be given hot.

ROAST TURKEY.—Draw the fowl as soon as possible after killing, return the giblets to cavity and set away in a cool place, until the day before it is wanted for use, then wash thoroughly in soda water, then in pure and wipe dry with a soft towel inside and out, and fill it with the following stuffing. For a small fowl take one quart of dry stale bread crumbs, soak the crusts in cold water and squeeze them dry, chop one small onion and let it simmer a few minutes in a generous lump of butter, then add it to the crumbs with a teaspoonful of salt, a tablesponful of sweet marjoram, mix well and fill the fowl and sew it up; a few oysters chopped and added are an improvement: no egg or wetting of any kind. Salt should never be used in *cooking* any kind of meat, it makes it tough, that should be added just before it is dished. Every kind of meat should be thoroughly basted as often as every ten minutes, five is better especially poultry and game. I forgot to mention that the fowl requires turning often so that every part may be equally browned, and the fire quickened the last hour to give it a deep golden brown, I find three hours ample time for a bird of eight pounds.

Will some one please send recipe for hard gingerbread, and mince meat for pies, not too rich?

S. G. S.

OATMEAL PUDDING.—A wholesome and excellent pudding is made of oatmeal. Mix the oatmeal with a little cold water; then stir it in boiling milk, in the proportion of three tablespoonsfuls of oatmeal to one quart of milk; flavor and let it cool in molds, which you have first wet with cold water. Make a sauce of cream or sugar, or jelly sauce made thus: To half a pint of boiling water allow an ounce of sugar and two heaping tablespoonsful of jelly; a teaspoonful of cornstarch, sago, or flour should be dissolved in a little cold water and stirred in. Let this come to a boil, and it is ready for the table.

—*Herald of Health.*

FRESH AIR.—QUITE recently, an infant child of Fair Haven parents was supposed to be dying of cholera infantum. The family physician advised that its life could only be saved by a change of air, as medicine could have no power to effect any change. Circumstances not favoring a journey, the mother concluded on a plan, which was executed. She carried her babe to the top of East Rock, remaining with it there all day. This she did the following day, returning home at night. On the Sunday following the first day of this experiment, which was on a Thursday, the lady's husband went to East Rock Park with his wife and baby, a lady being in their company. They put the child in a hammock suspended between two trees, and stayed all that day. By night the child was much improved in strength, and in a few days was entirely recovered.

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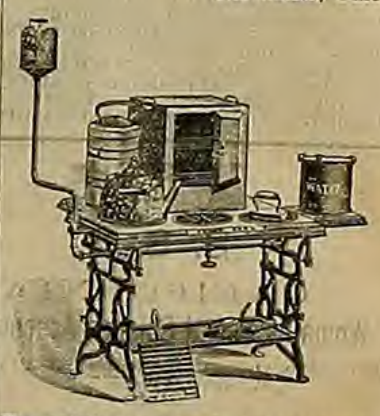

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SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

HOUSE-PLANTS IN SICK-ROOMS.—In a paper read before the Pennsylvania State Medical society, Dr. J. M. Anders spoke of the beneficial influence of plants and flowers in sick chambers. He took the following position:

"First, that plants exhale aqueous vapors with great rapidity, the rate being carefully estimated at one-fourth ounce by weight per square foot of leaf surface for twelve diurnal hours. Second, through this process of transpiration they have the power to increase the humidity of the atmosphere of an apartment to any degree that may be desired, by simply regulating the amount of leaf surface. Third, that the vapor emitted from plants is most probably changed and medicated to some extent by passing through the plant, and is presumed to possess greater sanitary value than ordinary humidity. Fourth, recent experiments by the writer, the results of which have not yet been published, render it highly probable that flowering plants have the power of generating and emitting ozone."

The doctor recommends to invalids who are confined to the house the cultivation of plants, not only as a pleasing mental recreation, but as healthful in its effects.

Florence M. Adkinson says that if young ladies with a talent for decorative art work would turn their attention to ceilings, they would find a more profitable employment than painting jugs and plaques. Walls and ceilings are becoming artistic features in dwellings.

Newark, N. J. has a Ladies' Assembly of the Knights of Labor, which was organized to protect women in their self-help efforts and interests.

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MRS. STOW'S DIAMONDS.

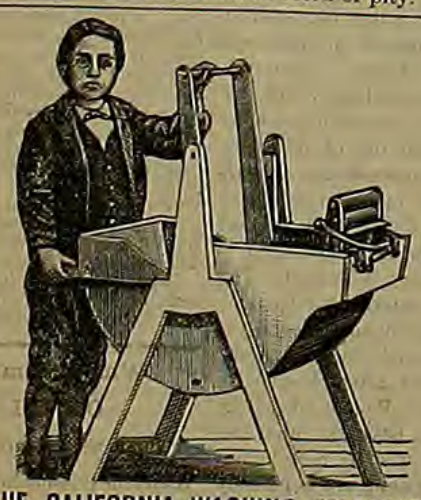
The above beautiful set of jewels Marietta Lizzie Beers Bell-Stow puts up for $1,000, at $1 a ticket, to cancel the mortgage on the S. S. S. College of Industry. Pin 1st prize, earrings 2d. The founder of this College, for women and girls, makes it *national* for reasons which will be explained in the future. As soon as the mortgage, which was made to raise money to pay for the outfit of the HERALD office, is canceled, she will make a trust deed of the property "IN PERPETUITY TO INDUSTRY." Whoever, from this date, until all the tikets are sold, sends $1.50 for a single ticket shall have a copy of the H. or I. for one year, also, and whoever sends $5 for five tickets, at one time will have the paper for a year, and for ten tickets three copies. Ten per cent commission will be allowed for the sale of tickets. There are no *choice* of numbers. Every name, No. of ticket and residence will be continuously published in the HERALD, and the raffle will be held at a special public meeting of the S. S. S.

This property, Mrs. Stow's "Homestead," and the only thing which she saved from the jaws of the Probate Court, is a modern built mansion, which has 14 rooms: Lot 30x127½, situated in one of the choicest blocks in San Francisco, and is valued at $ 10,000. The improvements alone cost that amount.

The pin has 34 stones and the earrings 9, each, making 52 brilliants, exquisitely mounted in enamel and gold. The object is such a commendable one that all scruples, in regard to raffling, should be thrown aside, and 1, 5, or 25 tickets secured immediately. Registered letters and money orders, with No. of ticket, will be promptly acknowledged. The jewels were on exhibition at the *first* Grand Triennial Conclave of the Social Science Sisterhood of America and International Dress Reform Exhibition, held at Ixora Hall, San Francisco, Sep. 4th 1883. The beautiful set was greatly admired by the large audience, especially the pin which cost $600 in Paris.

FORM OF BEQUEST.—I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to the Lady Managers of of the "S. S. S. College of Industry," in the city and county of San Francisco, state of California the sum of.....dollars, or real or personal property, to be applied to the uses thereof.

☞ MRS. STOW'S PHOTO'S.—Boudoir (full length) in Tripple S costume, 50c. cabinet 35c.—*post paid*. Remember, friends, that these are sold for the benefit of the S. S. S. College of Indnstry, where women and girls are taught self-help—made independent of the world's scorn or pity.



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PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(Fourth Edition.)

THIS is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how, under the sounding title of "*justice*," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express*.

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee*.

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript*.

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe*.

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject. and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but "*speaks right out.*" It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller*.

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated. —*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherlesss children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter *cussedness* prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance The work is one which will greatly interest every *woman*. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

The *third* edition of this book is proof of its merits with the class of readers to whom the graver subjects of a legal and moral kind are of interest. The volume is not intended to tickle the fancy or to please the prejudices of any class. The writer sets her face against the wrong and injustice of the probate law with the energy and zeal of one who has been scourged by the system.—*Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.).

After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium*.

Mrs. Stow recites the story of her wrong with passsonate eloquence.—*New York Tribune*.

The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News*.

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them, and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean*.

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times*.

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

A strong, eloquent book, by the hand of a woman who means business and knows what she is talking about.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Mrs. Stow is the prophetess of the widows and orphans. Her voice is like one crying in the wilderdess among a horde of men so savage still that they prey upon everything weaker than themselves. She cries for simple *justice*—that is all. In all the chapters of her book she puts the case of the widow and orphan before the probate judge strongly, and finds their cause contraband and their fate confiscation. Mrs. Stow uses plain language, and tells flat-footed truths without any mincing of the manner. Her book is intended as an agitator, and its style is well suited to the purpose. There is nowhere and never any doubt that she is thoroughly in earnest in her mission, and conscientious in her work, and her sincerity always wins the respect of the reader. Under the circumstances, her warmth of style is perfectly natural, and she often drops words and sentences that stick in the memory—food for thought—and ready for use. This quality and effect prove the correctness of her treatment of the general theme. The Legislatures appear to be not yet prepared to embrace Mrs. Stow's views in acts, but the book and agitation of the subject are making public sentiment, and the consummation of the work may not be far in the future.—*St. Louis Republican*, Mar. 27, '80.

☞ PRICE, $2.00, POST-PAID.

Woman is fully authorized by nature to make her fiftieth year as noble as her sixteenth, her learning; her conversation, her taste, her matchless purity, her infinite friendship which has not enough worlds to conquer being more than able to atone for the tints that may have faded from the cheek. When physical beauty is made the aim of being, life is limited to about twenty years. Thus are fifty years left without an adequate reason of being, except that a part of the period was the approach to beauty, the other part retreat, full of much humiliation.

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY
Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second class matter.

THE WHEELMAN'S JOY.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

The shadow of my silent steed
Flies over hill and vale,
As swiftly as the clouds that speed
On Notus' fav'ring gale.

No whip, no spur, its sleek thigh wounds;
Nor galls the chafing rein;
But, free as Helios' steed, it bounds
Along the shining plain.

Fly on, fly on, my glorious wheel,
And round the belted earth
Go flashing with thy spokes of steel,
Like star on heaven's girth!

My toils, my cares I leave behind;
Away, away, I spin.
The birds that travel on the wind
Seem all my kith and kin.

Look how the groves go by the fields,
The fields go by the groves!
What joy the flying 'cycle yields,
As swiftly on it moves!

Now cleaving with its noiseless hoof
The white dust of the plain;
Now sliding down the mountain's roof
Like a silver drop of rain!

Oh, merry are the wheelman's days;
His dreams are deep and sweet;
He glides down all life's troubled ways
With velvet 'neath his feet!

—*The Wheelman.*

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[Ed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: Communications over a FOURTH of a column long put in the form of articles, NOT letters.

PAINESVILLE, O., Oct. 31-83

MRS. STOW:

The Oct. No. of WOMAN'S HERALD of INDUSTRY has reached me and it is fild with good things, and one I must speak about. I am heartily glad that Celia B. Whitehead has taken so decided a stand for what seems to her to be right, and has openly declared herself. I wish to place myself beside her on that question. In the present day we find people jumping at every chance they see to get something for nothing or next to nothing. Every paper one takes up contains advertisements calculated to catch the unwary just in that way. In every city large and smal are the hosts of swindlers who play at the same game. Diseased acquisitivnes seems to be a characteristic of our American people to-day. Of course it soon leads to dishonest actions in one way or another; not perhaps what the *world* would call dishonest, but *really* so when tried by the eternal principle of justice to all.

When anything is desired the worth of it should be rendered in exchange. Any other course than this defrauds one or the other of the parties engaged in the transaction.

Let us then as reformers, "deal justly with all men" (or mankind.)

RITA BELLE.

ANAHEIM, CAL.

MY DEAR MRS. STOW:

The "HERALD" grows brighter, and better, with each number. Really I wish we could see it every week but perhaps you would have to work too hard to make it possible think of it please and see, if you cannot advance the price, and obtain enough to warrant it, I am in hopes that all the reform, that are so ably presented may take root and become popular. I wear a short princess which I like ever so much; intend to make myself comfortable the rest of my days: have not worn corsets for over forty-six years Enclosed find money order($1.85) for Vol. III of HERALD, one ticket and cabinet Photo.

I am in hopes that I shall have more leisure to write you, and will give you some descriptions of the resources of California. It has been written about but not half has been told; we must work like beavers to advance the industrial interest of woman so that they can enjoy this lovely climate. Oh that all the shivering poor in the northern regions of the earth could enjoy the delicious breezes of this "Southland" with sunny skies and healthful products, ever ready for the hand of industry to grasp.

May success attend your very laudable efforts for woman. Hoping that I may have the pleasure to grasp your S. S. S. hand in the near future I am as ever yours for progress,

MRS. KATE PARKER.

RICHMOND, MAINE, Oct. 24-'83.

DEAR MRS. STOW:

I inclose $1.00 toward renewing my subscription to your very valuable HERALD OF INDUSTRY. I shall be glad when you make it a *Weekly*. It is too long to wait for so good a paper, a whole month. I agree with you in all you say. I beg of you not to drop the subject of castration. It will set the masses to thinking, ere long, that possibly the laws may be changed so that kind of a sinner may have the proper punishment meted out to him.

I wish we could have, in the HERALD, figures of, not only outside, but inside garments of the reform dress. It would be easier for women to adopt it. I have worn the "American Costume" twenty-five years —traveled much of the time in several counties near home. My under-garment (chemise) is cut short and goring—sack—comes up to neck, with long sleeves, large enough at bottom to put my hands thru—hem one-half inch wide. Open from top to bottom, buttoned nearly to the bottom. In summer, I wear thin waist, with thin open drawers that come just below the knees; loose or open at the bottom. In the autumn and spring, double, cotton drawers (colored both summer and winter) with a cotton stocking top; length; finger and a half sewed on to bottom of drawers; a strap on bottom that goes under feet to hold them inside of boots. In winter, I wear woolen drawers lined with cambric; in midwinter, an extra silisia lining. In cold weather, my waist is men's cloth, lined with cambric: red woolen chemises which are longer than summer ones. In spring and autumn, I wear flannel dress and pants; dress skirt lined half-way to waist; pants stiffened nearly to the knee, and lining half way to tops of legs. As cool weather comes, pants have extra lining to the top. About Christmas, I put on men's cloth, with jacket outside of dress when I go out. My summer and autumn suits have no sleeves to jacket: spring ones have them to be caught in to arm sises when cooler. I wear cotton suits in smumer. My winter drawers have knit woolen bottoms, so with thick, heavy, calf ladies boots, I dont wear long-legged men's boots, unless I choose. I wear a fur cap or hat in winter, light hat in summer. My outside jackets are like dress and pants. I have waterproof jacket wadded and lined; comes to bottom of dress, while all my suit jackets come down to tops of legs. I have a nice, thick, black jacket, longer than suit jackets; seldom need to wear it or the waterproof. I wear mittens or men's part cloth, part leather gloves, lined in winter. My drawers button to my waist with fourteen buttons—pants hang on suspenders made by myself.

EMELINE E. PRESCOTT.

DEAR FRIENDS:

A great many things are right in one sense and wrong in another; raffling is called gambling, but when fairly done it is just as honest as selling tea or coffee. Want of descrimination is what is the matter with us. What would our country be without a government? But, as regards Mrs. W's "something for nothing," it is the biggest rascal in the world, for it protects the strong while it lays its nimble fingers upon the weak: it gives Abraham the home and Hagar the wilderness; it confiscates the widow's substance and the fatherless' portion, while fattening on the spoils of its petticoat-helots. My fathers fought and my brother fell in rebelling against taxation without representation; against disintegration to establish a just government, under which the liberties of the people, the *whole* people should be maintained.

Eliza, with her babe upon her breast and bloodhounds at her heels, defied this paternal government and scaled the icy barrier which hedged her in. In her case individual rights were a legal and moral wrong, because she cheated the law and her master, but I would have given her a dollar, and I thank my lucky stars that I have one to invest in Mrs. Stow's diamond raffle. She not only gives her jewels, which may have pleasant memories clinging about them, but she gives the labor of hand and brain to secure freedom for you and I and all women.

Yours for an equality of justice.

MRS. S. E. SMITH.

This letter was written before the franchise was confered upon women in W. T. —[ED

If we hav a right to *prohibit* anything we hav a right to prohibit the manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicants as a beverage.—ELLA E. GIBSON

FREEDOM AND DRESS.

BY ALICE B. STOCKHAM, M. D.

For the Herald.

With what feelings of pity we read of the barbarous treatment of the papooses of certain Indian tribes whose heads are flattened by ignorant mothers. A feeling, too, that almost amounts to one of disgust answers when we know that the Chinese parent by systematized bandaging stops the growth of the feet of female children. Is not this symbolic of the position women hold to their institutions in that country?

In our country, the land of boundless culture and liberty, there is scarcely a pen or voice raised against a common deformity among women that impedes respiration, hinders digestion, and obstructs circulation. Twelve to eighteen thicknesses of cloth are worn tightly around that part of the trunk that has no osseous protection. The pliability of the parts is such that a diminution is easily affected by the pressure of the bands alone without stricture. Beneath these bands are the stomach, the great receptacle and digester of aliments; the liver, the prime eliminating organ, besides the pancreas, spleen, duodenum and innumerable nerves and blood vessels. They are all crowded and pressed out of shape and at the same time infringe upon the organs of respiration above and the organs of generation below.

Think of it, you who wonder how a woman can bandage a Chinese baby's foot, how can a woman who has had a good high school education, imagine for a moment that her organs carry on their functions imprisoned as they ordinarily are? If a favorite cat or dog was hampered in the same way what tears of pity would be shed and what efforts made to release the relentless bandages! My fair friend can you carry a book above the head with arms straight and perpendicular without discomfort? Can you ascend a flight of stairs and not get out of breath? Can you expand the lungs full and deep? Not a gasping breath that fills the upper part of the lungs only—but a deep inspiration that increases the measurement of your waist about the lower ribs at least four inches? If not your garments are too tight or the muscles of respiration are defective.

We have some hopeful indications of the future. One is that thousands of women are becoming interested in art and if they only learn to decorate China or hat bands they become students and sometimes the masters. They then discern that painters never portray except in jest, the corseted, diminished waist. They give us the full, robust form that speaks of health, and freedom as well as ability to perform maternal functions without the curse of suffering.

It seems a burlesque to demand political and social freedom for woman while she is hampered and hindered by garments that are only fitting symbols of her enslavement. She who will lead us out of the bondage of dress will lead us to liberty.

COMPULSORY CREMATION.—Cremation has become lawful in Portugal in spite of the priests, who have opposed it with all their power. Cremation has been made optional in ordinary cases, but compulsory where plague exists.

When the telegraphic strike ended, the men were speedily restored to their places; the women, who were instigated to the step by the men, and whose fault was exactly proportionate, were refused work on any terms, except in a very few instances.

As transition sentiment now stands, informed people know reformers are often branded as bad when they are best, and garnished vice is labeled, fine, which makes both labels useless.

—MARY E. TILLOTSON.

DRESS *vs.* DRAMA.

Among the many arguments put forward by the ingenious advocates of dress reform it has never occurred to them to lay stress upon the artistic advantages of simplicity of attire on the stage. At present, according to the singularly interesting and characteristic letter which M. Alexandre Dumas has addressed to M. Francisque Sarcey, irrational dress is eating the heart out of the Parisian theater—"If the theater is to attain its ancient standard of lofty morality the costumes must at least be brought into harmony with the spirit which of necessity must prevail in a school of morals. Noble simplicity was a striking feature of the ancient drama, and costumes and masks were indispensable necessities. But where is that simplicity now? "Not to be found, though sought." The toilets worn on the stage are not only the opposite of simple and snitable, but, what is far worse, they preoccupy the mind of the actress to such a degree that the act of acting is neglected, and all her attention is directed for the best display, not of her talent, but of her gorgeous robes. 'It no longer matters,' says M. Dumas, 'whether the actress plays her part well or ill, it only matters to her whether she is wearing a rich robe, such as has never been seen before.' She only watches for the effect created by her dress; the genius of the author is forgotten in the art of the milliner. The dress, which often arrives only at the last minute, is a constant source of uneasiness. The actors have to remain at a respectable distance in order to avoid the long train which is adjusted during the representation by little *'coups de pied en arriers,'* ungraceful kicks, without which, however, she would break her nose by treading on her train.

"Formerly the question about dress did not exist, it was not secondary. And now suddenly it has become of greatest importance with the ladies; it has been the cause of much secret annoyance, sometimes of great scandal. This unlucky, ridiculous and immoral revolution is by no means due to talented actresses; they would never think of covering themselves with such ruinous tinsel of a fashion 'just out,' or even not yet 'out.' In the middle of a scene deserving the close attention of an audience a female appears on the stage. She has only to say a few words and these she generally says badly, but her noisy 'harness' coming in contact with every piece of furniture on the stage diverts the thoughts of all from the drama.

'It is one of the features of our time,' say its apologies; 'it is a correct representation of our customs.' But does the public, asks M. Dumas, the real public, demand such unwholesome luxury? It is but disgusted by it, and learns to regard all actresses with contempt. There is, however, one section of the public, which, indeed, takes deep interest in these details. The moment one of these glittering, strutting personages appears on the scene, the opera glass of the *"femme du monde"* is fixed on her rich apparel as the sportman's gun is fixed on the rising pheasant. The piece is usually interrupted by such murmurs throughout the house as 'it is hand embroidered,' 'it is English,' 'it has at least cost £300,' 'I came on purpose for this.' Women of real artistic worth, who have no other resources and who wish for nothing but to display their talent, are hopelessly handicapped. Nor is it only from an artistic point of view that the dominance of dress is to be lamented. Morally it is even more deplorable. It is impossible that on an income which is large only in exceptional cases, such luxury can be afforded. How the money is obtained is notorious. Nor is the practice less deplorable because it is almost universal.—X.

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AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE.
THE SCIENCE COSTUME.
Outline of Women's Sanitary Efforts thro' Dres Reform, in the U. S., Commencing in 1850.
No. 7.

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.
For the Herald.

The American Free Dress League held its first convention at Painesville, Ohio, in Sept. 1874. I advertised it duly, and Mr. and Mrs. Allen, the Presidents, made localarrangements, and Martha S. Severance, Treasurer of the League, a faithful dres reformer, entertained many at her ample and pleasant home. It was a full, enthusiastic and successful meeting. Reporters attended from New York, Chicago and Cleveland, and speakers from several states. P. Pilsbury and A. C. Bradford rendered able service, also many women from various sections. Cornelia Boecklin of Iowa, an activ practical, furnished instrumental music; Dr. Sara B. Chase spoke—Dr. Sara A. Vibert, also, deprecating her own dres, so little reformed when she knew how much it should be. She had been gathering information as to the number of women then wearing the reform, and found more than anticipated. She afterwards wrote me there were evidently four thousand in the nation. Mrs. Canfield had good words for the reform, tho' reluctantly compelled to conceal the little she retained of it. Both presidents, as speakers, did justice to the cause. We were encouraged by our League's first bow to the public, but the report was lost by mail—it was long before the event was learned—then the minutes were not at hand, and again long time passed learning of them, and it was not reproduced. In '75, the annual was held in Philadelphia, and was a cheerful, interesting meeting, tho' no officers but myself were present; a goodly number of speakers were there, and a fair audience—reporters and the city papers, in the main, treated it with some fairness, and the report was well published in the Philadelphia press. In consequence of the centennial exhibition in that city, the annual of '76 was also held there. So many annuals and new occasions called meetings there in that year, they were too common to attract. Ours was but an audience of a few hundred; it was attentive, and interested by an abundance of consistent speakers, and showed the cause advancing. At its close, I proposed to the other officers that we suspend the annuals a few years, as an experiment, and spend the time, labor and money, in attending other concourses, resorts for discussion on reform, etc., thus presenting our reasons for action, to larger numbers, and creating more extended knowledge of them in less time—I had traveled and talked somewhat a couple of years, and believed it a gain in progres. They favored the plan, and we adjourned to work where events indicated, til it was deemed best to call the League together. Since then I have bin out a part (some seasons a large part) of the summer, and make each day do the work of a convention. Liberal camps and freethinking masses welcome my costume and tho't better as years pass, and many see it a duty to aid woman's bodily release. This plan also gives me a chance to aid other lines of reformation, and help harmonize them all, which makes conditions in minds and measures to facilitate all phases of woman's liberation, the first in order being physical. I do not know as any other one has taken a similar course; it is too laborious for those who wil not make human improvement their greatest care. But it is so practical that it holds those taking it *with* such care. The application of physiological science to woman's deranged state is signaled by the fast growing conviction that the sole remedy for fashion-disease is the Science costume, formed to breathe and walk naturaly in. Our League, seeing this, has not yet called my attention to making a special meeting. When that again appears important, we may work from the old League basis, or, as now seems likely, constitute a new one; but the work must go on, or science, liberty, justice, happiness and even life and love are failures. There is no ground for denying that woman's acceptance of fashion's warping devices causes the general weaknes, the multiform diseases, nor that these create and vastly increase abnormal appetites and passions, demanding stimulants and intoxicants; wrecking the general character. But there is strongest ground for concluding that from the recklesly sordid root of these devices issues the bane that, flowing thro' these sick conditions, demoralizes our public systems and institutions, leaving a ful quota of sorrow in domestic and social life. They who reason, must see the remedy in the adoption of healthy habits, the acquiring of sound, agile bodies, clear, strong minds, and moral courage that fears only to do wrong—and must see that hygienic costume for woman, for mothers responsible for future weal or wo, is the first needed measure. Present existing consciousnes of these truths must not be silenced longer, but set in action if it grapples with avarice, and displeases a friend at every step for a score of years.

It is comforting to be able to announce encouraging preliminaries to Fashion Resistance among people not committed to reform. The signs are sadly mixed but there are symptoms of a crisis. Men pronounce the styles senseles, call women vain and weak for accepting them, yet, for busines motives which some are ashamed to concede, prevent the women of their families from adopting the reform. It has long bin clear to me that when men consented, women would gladly adopt. Many women readily speak of their slavery and the ruin following, and cite the paint on their dead faces to tel how wel they know the dark details of their worthles lives are homicidal and suicidal. The crisis I see looming is the announcement by scientific circles and influential men that this course of depravity must cease. Avarice wil reluctantly yield when sentiment shames it sufficiently, then both sexes wil agree to set their heels on all tyranny, and aid each other to the rich life of happy uses.

There may be many in the United States using the style of clothing that acknowledges the wisdom that supplies woman with a locomotive system, and the good sense that freely exercises that system, whom I hav not heard of, and whose example might be suitably noted here, yet the WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY has opened a directory that can put in correspondence all who desire it. Dr. Susan W. Dodds, able and practical, has long kept a healing institution in St. Louis, and previously made her way thro' college against snobbish opposition; in the garment-concession of natural beauty and nobility of use. Dr. Ellen B. Harmon, for some years matron in Dr. Trall's college, has bin unswerving in the use of the radical dres. Dr. Strobridge of Cortland, N. Y., who was cured by the dres, of what was considered fatal consumption, stil wears it in her infirmary where she cures all the corset-caged victims who take advice. Dr. Mary B. Lucas of Newfield, N. J., bears practical evidence of as great need for hygienic dres as for pure diet, tho' she sometimes appears abroad in ankle skirts. It should not be considered unnatural that dres reform includes so many physicians, for it should be remembered that when benevolent women learn that common habits cultivate disease, they feel inspired to extend the lore and also to substitute wholesome habits. Dr. Jackson's wife and her sister, Mrs. Webster, were among the earliest practicals—as his home has bin an invalid's resort, and he a publisher. I can add nothing to the public knowledge as to the progres and influence of his work.

My own case, its events summed up, declares this—that proper dres, early adopted and ever continued, restored me from a hopeles state, gave the excellent health, enabling the performance of various and extended labors, and the endurance of serious trials, all of which I am not alone in believing would have prostrated a dozen fashionably dressed women. The labors of Susan P. Fowler, before mentioned, should give its lesson to the feeble strugglers in the thral of life-sapping tyranny. In the first years of the fashion rebellion she learned a true dres did for a feeble organization what nought else could. Then learned that mental work of a large brain could soon exhaust a naturally weak body, and such body united to such brain must develop its strength by its own exercise. In this conclusion she left teaching, and taking the mercantile pursuit found the trouble but little mitigated, and resolved that, as her costume was adapted to physical exercise, an experiment of that in the open air was the next resort. She shipped the frame of a house from Boston to Vineland, and in 1865 followed it, and purchased five acres, a mile from the village. She was then only able to take a short walk, but went out daily to oversee the work on her clearing off grounds, and soon began doing lights tasks. In a year or two she was constantly busy out or in doors, walked to town and back the same half day; and kept gaining. Has raised and marketed much fruit doing the main part of it; kept poultry and goats, finally a horse, taking care of all. She holds the lines well in her hands only half as large as most women's, and can plow and harrow when she choses. She is sec'y of the Grange, and lectures in it when disposed to afford time. Before assuming the good dres there was no prospect of years or usefulness for her: now she had these thirty hepeful years with many more in view, and has made a test of natural garments and natural employment useful on the records of age. She and I are all who are left here of the first-coming dres reformers; and for the credit of the town that so long tried to crush us, perhaps I ought to say that, tho her work is what was termed wholly masculine, and the garden branch of mine comes near it, none ar esteemed more than we. The novelty of both dres and work disappearing, leaves the understanding that women hav a right to wear what they like and work as they wil, and are hence not less womanly or less worthy. So wil it be in the cities when brave women wear out the novelty of virtue's symbolic style. I'v no delicacy to blush down in saying I am esteemed; for, as transition sentiment now stands, informed people know reformers are often branded as bad when they are best, and garnished vice is labeled, fine, which makes both labels useles. When there is more than a variety of true life and customs, a grand standard wil do justice, and slander wil be moral blacknes. If we get woman's health we wil gain the truth to bring that era. Tho there ar mountains of vanity and squeamishnes to remove, and vallyes of recklesnes and stupor to fill with conscience and energy, true efforts multiplying giv hope.

The WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY published in San Francisco by Mrs. M. L. B. Stow, who has established industries of art, an exchange, and a National Social Science League, for women's benefit and encouragement, and promises to bequeath her home to these institutions, and is showing how woman may do what she should. These ar noble measures, and deserve patronage ensuring success. While

(Continued Seventh page.)

MARY E. TILLOTSON'S SCIENCE COSTUME.

INTERNATIONAL DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY

MARY E. TILLOTSON. Vineland, N. J. "Have worn the Science Costume for more than 30 years, everywhere."

ABBIE KNAPP, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich. "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, Bloomfield, N. J. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home for several years."

MRS. E. M. KING, Hon. Secritary of the Rational Dress Association, London, Eng., wears the "Divided Skirt" and short overdress and jacket.

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

EMELINE A. PRESCOT, Hollowell, Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

ALEXIS LE BEUF, SAN JACINTO, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. DOANE, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Washington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I adopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

CAROLINE B. KEESE, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29 years of age, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

MARTHA S. SEVERANCE, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 30 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

MARIETTA LIZZIE BEERS BELL-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S costume: Trousers and kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

MARY DODDS, M. D., St. Louis, Mo., has worn a Trouser-dress for years, everywhere.

MARY E. LUCAS, M. D., Newfield, N. J., "Have worn the Short Dress (as a work dress) for 20 years."

RITA BELL, Painesville, O. "Have worn a short dress for several years, everywhere, and made my living in it.

ALMEDIA B. GRAY, Schofield, Wis., wears the Tripple S costume.

S. GERTIE SMYTH, Oakland, Cal. wears a short Trouser-dress, at home.

MRS. C. H. WEBB, San Francisco, Cal., has adopted the Tripple S costume for home wear and country outings.

MRS. DR. STRONBRIDGE, Cortland, N. Y., has worn the Science costume, in her infirmary, for many years.

SUSAN P. FOWLER, Vineland, N. J., has worn the Science costume, everywheue, for the last eighteen years.

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IS WOMAN INFERIOR?

BY ELMINA D. SLENKER.

No. 2.

In continuing this question of Bisexuality, we will give a few more of the old legends showing how ancient is the belief that this was the first condition of humanity—but not the happiest, most perfected, or best, and so in every case, resulting in semisexuality or the "climatum."

A legend of India says "Veradi, the first man, finding his solitude intolerable, fell into the deepest sorrow, and, yearning for a companion, his nature developed into two sexes united into one; then he separated into two individuals."

In Persia, Meschia and Meschiani, the first man and first woman, were originally but one body, and were cut apart. In China, a legend is told that "The goddess Amida sweated male children out of her right arm pit, and female children from her left arm pit," thus making the mother of the race bisexual, and each of the sexes perfect halves of a complete whole; though a little grain of female inferiority seems to pervade it all, as we see the male is from the right arm! There is, however, one tradition in favor of the female superiority of sex, which has escaped destruction, tho' anathemaiized by S. Clemens. It says, "Adam, when made, was like a beast, coarse, rude and inanimate, but that from Eve, he received his polish and his superiority. It may be there were accounts of other legends but they have been cursed out of existence by men, for it has been men who have kept the records, been historians, copyists and preservatists of our literature thro' the past, and they have moulded most of it to suit themselves and their fancied superiority. Hence we have male religions, male gods, male devils, male angels, male law, male descent and male sovereignity, where ever it has been possible to ensure it. Prof. Le Conte, speaking of the original bisexuality, of animals, thinks the reason why cross-fertilization produces stronger and better progeny than self-fertilization (where male and female are in one body) is, first, "the elaboration of both ovules and sperm in the same individual *is wasteful of vital energy*. The concentration of vital energy in one reproductive element secures that one product in a higher degree of perfection. Thus, better sperm and better ovules combine to produce better ova and a stronger embryo. This is in accordance with the effect of differentiation of functions and organs of al kinds. Second; again, in all cross-fertilization, different individual characteristics are inherited by the offspring: such is most completely secured by the separation of the sexes in different individuals."

We, who are pleading for equality of sex, should study the great subject Sex, in all its forms. It is right here that our success lies. We must claim ourselves and save ourselves. We must rise from the domain of sexual slavery into the bright fields of sexual equality! We must teach and preach the true sex life: the life that finds mental and affectional companionship superior to the old passional one of animalized sexual inter-communication. We must take the ground that there shall be no wasting of vital force thru amative sexual indulgence for mere pleasure or for any end save the legitimate one of procreation. Only when this is the rule, will woman own herself, and become free. Only when this is the rule, will men and women generate strong, pure, healthy and happy children. Only when this is the rule, will the brain and the mind control the passions and the appetites. We do not decry the pleasures of amative love, but we desire to turn them into better channels. We wish to make Love the Queen and Passion the subject. We do not wish to repress or suppress one strong, powerful, loving thrill, one magnetic, symathetic force or one true sexual element. We only wish to lift up, to guide, and to build up. We want more love, more magnetism, more companionship of the sexes. We want them to become more inseparable in all departments of life. To help each other in joy and in sorrow, in work and in recreation; to remember that they are two equal halves of one complete whole, and what degrades, lowers, or enslaves one half, equally injures the other half.

"As I see my soul reflected in Nature,
As I see through a mist One with inexpressible completeness, sanity and beauty.
I see the bent head and arms folded on the breast,
The female form I see!"

(Continued from fifth page.)

working them out, she adopted her idea of the beginning of dres reform. A style divesting present fashion of its worst features, and preserving the rest. It is commended to those who must advance gradualy, and thousands should do likewise without waiting to lose more strength. One little year of lugging bondage clogs is a very large loss.

In London a club of bright women hav for two years maintained a publicly announced effort to introduce "Rational Dres"—hav made some progres in reformed style, but more on sentiment, and ar encouraged to proceed. To limit prejudice against trousers they cunningly devised them very wide, and called them divided skirt. They put a flounce on the bottom twelve or fifteen inches deep, hanging between the feet and the bottom of the over skirt: use no petticoat but the divided skirt which is far more easily carried than an undivided one, and by its flounce evades notice. Mid English opinions this is probably a wise commencement. I am in correspondence with Viscountes Harberton, Pres. of the Society, and am pleased with her apparently patient and persevering purpose. Mrs. King, the Sec'y expresses tho't ably, and it is hoped they wil continue to argue a "two-leged costume for two-leged locomoting humanity." Three years ago, in Germany, at Berlin, its center of learning, women made a publicly demonstrated effort to abolish petticoats. I cannot learn its progres, but if none appears, the elements ar smouldering, and wil sometime burst to flame, and by comsuming physical chains burn the moral thraldom out of that old nation of reasoners, poets and sages. Woman agonizes for liberty there, let her agitate!

In France there is much knowledge of the evils of unnatural fashions for woman, yet the leader often, not heeding his "Worth" in name and knowledge, caters to the common demand for exciting sensations, prolonging the ever vitiating subordinacy of woman. Change wil come there—pleasure that kils wil be subordinated to patriotism often bubbling into action. In our country, advancing liberalism can no longer afford to thrust into the monopolists' vaults the weight of its best helpers, its real sustainers, *women*! Some ar weak to that fact, and ought to be campaigning for the cause on that line. Scientists concede that sound parentage underlies sound institutions, and all happiness requires woman's physical integrity. On that basis an Institute of Heredity was established in Boston in 1881, and in '82 a branch was organized in New York. In developing tho't to originate and sustain these, the advocacy of hygienic costume for woman has done much. The founder conciled with me on the topic several times in years preceeding the organization, gained ideas, assurance, and methods of the work. When managers ar sure they talk to no purpose in the prestige of fashionable usage, they may resort to practical measures, and like reasoning thinkers call for woman's release from corrupting causes. It is plain that there is knowledge enuf to remov diseasing customs and create healthy ones. Thirty years of agitating all phrases of the costume question hav doubtless bin the strongest factor in producing preparations for practical change, which evidently is at hand. Opposition to it is no apology for delay; that always confronts a good til compeled to retire.

A plain promulgation of the fact that the dres reform idea has bin popular in this country the last ten years, is put forth by the manufacturers of womens' wear, heading their advertisements and labeling their articles, Dres Reform. These have bin useful in mending the form in underwear, adapting it to proper outer wear except that deathly cage, the corset. That must be a curse and a shame, with its rib-crushing taper, bones, steels and cordage; its embroidery and lace another test of the greed relying on allurement. I contend the soft vest with wide shoulder and loose waist is a perfect substitute, tho the venders claim that women with heavy busts need the stif form. That depends on the form they want their waist. To deform that is its object, and to make curves to vary the deformity of equaly murderous skirtage. Even admitting an occasional one needs a simular instrument, it is no argument for its use by any other one. This debasement under the reform banner, amid the science and knowledge to the contrary, is the black pit geting more drunkeness, salacitybe, insanity and idiocy, than all other vices. Here in brief is the moral lesson of the reform; follow the index mark from the corset thro a few stages, nervousnes, irresolute wil, thirst for stimulus, careles purpose, and the sway of chance events; then judge good reader, if while speculations entices such recklesnes, I could conclude this outline without one more clearly stated appeal for humane motive wrought into deeds and thro them disceminated. Habitual unobservances of vices long in view, and dread of abuse and conflict in abolishing them, stifles the energies of many an amiable man and woman who, with right incentives, would be moral heroes in the cause of ethical purity. Thirst for fame or gold or love palsies others, and all need spiritualizing; while old men ponder their ologies, old women their inanities, young ones their lost hopes.

Miss Corson's Cooking School.—In the Church of the Second Adventists; that is, in the lecture-rooms of that church, where a gas range and a long table have been set up on a platform, where daily Miss Corson delivers a lesson, with illustrations in kind, on cookery simple and intricate, and nearly a hundred ladies sit about the room and take notes of recipes and instructions. It is the most unique thing in the world. The interest amounts to enthusiasm, and Miss Corson herself is a genuine artist. First and foremost, she cooks in a pretty walking dress, unprotected by an apron; in white linen cuffs, which she does not remove even while cutting soup meat free from the bones, and those cuffs and that dress are as immaculate when she steps down from the platform as when she mounted it. Second, her neatness in all matters connected with her subject is a model for the consideration of everyone. It is not second nature, but first, so to speak, with her to wipe every utensil, every dish, every tool that she picks up, and she often washes the tips of her fingers as she turns from one matter to another. All drops and drippings are wiped from the table.

It is simply marvelous to see her work with such large materials in such limited space with so little confusion and untidiness, and, so far, absolutely no accident or failure. Her method is to read the bill of fare and select, to begin with, the dish which taski the longest to prepare. This is usually a roast, a soup or sweet breads. She shows the ingredients just as they come from the butcher's hands, and takes the class every step of the way to the serving of the article which is passed about to be sampled by the audience. A Russian salad, made of turnips, peas, beets and carrots, cut by an instrument into small peices, was so captivating that Miss Corson was obliged to quell the outburst of enthusiasm by the announcement that the dish had been sold before it was made.

The Professor brings her own pots kettles, saucepans, baking pans, larding needles, and tools at large, with her from New York. All the pots and pans are copper, tinned on the inside and her knives are of wonderful point and edge, which she does not hesitate to increase by a scientific oil-stone applicatine. She is patience itself in dictating her excellent recipes, and is educating her class to like our olive oil, which she says is the best in the world.—Cor. *Record Union.*

"Social Science," Maurice Thompson has said, "begins with physical culture. The world must be moved by muscle as well as mind. Vim, resistless energy, the magnetism of the great individual, come of vital resources."

This is true. It is attested by the records of the past, It is true of to-day. The men of might to-day in our nation are generally men of great physical vigor.

We rejoice, therefore, to see thousands turning their thoughts to physical culture. We hail the advent of the "Wheel." It is an apostle of a new dispensation. It preaches a crusade against that bane of the age, "nervous exhaustion." It has many advantages. It is temperate. The very demands which it makes upon skill and endurance are antagonistic to drink. It combines *recreation* with exercise. It thus answers a demand which human nature constantly makes. There is a recreating faculty—a play-side of our nature. We have been slow to recognize it. Business interests have made us blind to it. Religion has made war upon it. Grace has been turned into grumbling. Saintliness has been identified with solemnity. We have been taught to say that laughter is mad and mirth a mockery.

But man stands at the head of creation and laughs. He is the only being under the heavens that can laugh. The wheel helps to identify this merry side of our nature more closely with the mental and moral age and the physical powers, and we are learning to include it in our plans for harmonious development.

It combines exercise and recreation with business. It may, therefore, be a boon to thousands, who, under the fierce pressure of this age of steam and lightning, are "thought-crazed wights," needing relief, but relief, that can be found in the direction of their work. I turn my carriage over to wife and daughter, and ride the tricicle. The market and shop, the post-office and study, are as swiftly reached as before; but the exercise brings a glow to the cheek, the blood is sent along the flaccid muscles, the legs, which I had ceased to use in the carriage, recover their spring, and the mental fogs are chased away. In the afternoon pastoral calls are rapidly and healthfully made, and at night the isomnia of years is succeeded by sweet and healthful sleep.

It is along such lines as these that we argue the permanence of this new movement, and expect the wheel to grow in favor. And we send you greeting, brother men, whereseever The Wheelman may carry our word among the far hills and valleys of New England and the prairies of the West, as we ride here by the Pacific waves, in this "land where the sun goes down." Rev. A. J. Wells, of Los Angeles, Cal. en *Wheelman* for Dec.

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Trenchant truths in a pleasant style. We commend it.—*Woman at Work.*

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The author handles her subject as one who sees the peril of ignorance on this question of woman's dress. Fashion is surely killing the race.—*Woman's Journal.*

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

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S. S. S.

CAEIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

ISSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

PRESIDENT—Mrs. J. W. Stow, 1921 Sac'to-st., S. F.
HON. SECRETARY—S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal.
MEMBERSHIP.—Life, $25. Annual, $1.

THE SACRED PLOW.

In ancient times the *Sacred Plow* employed
The kings and lordly fathers of mankind!
And some, with whom compar'd your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scales of empire, ruled the storm
Of Mighty War! then with victorious hand
Disdaining little delicacies, seized I
The plow, and greatly independent scorned
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.
Ye generous freemen venerate the plow,
And on your hills and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread her treasures to the sun
Luxuriant and unbounded! As the sea
Far through the azure turbulent domain
Your country owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil
Exuberant Natures' better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe
And be the exhaustless granary of the world
—Selected

Mrs. Stow, the noted dress reformer and editor of *Woman's Herald*, has publicly announced her conversion to the Edenic (or uncooked) diet system. If Mrs. Stow will now go one step further and adopt the Edenic style of dress, she will then have done something worthy of public notice. Mrs. Stow has heretofore met the suggestions of THE REPUBLICAN with extreme coldness, but we hardly think she can fail to appreciate this proposition. It is certainly a matter worthy of consideration from an economic standpoint, and in consideration of the sinful extravagance of the age, public opinion would undoubtedly bare Mrs. Stow out in adopting the whole Edenic program.—*Fresno Republican.*

We make all haste to inform the jovial editor of the *Republican* that we have adopted the Tripple S. costume, and when we go upon the street the future statesmen and grown up hoodlums nearly scream their heads off, while they follow the dual garments and abreviated shirt, like a pack of howling wolves. Brother Furgerson will not dream of fig leaves after this information, surely.

PHILADELPHIA is to have a grand bicycle tournament next June. Five thousand dollars will be expended for prizes.

International Dress Reform Exhibition.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE SISTERHOOD offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

CHANCE, in her diamond set, for the most beautiful dress for a woman, that clears the ground 12 inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The Prize Exhibition will be held during the session of the FOURTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in Ixora Hall San Francisco, the first week in September, 1884.

All NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 1921 Sacramento-st., by the 1st of Aug.

☞ OTHER PRIZES OFFERED.

Mrs. J. H. Holt, San Francisco, large oil painting. Landscape of California scenery.

S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal., a beautiful bracelet valued at $25.

No dress will receive more than ONE prize.

Patronize the enterprising people who advertise in this paper. They give help to woman's work in a practical form.

FEMININE DESIRES.—At a meeting of the Christian Suffrage Society yesterday afternoon the President said that a numerously signed petition had been sent to President Arthur asking for the appointment of a woman as "Governess" of Washington Territory. S. F. Sunday *Chronicle.*

Public opinion grows apace, in these days! Les than two years ago the President of the C. S. S. was *hororfied* at the audacity of a woman who had the temerity to declare herself an independent candidate for Governor of California. Three cheers for the onward march of ideas,—the uprooting of sex prejudice!

NEWSPAPER MONOPOLY. Every day some young life is crouded out of a newspaper, and it is laid away in its cerements never to be resurrected. What has killed it? The old established newspapers, that have grown rich and powerful thru *Legitimate* journalism. But now, in order to throttle new enteprises, they have turned themselves into advertising sheets for long lists of attractive premiums,—which is bastard journalism; a catchpenny arrangement that no high-toned honorable paper should be guilty of. This cheapening of newspapers should be frouned down by every right minded person. The only parties free from sensure are such as advertise (as premiums) their own publications. Clubbing is almost as reprehensible, because it cheapens brain commerce.

To our ears the knell of a dead paper is very sad because a light which the world needs has been snuffed out. The *Radical Review* shows symptoms of dissolution. Such a clean, pure, brainy paper is needed in every home (christian or infidel) in the land. (Only weak minds refuse to grapple with every phase of a question.) It should never die! What a shame to let it freeze to death for the need of a little fuel.

THE HERALD and NEWS are only $1, not $2, as some have infered. It has doubled in value but remains at the old figure, with a long, strong life before it. Send in your subscriptions and adopt the Edenic mode of life.

Two meetings were held at the Edenic Parlors, during the month of January which were largely attended. Madome Brownjohn's (London) $250 prize Trouser-dress was on exhibition and greatly admired. Propaganda Edenic diet and Dress Reform meetings will be held regularly every Saturday at 2½ P. M. until further notice. Admission free.

EDENIC FOOD LIKES. A young gentleman 19 years of age dined with us, and on his return home remarked to his mother, "That was the first dinner, worthy the name, I have ever eaten." We, Edenics, are all delighted with the diet and results, especially the latter. If we dine with contentment (which we surely do) we are dined well as the Lord Mayor of London—or any other man. The Edenic Society is rapidly gaining in numbers, and enthusiasm.

All women are perfectly helpless before laws made by men for the benefit of men.

It is with feelings of intense delight that we throw open our doors to the Edenic life. A life so pure, so clean, so sweet that all advocates of a high standard of morality will rejoice with us. This life will eventuate in pure continence and until it is adopted the flesh pots of Egypt will continually lead astray. Continent blood has got to be manufactured, but the blood manufactured from the corpses of slain animals, whiskey, tobacco, tea, coffee, etc., etc., can never be pure and uninflamable. In entering upon this work we in no way abandon our S. S. S. College of Industry, Dress Reform, Physical Culture, etc. They are component parts of the Edenic life. It is returning to simplicity, to Nature our universal mother, and deserting all that will injure the body or sully the brain.

People who adopt the natural diet are those who have moved into the upper stories of their being. The demands of the flesh are controled by the will of the spirit. With them Platonic love becomes a realily instead of a delusion. They need no prohibitory laws, for they practice temperance in all things; they need no reformatories to reclaim the fallen, because none fall. They class all sots of gultonry with other forms of intemperance, and make of this fair earth a paradise instead of a vale of aches, groans and tears. Who would not be an Edenic, under these conditions, and have time and health to enjoy life, to improve the mind and glorify the heart.

We recognize that there are other ends for man than those of material subsistence and comfort. We cannot be free for these ends till we are to a certain extent emancipated from cares and anxieties about the body. Little dignity of mind or character can belong to him who is forever harrassed with the thot, What am I to eat? how am I to be clothed? Here is the mission of wealth—not to be an idle ornament, but to set us *free* to give us leisure, to make it possible for our thots to grow, to make us men and women and not slaves—*while on earth.*

The Edenic life will unchain the enslaved, mind, drop the manacles from the tortured body and gives wings to thot and imagination; it will liberate every son and dauter of man and give them a chance to expand and act. The highest task, of a really *human* religion, is to lift every person above the pressure of material necessities; to take up the problem of poverty and show in a *practical* way how it can be lessoned—thru co-operation and self-help.

The Edenic life presents charming pictures of what will obtain when the brotherhood of man and sisterhood of women is perfected—here on earth. It is to make *this* life so happy, harmonious and attractive that, *if there are,* disembodied spirit, they will come and dwell with us and be as palpable to the senses as those housed in living flesh.

It seems as tho a rift was made in the black storm cloud, which belts the world, thru which the sun of hope and promise has sent a shaft to revify the desert of men's souls, changing the barren wastes to blooming fields, sparkling rivulets and an aftermath of ripened grain and bounteous fruitage. Stern necessity with an avenging brow has crowded all joy and hope out of the lives of thousands of our fellow-beings. But this new and better way of living will lift them out of the slough of despond and set their eyes toward the sunlight of radiant happines.

The Edenic life sounds the knell of millionairedom, for with it comes earnest co-operative frater-national unitarianism, that takes hold of, and roots in, the doctrine taut by Christ Jesus two thousand years ago.

We ask patrons to send their renewals at once—not wait to receive personal notifications. Good wishes are well enough in their way, and gratifying to the publisher, but they are not legal tender in payment of printer's bills, paper bills, postage or living exspenses.

Please renew your subscription immediately.

SCISSORS.

In the social hive
One labors for the whole community
And the community for every one.
Toil is their joy. The majestic sun
Revolves forever, shedding life and joy
To all the minor orbs that round him burn.
For them he labors, and for them exists,
And they for him, in mutual harmony
The firmaments and galaxies, thick strewn
O'er infinite space, obey the same behest.
Labor forever, in their law of life;
Their labor happiness.

Take breath, sit down and rest, and take a *long* breath. Then go calmly to the tasks of life, and do your work well.

The American Art Gallery in New York was opened to visitors last Sunday evening.

Mrs. Catherine Jefferson, of Wichita, Kan., has leased 400,000 acres of land in Indian Territory.

A New York young woman spending the summer at Montague recently swam across the Connecticut River and back.

Sweden has given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy to the daughter of an army officer.

The "dangerous" result of the Harvard Annex appear in the fact that already two of the young lady students have married two of the professors!

The Louisville School of Pharmacy for women, by permission of the Faculty, has received two male students who are welcomed to the class on equal terms. The hint even of an "annex" was not made to them.

When Dr. De La Matyr is not able to fill his pulpit himself, he deputizes his wife to fill the vacancy. There is good sense and excellent taste in this.

The hand that rocks the cradle moves the world. Clean, pure mothers make clean, pure sons and daughters. Free mothers make noble children. Healthy, strong, robust mothers make splendid, superior children.

Mrs. A. H. Norton will engage in the transfer business at Ashland, Oregon, having ordered a large truck for that purpose.

Mrs. A. Drury makes the surgical instruments used by the most skillful operators on human flesh in New York. She has been in the business nine years, and both makes and sells her sharp-edged ware.

Five of the 39 young women who were graduated at Vassar at the close of the year in June, made the dresses which they wore at the graduating ceremonies. Two of the graduates will study medicine, 15 are to be teachers, and one has gone to the Harvard Law School.

Mrs. H. R. Farr, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, is the sole manager and proprietor of a "Fashionable Hair Emporium" employing thirty persons in Chicago, two in St Paul, and nine in Minneapolis, and doing a business of thirty thousand dollars a year.

Louise Armaindo is the only woman in the world who ever won a championship from men in any athletic game. She is a magnificently developed young lady, 23 years of age, and is the recognized long-distance champion of American, having defeated Morgan and Woodside for the championship in Chicago last year, making a record of 843 miles in 72 hours—12 hours per day for six days, cycling.

"The Crown Princess," writes Von Bunsen of the royal family of Germany, "does not merely drop into the school-room where her daughters Victoria, Sophie, and Marguerite are being brought up—she takes the lessons with them, resolved not only to advance by a knowledge of books on political economy or metaphysics, but to perfect herself year by year in those matters which are the groundwork of everybody's development.

Victoria C. Woodhull is the first woman who enjoys the distinguished honor of having been an independent candidate for President of the United States; Elizabeth Cada Stanton is the first woman who enjoys the distinguished honor of having been the first independent candidate for Senator of the United States, and Mrs. J. W. Stow is the first woman who enjoys the distinguished honor of having been the first independent candidate for Governor of one of the United States.

An English woman, calling herself Engle, has walked 1,500 miles in 1,000 hours.

Children's Corner.

A LITTLE GIRL'S SPEACH.

Who'll make the brandy peaches,
Or brandy flavored pie,
And help the liquor traffic?
Surely, not I, not I.

Who wants in time of sickness
A little ale to try
Or beer or wine to poison,
And do its work? Not I.

Who likes a boy that tipples
A little on the sly?
Or smokes cigars in private?
Not I, surely, not I.

And when we girls are women
(We shall be by and by),
Who'll have a drunken husband?
Some silly girl—not I!

X.

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

Etta sprang up in such haste that the flowers flew in every direction, some tumbling into the creek and some getting lost in the grass. But she only saw a glimpse of Mr. beaver as he turned a brisk summersault into his hole. When she resumed her pleasant occupation and found her work nearly destroyed, she sat down in the grass and cried—"O, de! my pitty posies all 'pilt!" "I'll gather a bushel for ye" said Bill comfortingly as he shambled away among the charms of nature, looking like *Bottom* among the *fairies*. He soon returned, having literally fulfilled his promise, for his left arm which hung in a sling, had been converted into a fancy basket and was heaped high with floral treasures. Etta was delighted and called out—"O Bill 'ou is *dood*, 'ou is! an' I ikes 'ou dea'ly! "Ye du hey? Guess its the *posies* ye like!" said he as he shook his trophies in a perfumed shower over Etta's head. Terry and Milly now joined them, having satisfied their curiosity about the beavers, for that day. Terry had the crown of his hat half filled with shining pebbles, "to help set up a playhouse" he said. Etta,s "bootay" was soon finished with Milly's assistance, and Bill glancing at the sun said "It is time to go hum." As they came out into the clearing they heard Bessy, the cow, lowing and saw her pawing up the dirt by the roots of a fallen tree. "Poor Bess!" said Bill going over to her and stroking her head. "She's mity lunsum since her caf died an' she cums here ivery day, enymost, ter cry over it."

"Is her calf buried here?" enquired Terry, as he stood loosening the ground with his foot.

"Yis, I kivered it up not very deep at fust, but she dug off all the dirt, an' then I lowered it ten foot. But she just noze its thar and suffers like a human bein, that ar' critter duz."

"O dea! dea!" broke in Etta, "Towz is ded, an Bessy's taf is ded an"—

"Come, come runaways! called Mrs. Breeze from the open door. You'll have a cold dinner if you don't hurry. Bess can come too, if she likes." she continued laughing. But Bill took it in sober earnest, and said to the cow, patting her side.

"Come along, an I'll give you a han'ful ov salt ef ye wont mope eny more ter day."

The cow appeared to understand the kindly words, for she had turned round, as Bill laid his arm over her neck and took hold of her horn to lead her up to the house. Etta had already reached the steps and was presenting her "bootay" and receiving a kiss of thanks at the same time.

One morning, several weeks after the raid on the beavers, there was a general stir and commotion in the house. The chamber floor had been laid and the stairs built on one side of the chimney and a pantry on the other. And now, strange to relate, the meal-chest (which was a large covered box, with several compartments for various grades of flour), had been finished down stairs, altho it was designed to ornament the storeroom up stairs. It was complete in every part and ready for immediate use; but it most persistantly refused to go thro the chamber door.

Here was an awkward dilemma, for the box was too wide and the door too *narrow*! Terry thought that to take off a part of the roof of the house, and draw it up by a pulley was the thing to be done, not having forgotten *Bruin's quarters*. Bill said "how't he guessed the peksy thing 'ud go thru the chamber window ef it cud be histed up thar." Mr. Breeze, said, the thing to do was to remove the chamber-door, casing and all. But Mrs. Breeze remarked, I would suggest the taking up of a portion of the chamber floor large enough to admit of the passage of the chest." This was readily accepted as the *best* proposition, and up came the floor, but the obstinate chest would not up so easily.

When all was ready, Bill, who had entirely recovered, hoisted one end upon a chair and placed his shoulder underneath it, while Terry and his father lifted the other end. A rope had been thrown around it by which Mrs. Breeze could steady it from the chamber. But it proved an unwieldly thing to handle and it was very much heavier than they anticipated, so much so that it was decided that Mr. Breeze should go up stairs, while Mrs. Breeze and Milly pulled with the rope at one end, he should lean over and grasp the other end, and with a long, stong pull and boost all together, it could be successfully managed.

Mr. Breeze who had stripped off his his coat as he came up stairs, was glowing in his shirt sleeves like a June rose. He dropped on the floor by the opening and was preparing to seize hold of the box as he lifted the lid, when he gave a great start, and cried out—

"The *dragon*! here's Etta," while each intensified auburn hair (which is sometimes dubbed red) stood on end bristling on its own responsibility independent of its fellows. This opportune discovery was followed by a herculean "heave-ho" which landed the chest and its precious contents safely on the upper floor.

Mr, Breeze thrust in his hand and quickly brot forth the trembling culprit, whose sixty pounds added weight and adventerous spirit had nearly cost her life, or some broken bones, at least. But she pleaded not to be puished, saying—

"Ill neva do it adin, papa, *neva*! if 'ou wont wib. I'll be dood dirlie, I 'ill, see if I dont."

Her father had no idea of punishing her, he was only too thankful that his pet pigeon was safe, while Bill declared that it was "a leetle the cutest caper" he ever see cut up.

"Why did'nt you scream when we said we should have to drop the box? 'cause it was so heavy," growled Terry.

"Tos I's faid to peek, it widdled so defully," replied Etta, with a long strong breath of relief.

"You'll *widdle* worse than that did," said Terry angerly, "if you ever cut up another such a dido. Why I almost lifted my head off; my toes are dizzy yet."

"I dont tare! me had a nice ide," said Etta defiantly, as she ran to Bill and begged to have another ride on his back, down stairs: A request that was never refused her by him. Up or down stairs he played horse to her caprice.

Mrs. Briggs, a Washington writer, must surely be an exception to the ordinary run of newspaper contributors. She gives $100,000 to form and endow a girls school. Most people have had the idea that writing for the press was not so remunerative. All honor to Mrs. Briggs, however, and may many more of the brothers and sisters of the craft be speedily able to make such liberal benefactions.—X.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY S. GERTIE SMYTH.

FRIENDS AND SISTERS OF THE ORDER recipes for hygienic cooking, how to be well, etc., will be cordially welcome, for this department. Let us exchange views upon all things pertaining to the improvement of homes.

Address all communications for this department to Mrs. J. H. Smyth, 623 Montgomery-st, S. F., Cal.

POULTRY NOTES.—Now is the time to set your hens. February and March are the first months in the year for hatching. Early chicks are less liable to sickness and are freer from vermin than later ones. It is a good plan if, one can obtain it, to paint the inside of nest-boxes, especially corners and cracks, with crude petroleum; then put in short soft straw for the nest, sprinkle in a tablespoonful of sulphur as soon as the hen is set. The heat of the foul causes the fumes of the sulphur to penetrate every part of their bodies; every insect is killed, and as all nits are hatched within ten days, when the mother leaves the nest with her brood she is perfectly free from vermin. In some sections of California, there is a mite that thrives in sulphur fumes, but it readily succumbs to carbolic powder. In buying thoroughbred fowls or eggs, get the *best* every time and only from *reliable* breeders; avoid those who advertise "the best and only good stock in the country" and offer it at low prices. It does not pay to get cheap stock, it is the dearest in the end. We speak from experience. Poultry breeders who have a reputation to sustain can not afford to sell good stock for half price. We paid Mrs Raynar $25 a trio for Langshans, and $5 for a setting of eggs, and have never regretted it. We bought some eggs of another dealer not far from here, and we were glad to get rid of the chicks from that lot at a very small price. We very much perfer the Langshans to any other breed we have ever raised. It matures rapidly, is extremely hardy, is an excellent table fowl, and the hens are splendid winter layers of good-sized rich eggs, and when they are fully grown are remarkable small eaters, for their size; they do not eat half as much as the Brahmas.

Choice hens should never sit, for by so doing many valuable eggs are lost. We keep about two dozen half-breeds, Brahms and Cochin for sitters, they make excellent mothers much better than the dunghill.

FOWLS FOR BREEDING PURPOSES.—Where uniformity of size, general health and vigor, as well as color and beauty are desired, great care must be exercised with the breeding stock. If a pure breed is desired in full perfection, the stock fowls must be well-bred, strong, vigorous, full of health, and of uniform size and war-kings. Chicks hatched from highly bred, well-fed birds require better care, then those from lower origin, but they are far more profitable, and pay the keeper better. If eggs are obtained from first-class, highly fed and cared for stock, reason teaches us that the chicks in order to arrive at the perfection of their parents must have similar care. Finely-bred chicks, while hardy, are like hot-house plants, and will not bear neglect. For stocking up purposes, the *finest* should always be selected, and *only* those bred from. When only a few fowls are kept for breeders, and the whole attention is given to those few, the chicks are much finer. Fowls that are producing hatching eggs, should *never be forced*, in that case the eggs are produced too rapidly, and are not sufficiently furtilized. If possible, they should have a long run when laying the hatching eggs. Breeds differ greatly as to the number of hens allowed to a cock. Of Asiatics 6 to 10; of Games, Leghorns, Houdans, Spanish, and the smaller breeds 10 to 20. Too few hens with the cock, want of exercise, overfattening, and overfeeding, are all certain and prolific causes of sterility. There is more importance in the matter of selecting the cocks, than the hens. If you wish to hatch pullets for early layers choose a cock that has matured early, for he will transmit this tendency to his offspring. The cock should be of average size, but not extra large; large cocks mated with smaller hens produce longer-legged chicks than do the smaller cocks. A cross between a Houdan cock and a Langshan hen will produce an excellent table fowl. A cross between a White Leghorn cock and a Light-Brahma hen will produce a fowl not quite as large as the Brahmas, and more like the Leghorns for laying. A Black Spanish cock with a White Leghorn hen will produce an excellent laying fowl. Crossing is not beneficial with non-sitters of different breeds the progeny will be sitters.

Mrs. Raynor of Fruit Vale raised 14 chicks out of 15 Langshan eggs, sent her by Mrs. Sargent of Maine.

S. G. S.

EFFECTS OF SHOCKS ON EGGS.—It is a common belief among persons who keep poultry that the shocks and tremors to which eggs are subject during transportation on road or railway effect the germ contained in the egg. M. Dareste, who has been studing this matter, found a few years ago, that eggs submitted to incubation directly after a railway journey the embryo very generally died; but a few days rest before incubation obviated this. —*American Farmer.*

OATS FOR POULTRY.—Probably few of our readers have ever tried the experiment of feeding oats to breeding poultry in large quantities, say three fourths of all the grain they are given. A farmer who has done this— and he says with economy and success— assures us that oats may be used in this way to very great advantage as a daily food for breeding birds the year round, and especially to the large Asiatic varieties that are predi-posed to put on an excess of natural fat when fed in the ordinary way. The oats must be good and sound and first, class in quality, otherwise they will not do for a constant food. Give the birds a light meal in the morning of cooked food or scalded mash, meal and vegetables; at noon a full feed of oats; at night another feed of oats and corn, about one-fourth of the latter.—*Spirit of the Farm.*

A rooster at Anaheim is trained to raise chickens. He now has charge of twenty three little ones.

Sanitary science profoundly affects medical theories. And the upshot of it all is that the old faith in drugs and medicines of all kinds is fast dissolving. People are everywhere learning that sunlight, pure air, good food, a proper dress, regular habits, plenty of sleep—in short, that right living is a million times better than all the medicines of the world. "The great physicians of our times are vastly more interested in sanitary science and hygiene than in therapuetics. They are studying anew the questions pertaining to life. They are investigating the conditions of perfect physical existence. They are giving lectures and writing books on the great art of keeping well, of developing physical force, of building up a perfect body.

Society is composed of two great classes—those who have more appetite than dinner, and those who have more dinner than appetite.

NOTE.—All persons who keep poultry through the winter, should lay in a supply of lime, charcoal broken in small pieces, bones, oyster shells, and other material for forming the shells of eggs; also boxes filled with ashes and dry earth for dust-baths. These articles are as important as food if fowls are expected to thrive and produce eggs during the winter.

Do we eat to live, or live to eat?

KITCHEN NOTES.—If people will cook their meat in a frying-pan, let them avoid the use of grease or fat of all kinds and use simply the hot iron. In how many families is the meat fried in an ocean of fat, and brought on the table, tough as leather, and quite as unfit to be put into the human stomach.

GINGER POUND CAKE.—Take 1 cup, each, of butter, sugar, and molasses, 3 cups of sifted flour, 3 eggs whites and yolks beaten separately and well, 1 cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted into the flour, one tablespoonful each of ginger and cinnamon.

LEMON MERINGUE.-One pint of bread crumbs soaked in a quart of new milk, one cup of sugar, yolks of four eggs well beaten, the yellow grated rind of one lemon, butter the size of an egg (melted). Beat these ingredients light and bake until done but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff then beat in four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, then the juice of the lemon, spread over the pudding a layer of jelly or nice.

EDENIC (*UNCOORED*) DIET.

Will every Edenic send to the Edenic "Home Department" the recipe of every new and palatable dish manufactured from pure, undevitalized by fire, food.

EDENIC GRAINIA—Two-thirds oat groats, one-third crackt wheet, ground fresh every meal in a steel hand mill or coffee mill.—DR. RUMFORD.

EDENIC SALID.—One head of celery, 2 turnips, 1 onion, one Chili peper, sliced and chopped fine in a chopping bowl; 6 spoonsfull of olive oil, 1 teaspoonfull mixed mustard, 1 gill cidar vinegar, or lime juce, salt to taste. Will keep several days in a cool place. This is to be eaten with grainia. —MRS. J. H. HOLT.

EDENIC FRUIT CAKE—An equal amount of *ripe* dried peaches and raisins, pounded fine, separately in a mortar and mixed with grainia. Mold in the form of a cake and cut the same as any other cake. It will keep for 6 months, and improve with age.—MRS. RUMFORD.

EDENIC PUDDING.-Two-thirds grainia, ½ grated almonds, pounded raisins; moisten with liquor of soaked ripe dried peaches, and flavor with nutmeg. —MRS. STOW.

The tendency of all literature is toward expansion, so the most industrious reader of books can scarcely in a lifetime become well informed ;newspapers, on the contrary, condense nearly everything into as few words as possible. were a student to attempt to give the political, social, religeous and literary history of the world for a day he might do it in far more elegant style than the newspapers, but his story would occupy the reader's time for at least a week. The newspaper is the true American university.

DEADLY DRESS-COATS.—A prominent physician said recently that the Italian opera is increasing the death-rate. He had attended a score of cases of pneumonia brought on by exposure in dress coats. Men take off their heavy business suits in the evening and go to the oprea with their breasts covered only by a few folds of linen. They rush out heedlessly between the acts, stand in the drafts of the doors, or run out to the nearest cafe. The next day they are in bed. The dress coat prescription is one to be taken with the greatest care in this climate.

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MRS. STOW'S DIAMONDS.

The above beautiful set of jewels Marietta Lizzie Beers Bell-Stow puts up for $1,000, at $1 a ticket, to cancel the mortgage on the S. S. S. College of Industry .Pin 1st prize, earrings 2d. The founder of this College, for women and girls, makes it *national* for reasons which will be explained in the future. As soon as the mortgage, which was made to raise money to pay for the outfit of the HERALD office, is canceled, she will make a trust deed of the property "IN PERPETUITY TO INDUSTRY." Whoever, from this date, until all the tikets are sold, sends $1,50 for a single ticket shall have a copy of the H. OF I. for one year, also, and whoever sends $5 for five tickets, at one time will have the paper for a year, and for ten tickets three copies. Ten per cent commission will be allowed for the sale of tickets. There are no *choice* of numbers. Every name, No. of ticket and residence will be continuously published in the HERALD, and the raffle will be held at a special public meeting of the S. S. S.

This property, Mrs. Stow's "Homestead," and the only thing which she saved from the jaws of the Probate Court, is a modern built mansion, which has 14 rooms: Lot 30x127½, situated in one of the choicest blocks in San Frau cisco, and is valued at $ 10,000. The improvements alone cost that amount.

The pin has 34 stones and the earrings 9, each, making 52 brilliants, exquisitely mounted in enamel and gold. The object is such a commendable one that all scruples, in regard to raffling, should be thrown aside, and 1, 5, or 25 tickets secured immediately. Registered letters and money orders, with No. of ticket, will be promptly acknowledged. The jewels were on exhibition at the *first* Grand Triennial Conclave of the Social Science Sisterhood of America and International Dress Reform Exhibition, held at Ixora Hall, San Francisco, Sep. 4th 1883. The beautiful set was greatly admired by the large audience, especially the piu which cost $600 in Paris.

FORM OF BEQUEST.—I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to the Lady Managers of of the "S. S. S. College of Industry," in the city and county of San Francisco, state of California the sum of.....dollars, or real or personal property, to be applied to the uses thereof.

☞ MRS. STOW'S PHOTO'S.—Boudoir (full length) in Tripple S costume, 50c. cabinet 35c.—*post paid*. Remember, friends, that these are sold for the benefit of the S. S. S. College of Industry, where women and girls are taught self-help—made independent of the world's scorn or pity.

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PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(Fourth Edition.)

THIS is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how, under the sounding title of "*justice*," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express*.

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee*.

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript*.

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe*.

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but "*speaks right out.*" It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller*.

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated. —*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherlesss children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter *cussedness* prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

The *third* edition of this book is proof of its merits with the class of readers to whom the graver subjects of a legal and moral kind are of interest. The volume is not intended to tickle the fancy or to please the prejudices of any class. The writer sets her face against the wrong and injustice of the probate law with the energy and zeal of one who has been scourged by the system.—*Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.).

After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium*.

Mrs. Stow recites the story of her wrong with passsonate eloquence.—*New York Tribune*.

The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News*.

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them. and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean*.

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times*.

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

A strong, eloquent book, by the hand of a woman who means business and knows what she is talking about.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Mrs. Stow is the prophetess of the widows and orphans. Her voice is like one crying in the wilderdess among a horde of men so savage still that they prey upon everything weaker than themselves. She cries for simple *justice*—that is all. In all the chapters of her book she puts the case of the widow and orphan before the probate judge strongly, and finds their cause contraband and their fate confiscation. Mrs. Stow uses plain language, and tells flat-footed truths without any mincing of the manner. Her book is intended as an agitator, and its style is well suited to the purpose. There is nowhere and never any doubt that she is thoroughly in earnest in her mission, and conscientious in her work, and her sincerity always wins the respect of the reader. Under the circumstances, her warmth of style is perfectly natural, and she often drops words and sentences that stick in the memory—food for thought—and ready for use. This quality and effect prove the correctness of her treatment of the general theme. The Legislatures appear to be not yet prepared to embrace Mrs. Stow's views in acts, but the book and agitation of the subject are making public sentiment, and the consummation of the work may not be far in the future.—*St. Louis Republican*, Mar. 27, '80.

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THE CHOIR INVISABLE.

O may I join the choir invisable
Of those immortal dead who live again
In mind made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In tho'ts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven;
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair,
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

This is the life to come
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

—George Eliot.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[Ed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: Communications over a FOURTH of a column long put in the form of articles, NOT letters.

BOSTON, Dec. 31-83.

MY DEAR MRS. STOW:

I send money order for three copies of your valuable and outspoken paper, the HERALD OF INDUSTRY. I want the two extras to send to friends, who need the information that only a journal edited by a woman can give.

May you enjoy every blessing during the coming year, is the earnest wish of your friend,

H. M. Emerson.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 9-84.

MRS. J. W. STOW:

Dear Worker: Please find enclosed a $3 money order, for raffle ticket, Tripple S photo. and HERALD. I am more and more interested in it. Like wine it improves with age. I love its editor more than language can tell, and the dear Rumfords! Great, brave, true hearts, I read and cherish every word they write. How I should like to visit you and them in your blessed home of warmpth and sunshine.

There is *joy* in every line of JOYFUL NEWS and *hope* in every page of WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

Cordially yours,

MRS. H. M. LYNDALL.

KINGSTON, Ind, Jan. 9-84.

MRS. STOW:

I take a great interest in the HERALD: First, because it is a woman's paper, and second because it suits me exactly. Since you stopped sending it I'm almost starved for another one to feast upon. Can you furnish the missing numbers? I would like to have the volumes complete. I keep them for reference. Am a busy "mama." My baby is helping me write this note to you.

Enclosed please find $2 for the HERALD.

Very respectfully yours,

L. S. A.

Onward, onward rushes the great wave of Progression—constantly receiving added power in its heavenward course; and among its *largest* tributaries must be classed the WOMAN'S HERALD, by those who read its columns with *open eyes*,

L. S. GOODNOW.

ROCHESTER, MINN, Jan. 12-84.

MRS. J. W. STOW:—

Dear Sister Woman:—Enclosed please find $1 to apply on subscription for HERALD—I cannot afford to do without it, and wish every woman in the land could and would read the grand truths so ably presented. In the proportion that we liberate ourselves from ignorance and superstition—do we deserve happiness. 'Tis the labor of earnest minds that gives us the noblest, grandest views of life, and its duties.

There are so many questions of vital importance to woman's welfare, arising, that each one must study and reason,—if she would keep up with this truly progressive age. For those who have the care of a family 'its rather difficult to find the time and right here, let me mention a new kind of soap, which I think is an excellent dirt eraser, have used it almost a year, it does not injure the clothes, that I can see,—does away with boiling, also much labor. It is made by F. H. Siddall, 1016 Chestnut St. Phil. Pa. I hope some over-worked sister will try it.

Wishing you much success in your efforts to benefit humanity, I am

Yours for reform,

MRS. F. W. FOX.

PASO ROBLES, CAL.

MRS. STOW.

Dear Madam—I think women lectures should be sent out, as missionaries, to enlighten women upon the necessity of possessing the franchise. It is ignorance which makes the mass of women contented and happy under an exclusively man-made government. They would listen and learn of the cruel and oppressive laws if words of instruction were spoken by a woman. My neighbors laugh at my daughter because she says she is going to be a lawyer.

I would very much like to see women suffrage made a success. It will help the temperance cause and many other things. Dress Reform is another important work for women. I have been wearing a heavy underskirt, and having a weak back it worried me to get around, but taking the hint from your valuable paper I made the skirt into pants, and button them to my under waist which takes the weight from my back. No more heavy skirts for me.

Truly yours for the right,

MRS. FRICK.

Who will pay for lectures? Campaign work costs money. Why not *educate* by getting subscriber to WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY which preaches a many tongued lecture every month This would be breaking ground in a practical—and *possible*—way.—[Ed.

AN ORANGE DIET.

New Haven News.

In a cosy little cottage overlooking the Quinnipiac river on Pine street, Fair Haven, lives Mrs. John L. Evarts a lady who, it is asserted, has virtually eaten nothing for four years. During this time she has subsisted wholly—so her friends say—on the juices of fruit taken in such scanty quantities as to be almost inappreciable. The juice of a single orange has served the purposes of food for days. Eminent Physicians have studied the case and have all alike been puzzled and routed in there efforts to master it. That the story of her wonderful fast is true nobody knowing Mrs. Evars questions. Her own reputation and the character of her friends who surround her dispose of any suggestions of trick or humbug which the cynical might seek to interpose.

And yet the appearance of the lady does not lend much plausibility to the idea that she has suffered through any loss of appetite. When met by a reporter of the morning *News* at her door yesterday, it was with difficulty that he could believe that he stood in the presence of one who had tasted no substantial food for fifty months. She was the picture of health. Slightly past middle age, she seemed indeed a fine specimen of the rugged, old fashioned NewEngland woman, used to outdoor exercise, and younger in reality than the average woman a half-score years her junior. Her eye sparkled and the flush on her cheek seemed the tint of perfect health. Her manner was bright and pleasant. Tho' averse to discussing her remarkable experiences and feeling a dread of newspaper mention, she finally consented to tell something of her strange story.

"Four years ago," said Mrs. Evarts, "I visited friends at Portland, Maine. While there I suffered from a severe cough of which I was unable to rid myself. I consulted physicians in Portland and took many kinds of medicine, but all to no effect. One spring day the cold left me as suddenly as it had come upon me a few months before. Soon subseqnently I began to suffer from severe pains in the stomach. Plasters were applied and other remedies sought in vain. I became unable to eat anything. The bare taste of food subjected me to nausea. In this condition I returned to New-Haven. The best medical aid was procured for me, and under the advice of my physicians I used to drive daily to a slaughter-house and drink warm blood. For a time this seemed to help me, though I was still continually affected with nausea and was unable to eat anything substantial whatever."

"Up to the time you were attacked had you been in good health?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, yes, I had not known really what sickness ment, and my appetite had always been excellent; in fact, I never missed a meal or failed to do my full duty at the table morning, noon or night. After my return the sickness began to develop which has had me in in its clutches ever since. The doctors, one after another, have tried to fathom the mystery, but all have been d feated, it seems. Some have treated me for cancer of the stomach and others have supposed the trouble to be from an internal ulcer.

For fifteen months I suffered indescribable tortures and was kept almost constantly under the influence of chloroform. Either had no effect whatever upon me and the only nourishment I took all this time was a little braudy and ice. Suddenly I grew better and stronger, but my appetite showed no signs of returning."

"It seems strange that you could have continued alive?"

"Yes, almost a miracle. For months the church bells did not ring, the vibrations affecting me so that I was again and again taken with cramps that doubled my body into most painful shapes. A celebrated physician of Philadelphia heard of my case and came to see me and attended me for some time, but his labors were unavailing. There seemed no remedy and no skill equal to the demands of the case and I have continued until the present with no return of appetite and subject to nervous prostration." "And all this time you have eaten no meat and no pastry of any kind?" the reporter asked.

"None whatever; not a single morsel?" was the response. "My physicians and friends will all tell you what I was obliged to suffer. I did not dare to eat anything, and at the same time my cravings were such that when I saw a little dog running in the street I felt as if I could eat every particle of flesh upon it. I go ont to ride nearly every day and consider myself a well woman with the exception that I partake of no substantial food, and never sit at a table except for sociability."

"What keeps you alive?"

"My only subsistence is fruit; not fruit eaten as other people eat fruit. I can swallow none of the subsantial portions. It is only the juice that I dare take—all that I want to take. This alone for the past four years has been my entire nourishment, except that occasionally I allow a little loaf sugar to melt in my mouth. The odor of cooking in the house has not the least effect upon me."

Mrs. Evarts smiled as she bade her caller good-by, and lovingly fondled the rich yellow orange she held in her hand.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

O dash the brimming cup aside,
And spill its purple wine;
Take not its madness to thy lip—
Let not its curse be thine.
'Tis red and fich—but grief and woe
Are in those rosy depths below."

The Cleveland Woman's Temperance Union is about to commence another political movement, planned by Miss Frances Willard, President of the society, who recently left here for Chicago, from which point she will superintend similar work in that State and throughout the United States. The project is to get one million signatures to a memorial to be presented to the next national convention of each party, asking the insertion of a prohibition plank in the platform.

At Wheeling, W. Va., Walter Layberger, a young man of twentyfive, while seated at a gaming table in one of the suburbs of the city, suddenly drew a revolver, and saying "Here's a go, good-bye, boys," blew his brains out before his companions could prevent him. Drinking, gambling, etc., led to the suicide.

Cincinnati has six miles of rumholes, New York has seventeen and London seventy-three, almost a hundred miles in but three cities. And what a road to travel! Flooded by scalding tears, lined with broken hearts, environed by desolate homes, almshouses, prisons and asylums, and paved with the bones of murdered victims, millions persist at driving at break-neck pace over this damnable, sin-macadamized way to —hell. —*Temperance Gazette.*

Reports to the Internal Revenue Bureau show increased activity in Illinois distilling circles. In that State 17 distilleries were in operation November 1, making 103,000 gallons per day, against 900,000 gallons daily on the same date last year. Twice as much whisky is made in Illinois as in any other State.

Dr. Wm. G. Eliot, Chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., testifies:—"I have lived in St. Louis forty-eight years, and have seen it grow from 7,500 to nearly 400,000 inhabitants. During these years it has passed through trials of pestilence, of devastating fires, of water floods and worst of all, four years of fratricidal war. But I here assert, in all soberness of mind, and with readiness to prove what I say, that all other trials, and losses, and sufferings, and calamities, and wrongs, in all these forty-eight years combined, do not equal the ruinous, moral, social and financial evils that I have seen produced, during the same period, by the one cause—intoxicating drink." This is the scathing summary of rum's doings which the Bishop of Rochester quotes so frequently.

Those forming an appetite for light wine drinking or light malt-liquors, next feel the necessity for something stronger in order to produce the same amount of stimulant, and as the habit continues, wines and the like give way to the spiritual liquors, and so the evil increases.

Nobody hears of male boarding schools or male academies. Men are not alluded to as "brilliant male writers." Books were never written on male piety or male integrity, yet the use of one, in the same sense, is as correct as the other.—*Mary H. Krout.*

In the days of witchcraft women of all ages and positions were the greatest sufferers. Women were generally the witches and often confessed themselves to be so. Some confessed a species of insanity, born of the prevailing craze. Others were tortured into confession, and thus helped along the delusion. It is said that in certain communities in Germany and France all the women were burned as witches!

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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BOOKS OF PRACTICAL VALUE
TO SOCIAL SCIENCE STUDENTS, BY
MARY E. TILLOTSON, of Vineland, N. J,
Please order from her "Love and Transition," a volume of poems, including An Epic elucidating effects on love, of false and true life—an argument showing that past changes have left much for Progress to purify; love claiming justice in transition—all things pleading for the *practice* of acquired knowledge. This gem of a book has nearly 200 pages of finest tinted paper handsomely bound in best cloth and gold. Price $1.

"Progres vs Fashion:" Reasons for reforming woman's dres; "Woman's Way Out:" Views of eminent thinkers upon the demoralizing effects of fashionable dres.

These tracts of 32 closely printed pages, each, are well bound and will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 10c, each.

Co-operation.—A superintendent of a thread manufactory in Mass. explained to a visitor the good things done by the company for its 1,600 operatives. He showed the neat cottages, the pretty gardens, the library, the drawing class, the music room, and the picnic grove. Having done this, he gave the reason why the company took so much trouble to promote the happiness and self-respect of 1,600 human beings. He said: "They feel a pride in their belongings, an interest in us, and make better thread."

In Russia women are now being greatly encouraged to apply themselves to watch-making, jewelry, and other such light and skillful occupations. A woman in New York is reported to be making the delicate instruments used by the most skillful surgeons in that city. In other localities women are being looked for in connection with drug stores.

Workmen spend at least $400,000,000 per annum for liquor and $20,000,000 for cigars and tobacco.

Official dispatches from Washington announce the refusal of the house to appoint a committee on sufirage. The Hon. J. W. Keifer, of Ohio, offered the resolution, and the vote on the adoption of the same stood 85 for and 124 against.

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DRESS REFORM.

MADAME BROWNJOHN

Court Milliner and Dressmaker

35 Churton-st, Belgravia, London, Eng.,

Who won the 1st *prize* (£50) at the London Exhibition of the National Dress Ass'n, begs to say that she makes dresses which conform to the requirements of the R. D. A., and forwards them to all parts of the world. Also, dresses in the ordinary style, according to the prevaling fashion. All her Costumes are made with a due regard to comfort, lightness and warmpth combined.

MADAME BROWNJOHN has constantly a choice and varied selection of the latest Parisian models, as well as materials from the best firms.

Samples of materials and forms for self-measurement sent on application. When ordering dresses it greatly facilitates matters if a good fitting dress body accompanies the order: also, photo. and length in front, from neck to bottom of skirt hem.

FOREIGN ORDERS and *Wedding Outfit* are executed with care and promptitudse. Madame Brownjohn has an artistic genius for designing which makes each figure appear to the best advantage.

Reference should be received with foreign orders. Cheques on London.

THE DIETZ PATENT DUST-PAN.

Invented and patented July 12th, 1881, by Emma L. and Mary A. Dietz of Oakland, Cal. supplies a long felt need, and is conceded by all who have used it to be the best invention ever introduced by which carpets may be thoroughly swept without injury, or the annoyance of dust rising. Being simple in construction, it cannot get out of order. It is well made and with care will last for years. Price within reach of all, ranging from $1,00 to $1,50 according to size and quality. Samples will be forwarded on application, with price, to trade. Territory will be sold and the Right to manufacture on Royalty given. This is just the work for earnest women to engage in. Orders addressed to Miss E. L. and M. A. Dietz, Oakland, Cala. will receive prompt attention.

Also, "The Dietz Patent Crum Receiver," a little bijou of neatness and convenience. Price $1,50. When both pans are purchased a deduction of 25 cts is made.

Agents Wanted.

TOKOLOGY A new, popular, fast-selling book, for women. Energetic men and women can easily make $25 per week, as agents. Address SANITARY PUB. CO., 159 La Salle-st Chicago.

The constitution of Michigan prohibits any form of religious service in either house of her legislature. Consequently no chaplain is elected.

AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE.
THE SCIENCE COSTUME.
Outline of Women's Sanitary Efforts thro' Dres Reform, in the U. S., Commencing in 1850.
No. 8.

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.

For the Herald.

There has bin a weight on my mind in respect to freighting the account of this reform with personal persecution to which the costume subjected me; for I felt they belonged in it, while I was diffident about giving so much of my story as they require. On nearing the close a more than double lesson is apparent in them; woven as they ar into the methods of succesful resistance, which in some form occurs to all achievments, they legitimately tend to the naration, and wil there hav uses beside proving the possibility to do right, tho environed with wrong; to carry a true but ridiculed reform, mid its popular opposite sustained by usage and wealth; tho that true beginning is necssarily external, badging itself all over with revolutionary intent.

Some may wish they had bin omited; others be glad of the frankues that trusts motives here as it did under spite, seizure, whatever was inevitable to open work. The first aspect of neglect, contempt, bad faith or molestation, shows some usage is violated, some interest at stake. Usage points, or soon settles, in favor of violation; interest being too sordid, ambitions or tyranous to divulge, is a revelation of action, and a little time proved rude treatment wrong. So reformers hav but to pursue their quiet way, and if barbarians ar encountered, escape the best way the case affords, remembering it would be cowardice to abandon a good course because vice confronts it. Some slavery lingers in the knowledge that a fre soul's path is beset, but multiform is the bondage that cleaves to one composed of danger.

The culture in principle and soul strength of a few year's persistence in humane endeavor, is of more value thon a century's gain in policy seeking. Humane work clears ground for its cause, multiplying facilties for the next worker; besides, it benefits ignorance; it teaches the opposition that it relies on frailties, and discourages repetition of offences. Truth's insulted head is erect, in unfaltering honor, while shame suffuses its enemies, down-cast eyes. Dres reform experience carroborates history in showing that selfishnes and prejudice united form a cruel tyrany always abusing individuals while opposing reformations. Quakers suffered the sensles wrath for exchanging extravagant variety for quiet uniformity of attire; and a larger change, designed to answer pure natures' perfect wants, cannot be expected to supplant the worst cause of abnormality, the ally of double-edged avarice, the plain signs of stupid vanity and ruling salacity, as calmly as twilight veils the horizon. Some in the invincible van wil see improvised savages, and catch glimpses of dungeons, right in the midst of gayety and seeming order; with right of conscience in the laws, and peans of civilization thriling the starred banner of Liberty. What is shown by the discrepancy? I wil expres a firm conviction, and apparent dogmatism wil not be real. The ethics, affection, aspiration, zeal and pride, or slaves to passion, excitement, emulation and despotic greed, all seething in disease which takes tone from nerves, strength from muscles, discernment from reason, courage from patriotism, and there is no soundnes in any part. There cannot be, with these maladies at the vitals, and repreduction of weaker types and worse frauds is the natural outcome. Quite natural also for these elements to resist hands that probe them, tho it be to apply cordials and cleansing. Efforts for rectification thro' woman's emancipation and healthy motherhood hav commenced full late, and should enlist co-operation from every benificent person. Then is it not inexcusably reckles, after renovating costume has daily taught its invaluable uses and practicality to turn from the labor for any purpose, thus encouraging opposition, multiplying difficulties of the faithful, and jeopardizing the cause that is now the acknowledged source of redemption from exces, intemperance, sicknes and all slaveries! Yet, desertions and oppositions ar common to all reforms; this is no exception; wil long encounter them, and mind must be fortified to face them firmly, knowing brave resistance alone triumphs, is ever weakening the wrong and lessening its attacks.

Because trials must stil come; because the resolute, kind, calm aad innocent can be brave, can parry some evils, prevent more, and for the world's sake bear much: and all the while be a myriad times happier than the weakling who succumbs; and having acquired the bodily ability that energizes that and courage, have a balanced supply of force—because of these and the need of their being known, I conclude to giv some of the hard fare thrown in my way by deserters of the dres revolution; some of the thumb—screw embraces of the modern inquisition. Among public women who once wore a advocated hygienic costume, I have found as heartles disparagment, as cold snubbing as any McFlimsy ventures to offer. From a young girl I was interested in equal rights; agitated and wrote for them before woman's suffrage or fashion resistance had a movement. When the suffrage leaders resumed fashion and abused science costume on their plat-form, I did not appear there or defend them, but worked alone as chance offered. After many years I wrote Mrs. Stanton it would be convenient to attend if my costume was admisible. She wrote, come with your best word for suffrage in the dres you choose. When there I was requested to sit where the audience could not see me, and refused a chance to giv my speech. I asked if such demands had bin made on Dr. Mary Walker; was answered, yes. I replied, "you should not wonder at having trouble". Passing away I pondered, how long wil it take vanity's appeal to folly to evolv wisdom enuf to equalize rights, or honor justice? Dr. Walker is a natural legislator, able speaker, true reformer, but was resisted in her efforts to co-act with the woman suffrage agitators. At a N.E. grov meeting I met a physician who had bin an activ dres reformer. I had only kindnes for her, but whenever she took the stage, she seemed unable to proceed til all were informed that I had but one hobby and that was driven to death and out of date. We meet anon, and the sense of a dilemma seems to haunt her. The directors of a camp meeting in N.Y. invited me, to attend, and publicly announced that my topics as speaker would include temperance and dres reform. On ariving I saw disagreement among managers, and requested those who called me to be frank, I felt the trouble was on my account. They said the woman on the committee who had worn the reform for years, was unwilling to admit it; she said it had bin tried, the world would not accept it, and that meeting should not. She did not rule. In my speech on education I gave some time to the poor quality of instruction allowed young children, and the false and fatal quality accepted by old ones. If women abandon a cause innocently, why should a reminder disconcert them? Calling on one early to adopt and early to abandon this cause, she showed me how ugly and uncouth she tho't the dres, how dignified the judges long robe, badge of his power. My saying that in action it was badge of his weaknes, did not impair her fancy for it. She patronizes VassarCollege, but confesed its rules unreasonable and arbitrary. Students spent over half the day in changing apparel, its etiquet requiring a different suit for each occasion, the gymnastic was the only healthy one, but must not appear out of the department. I thonght it a cruel prison; she did not justify it, but it had a name. I told her I should call at Inglewood to see the people on my way down the Hudson. She tried earnestly to dissuade me; said they were the proud gentry of N.Y. aub would abuse and scorn me. I caled however, and was so courteously received as to be retained two days. The gentry were affable and appreciatio, invited me to spend an evening at the great hotel when all the boarders, could meet and learn something of the reform they had so long heard of and knew so little of. They were frauk, and I am sure were sincere in pronouncing my arguments sound, my costume good aud good-looking, and in expresing a wilingnes to see it adopted. Pleasant scenes and receptions hav bin the rule, the severe cases that I am relating, the occasional excebtions.

EQUAL SUFFRAGE NOTES.

Whatcom, W. T. Jan. 8. The world is moving! Eight women are on the grand jury just organized in the court at this place. O. Jacobs.

Human nature would not be changed by giving woman all the privileges that men have, and there is not the least danger of unfitting women for wives and mothers by giving her the ballot.

VICTORIA (B. C.), January 16.—The House to day passed a measure giving women the right to vote for School Trustees and making them eligible to sit as Trustees. A married woman whose husband is a voter may also vote giving two votes to each family.

When women vote they will make all the laws regulating marriage, homes and family ties bear equally on the two sexes.

You are a tax-payer and do not care for politics and have perhaps an income of $10,000 a year. Should you have business about the City Hall you are snubbed, ordered about, and insulted in such a manner as to make you long to get home behind the wood shed and kick yourself. Along side of you is a sweeper of the streets, in dirty blouse and ragged trousers who controlls a few votes. That man is a power beside you.

The politically fledged women of Watcom, W. T,. elected Mayor De Mattor, and defeated Steinweg, the other day, In the Mayor's inaugeral, he said, "but for that new (and not uncertain) elements in politics, the ladies, your presiding officer would not be with you tonight; not an uncertain element, I say, because they will always be found sustaining the cause that has right, truth snd justice as its foundation."

The oldtime prejudices, the barred gates, the "this for me and that for you," are disappearing like damp, chill fog before the rising sun. Be brave, be strong, and when woman herself shall demand equality of privilege in all that appertains to her own best interests, all the Dr. Hammonds in the universe may prate their nonsense and be laughed at for their pains. When the she-eagles' wing is as strong to soar towards the sun as that of her mate, no man will longer clip her pinions.—FRANCES D. GAGE—in *Womans Journal*.

Women have a right to vote in all the municipal and school elections; not all the women, but widows and spinsters, and when they are householders they are eligible to office on the school boards and as poor-law guardians. There is scarcely a city in England that has not a lady upon its school board. Manchester recently elected a lady by a very large vote, the ladies voting very generally.

MARY E. TILLOTSON'S SCIENCE COSTUME.

INTERNATIONAL DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY

MARY E. TILLOTSON. Vineland, N. J. "Have worn the Science Costume for more than 30 years, everywhere."

ABBIE KNAPP, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich. "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, Bloomfield, N. J. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home for several years."

MRS. E. M. KING, Hon. Secritary of the National Dress Association, London, Eng., wears the "Divided Skirt" and short overdress and jacket.

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burling on, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

EMELINE A. PRESCOT, Hollowell. Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

ALEXIS LE BEUF, SAN JACINTO, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. DOANE, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Washington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I adopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

CAROLINE B. KEESE, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29 years of age, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

MARTHA S. SEVERANCE, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 30 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

MARIETTA LIZZIE BEERS BELL-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S costume: Trousers and kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

MARY DODDS, M. D., St. Louis, Mo., has worn a Trouser-dress for years, everywhere.

MARY E. LUCAS, M. D., Newfield, N. J., "Have worn the Short Dress (as a work dress) for 20 years."

RITA BELL, Painesville, O. "Have worn a short dress for several years, everywhere, and made my living in it.

ALMEDIA B. GRAY, Schofield, Wis., wears the Tripple S costume.

S. GERTIE SMYTH, Oakland, Cal. wears a short Trouser-dress, at home.

MRS. C. H. WEBB, San Francisco, Cal., has adopted the Tripple S costume for home wear and country outings.

MRS. DR. STRONBRIDGE, Cortland, N. Y., has worn the Science costume, in her infirmary, for many years.

SUSAN P. FOWLER, Vineland, N. J., has worn the Science costume, everywhere, for the last eighteen years.

The women-voters of Boston registered this year are 701.

Good will of rulers is a very weak guarantee of justice. Possession of power is far safer. Disfranchisment breads contempt. in fact invites it; and contempt breesd abuse.

Behold the dawn of a new day!

PURITY AND REFORM.

Dear Friends of Purity:—You who have been reading in the newspapers the great crime against Nature, sexual intemperence, that riots rampant, not alone in our great country, it is to you I appeal, asking that you put your shoulders to the wheel, now that the car of Purity has been started, and help push it along. Remember there is no middle ground between lust and *Alpha* continence. Once teach and live this true life, and prostitution will die a natural death. Just think of it! A pure, clean, healthy well-born race, with not a taint of venery. Not a shadow of all the long train of sexual diseases generated by lust and intemperance to darken the homes of all our people. Not an unwelcome child to come into the world. Idiots and lunatics will be almost unknown, and peace, plenty and happiness will be everywhere! But they will never come until our laws allow full, free and unlimited discussion of this sex question.

We must be at liberty to discuss stirpiculture, just as freely as we now are to show the merits of improved breeds of stock, or fruits or flowers. Why should the generation of a perfected humanity be less investigated and improved than that of a cow, a horse or rose? To converse on the cross-fertilization of a petunia or a pink is all right, but apply it to humanity and it is "obscene!" To talk of the pedigree of a favorite horse or a pet lap dog, is refined and polite, but to discuss how to generate strong and healthy children is awfully immoral, and criminal in the extreme! But keep on in the good work and success will be achieved. Each one of us can help it along.

We can support the papers that scatter the good seed, lend or mail them to friends and invite their co-operation, and thus send out little streams of influence here and there, till by and by the river of Progress will sweep away every vestage of impurity from our land, and right generation will make all the toil, labor and time spent in almost useless efforts to re-generate wholly needless.—E. D. Slenker, in X.

Odities.—Nor must we forget, says a writer in the *Manhattan*, that if there are women who strive to unsex themselves by becoming too masculine, so are there men who most effectually unsex themselves by a general emasculation of dress and manner, which would really strike a stnger from another planet as representing a transition period between the sexes. If a manish woman offends our good taste and judgement, a womanish man is an insipid embodiment of nothingness, and ought to be treated as a zoological garden curiosity, representing some hitherto unknown family of the asinine genus. From these considerations it therefore follows that if there are female odities who furnish the weopens of satire to those who are opposed to the advancement of woman, there are also masculine odities who show how closely a man can resemble a monkey. Touching the important questions of life in the most remote and superficial manner and a phase which cannot be seriously treated, these peculiar creatures excite our risibilities and cause us to abandon ourselves to the claims of Democritus, the laughing philosopher. Much as the study of these superficialities may amuse us, they do not, however, and they cannot, reach those strata of evidence from which we must draw our conclusions if we desire to be philosophical and consistent.

A New York paper states that in that city women are now making "hickory," or coarse, shirts often at as low a rate as a cent and a half each; and better classes of sewing are paid for at absolutely starvation rates.

California is the lovley home of perpetual summer.

☞ Subscribe for the Herald.

AN OPEN LETTER.

Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A., June '83.
Editor London telegraph—

Sir: I have received a copy of your journal which contains, among some *sensible* things, the following:

We believe it is an open secret that *dual* garments have long been worn by ladies, and as they are not *exhibited*, they may be worn as long or as short, as light or as heavy, as cool or as warm, as tight or as loose as the wearer wills or the sersons demand. Men *show* their trowsers, women *conceal* them—that is all the difference. If a girl desires freedom she has only to concentrate all the comfort and warmth in these *invisible* garments, and then, with a light, loose skirt, she can walk as freely as any man, and yet look as *feminine* as any fashionable woman.

This reform can be accomplished in half an hour's time.

The acknowledgemert that women wear "dual garments" is worth considerable. If we may believe our grandmothers there was a time when even that was considered immodest; and when the "duals" were washed they were dried in the house and not exposed to public view—even upon a clothes line or clothes horse.

These facts show that Dress Reform is well advanced in the tadpole state. We observe in the development of a frog that for sometime after the legs begin to grow the tadpole carries both legs and tail; but as the legs, at last, absorb the tail, so we hope that the trousers will at last absorb the skirts, or nearly so. Meantime let us consider the plan by which any girl can reform her dress in half an hour so as to "walk as freely as any man and look as feminine as a fashionabl woman. As to the evil, nowever, one need but consider anatomy and statuary a little while to see that a fashionable woman does not "look *femenine*," but monstrous. Probably nearly all men and many women who read the half-hour reform proposition will say, in effect: That's sensible! All this fuss about dress reform is nonsense. If strongminded women want to remodel their clothes, why dont they do it and keep still about it.

I know a lady who tried to be free and "look like a fashionable woman." She is wiser now, through knowledge acquired by experience. People who are interested in a matter will accept experience regarding it as more authorative than theory; so if you really believe the theory you advance and would like to have others accept it, suppose you try the half-hour reform. Begin in Summer, when, if ever, skirts have the advantage; having "concentrated all the comfort and warmpth the season demands, in the invisible garments," put on your "loose, light skirt," and as you step to the door your husband—I beg pardon—your wife will say, "My dear I can look right through you. You'd better put on some more clothes bfore you go into the street." Then you put on more skirts till there is opaqueness all around the bifurcated portion of your body and conclude that Summer is'nt the right season for the experiment; for by the time you have put on skirts enough to hide your bifurcated condition, you find that, however "loose" they may be they are not so "light" as to allow you to "walk as freely as a man."

Try it in winter. Remember, you have told us that our trousers may be "as long or as short as the seasons demand." You have been in the habit of wearing yours well down over your feet for protection against wet and cold. Now put on your "loose, light skirt," and if you are tall and slender doubtless your better half will say, "Well, really, you look like a bean-pole;" or should you be short and fat, you may hear, "Seems to me you look dreadful fluffy round the middle and floppy at the bottom.

Go down town facing the wind and experience the tangled and mixed condition of trousers and "light, loose" skirt, and see if it is not a harder task than you, in your manly innocence and freedom, ever dreamed it could be. O, man! the looser and lighter a skirt the easier for the wind to twist you up in it, and make walking a weariness to the flesh and vexation to the spirit.

Again: If your trousers are long enough to come comfortably down around your feet, they do not remain "invisible." You go out during a fall of light snow, in the "light and loose invisables," and as you step from the car some hurrying wite steps on the back of your "feashionable" skirt and you step on the front every step up to your 5th story office, where you begin to renovate it by drying and rubbing mud splashes, while trying to warm your wet ankles, between the sneezes, which will be likely to convince you that to only loosen and lighten the skirt stops a *long way* short of removing the evils of which Dress Reformers complain. You will then see that nothing less than the "Abolition of the Petticoat (as our German sisters put it,), or, at least, such an abreviation as to practically abolish it, will leave women as free as they should be. I do not say as free as men, for, judging by the twist-about way in which many of them stoop to pick up an article at their feet, a little more freedom would be enjoyed by them.

Hoping that you will try the experiment which you so generously recommend to dress reformers, and give your numerous raaders the result, I remain, Respectfull,

Celia B. Whitehead.

FLANNEL SHIRTS.

Within the last two years signs of a movement have been noticed which seems likely to cause a complete revolution in the matter of summer attire for men, and during the present season it has gathered so much volume and strength that its importance cannot with justice be any longer ignored. The introduction of the flannel shirts as a substitute for the rigid-bosomed cotton and lineu abomination, which has hitherto been regarded as the test of respectability has already met with considerable favor, and gained a large measure of that popularity which is assuredly deserves. It is singular that residents in this climate of intense summer heats have not long ago seen that a radical change in thair attire was necessary, and that as far as all occasions of business or pleasure at this season of the year are concerned the starched shirt might with good reasou be packed away in the same chest which contains the winter overcoat and furs. Not a single apology can be made for this garment during the summer. It does not adapt itself to the langorous attitudes into which the human figure allows itself to droop during the heated term, the loading of its bosom with starch renders it impervions to the air, the unnamed portions which depend below the waist are of abnormal length and not easily to be disposed of when that very necessary article of attire, the trousers, is drawn over them, while the rigidity of the collar and cuffs is simply unendurable by any man who has a proper idea of comfort. For state occasions, the formal dinner and giddy whirl of the dance—if people must indulge in such festivities during the summer—the expansive white shirt-front is not out of place, although we must confess that the most picturesque and enjoyable ball we ever attended was at a large sea-shore hotel, where the young men, for the most part, appeared in the knickerbockers, flannel shirts, and loose jackets of the pedestrian and camper-out, or the white duck and blue uniforms of the yachtsman, to dance with the ladies in their cool muslins and lawns. Where the conventional shirt of civilization falls short in the balance, the merit of the flannel shirt preponderates. It sits lightly and flexibly on the figure conforms itself to the movements of the wearer, permits the cooling currents of air to meet the body, and cherishes instead of chafes the neck and wrists—in all of which respects it is directly opposed to its rival, which is about as comfortable in summer as a shirt of chain mail or the steel breastplate of a mediæval warrior. In the matter of picturesqueness, also, the flannel shirt has superior claims. —*Boston journal*

RESOURSES OF CALIFORNIA.

"Lo! I uncover the land,
Which I hid of old in the West,
As the sculpture uncovers the statue
When she has wrought her best."

Kern Island Raisins.—The Riverside raisins, put up in neat boxes have been in the market here for about two years and this has given us opportunity to compare them with those of local production. They are much inferior, and it is safe to say, if there was enough of the home product not a box of them would be sold here except at very low figures. And this not because they are really an inferior article, but only so by comparison.

Such raisins as were prepared this year by I. B. Rumford, at that cheerful and sunny spot, known as "Joyful." could safely challenge comparison with the best in the world. They were eagerly bought up at once by local buyers, and would have been had the Riverside article been offered for half the price. The truth is, this warm, sunny district of rich soil produces fruit of almost all kinds, that is not surpassed in the State, particularly grapes. There is no place in the State, or probably in the world, where the vines are healthier and produce more abundantly of a fruit, large, rich and fine flavored.—*Kern County Californian.*

Some twelve years ago E. C. Graves, of Stoney creek, set out a lot of walnut trees. We drove around them a few days ago, and saw one that will measure at least four feet in diameter. The body is not very long, but the timber from it would be worth $50. These trees have paid for the land they occupy a dozen times over with the nuts they have borne. The trees have been no trouble and have had no water.—*Colusa Sun.*

The colony system works admirably wherever it has been tried, and we are looking forward to the advent of some enterprising capitalists, or association of men of more limited means, to buy up some of these large tracts, cut them up into twenty and forty-acre fruit farms, lay off streets and avenues, bring water from the streams or bore artesian wells with which to irrigate them, and then offer them for sale to men of limited means who will raise fruit and good stock. This system will work as well upon a small scale as a large one. If four men will associate themselves together and buy 160 acres, divide it into forty-acre lots, and bore one good well, they can have a small colony of there own. Tulare county now offers cheap homes for thousands, but within the next two or three years it will require a small fortune to get a forty-acre lot. A rare opportunity is now open to every one. Those who are wise will avail thamselves of it at once; the others will think over the matter for a few years and then buy land at a hundred dollars an acre, that can now be had for twenty.—*Tulare Register.*

La Colonia is one of the largest ranchos in Ventura County. It contains 45,000 acres, 35,000 of which are tillable. It has abundant water supply through artesian wells, and its large grain fields are not irrigated. Rapid growths in oarnges, lemons, figs, English walnuts, pears, quinces and apricots are fully demonstrated. Land is for sale by T. R. Bard.—X.

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It is a ringing monograph on dress reform.—Inter Ocean.

Trenchant truths in a pleasant style. We commend it.—*Woman at Work.*

It is thoughtful, practical, entertaining in every paragraph.—Hartford *Globe.*

The author handles her subject as one who sees the peril of ignorance on this question of woman's dress. Fashion is surely killing the race.—*Woman's Journal.*

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Books for review can be sent either to Bancroft's or Roman's publishing houses, or to the office of the Herald.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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S. S. S.

CAEIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

PRESIDENT—Mrs. J. W. Stow, 1921 Sac'to-s t., S. F.
HON. SECRETARY—S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal.
MEMBERSHIP.—Life, $25. Annual, $1.

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night after Christmas when all thro' the house.
Every soul was abed, and as still as a mouse;
Those stockings so lately St. Nicholas' care,
Were emptied of all that was *eatable* there;
The darlings had been duly tuck'd in their beds,
With very full stomachs and pains in their heads.

I was dozing away in a new cotton cap,
Wife Nancy was purring her first little nap,
When out in the nurs'ry arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my sleep, crying, "What *is* the matter?"
I flew to each bedside—still half in a doze,
Tore open the curtains and threw off the clothes,
While the light of the taper served clearly to show
The piteous sight of those creatures below.
For what to the fond father's eyes should appear
But the little pale face of each sick little dear,
For each pet that had crammed itself full as a tick,
I knew in a moment now felt like old Nick.

Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same,
What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name—
Now turkey, and stuffing, plum pudding of course,
And custards, and crullers, and cranberry sauce
Before outraged nature, went to the wall,
Yes—lollypop, flopdoydle, dinner and all.
Like pellets which urchins from pop-guns let fly,
Went figs, nuts and raisins, jelly and pie,
'Till each error of diet was brought to my view
To the shame of mamma and Santa Claus, too.
I turned from the sight to my bed-room stepped back,
And brought out a phial marked "Pulv. Ipecac."
When my Nancy exclaimed—for their sufferings shocked her—
"Don't you think, love, you had better run for the doctor?"

I ran and was scarcely back under my roof,
When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap's hoof,
I might say, I had hardly turned myself round,
When the docter came into the room with a bound.
He was covered with mud from his head to his foot,
And the suit he had on was the very worse suit;
And he hardly had time to put that on his back,
And he looked like a Falstaff half fuddled with sack,
His eyes how they twinkled! Had the docter got merry?
His cheeks looked like port and his breath smelt like sherry;
He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so,
And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the snow,
But inspecting their tongues in despite of their teeth;
And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath—
He felt each pulse, saying, "Each little belly
Must get rid"—here he laughed—"of the rest of that jelly."

I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick little elf,
And groaned when he said so, in spite of myself,
But a wink in his eye when he physicked our Fred
Soon gave me to know that I had nothing to dread,
He didn't prescribe—but went straight to work
And dozed all the rest—gave his trousers a jerk,
And adding directions while blowing his nose—
He buttoned his coat—from his chair he arose,
Then jumped in his gig—gave old Jalap a whistle,
And Jalap jumped off as if pricked with a thistle,
But the docter explained ere he drove out of sight,
"They'll be well by to-morrow—good night, Jones—good night!"

International Dress Reform Exhibition.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE SISTERHOOD offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

CHANCE, in her diamond set, for the most beautiful dress for a woman, that clears the ground 12 inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The Prize Exhibition will be held during the session of the FOURTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in Ixora Hall San Francisco, the first week in September, 1884.

ALL NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 1921 Sacramento-st., by the 1st of Aug.

☞ OTHER PRIZES OFFERED.

Mrs. J. H. Holt, San Francisco, large oil painting. Landscape of California scenery.

S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal., a beautiful bracelet valued at $25.

No dress will receive more than ONE prize.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.—*The Ladies Home Journal* (San Francisco), edited and published by Dewy and Co., gives, in a recent issue, what claims to be a history of the revival of silk culture in California. It says that a paper read before the Horticultural and Geological Societies, in March, 1880, was the starting point. *That* we most emphatically deny! The lady who wrote and read that paper complained to the editor of the HERALD about so important a paper having fallen *flat*. She said, "I tried to get the dailies to publish it, and every one refused—only the *Horticulturist* would publish it."

The *facts* are these: On the 7th of August, 1880, the first *public* meeting of the California Woman's Social Science Association was called, and two weeks from that date Mrs. J. H. Smyth read before the society, an exhaustive essay upon "Silk and Silk Culture," which was extensively reported (because of its recognized merit,) in all the dailies—without *solicitation*. The President of the society saw, at once, the importance of the silk industry to women and recommended the immediate forming of a "Silk Section," in the society, and that the subject should be brot before the Legislature, and Congress. Speaking of the large amount of land granted to each state by the Government, for educational purposes she said, "This organization should secure a portion of the California appropriation for silk growing colonies of women, children and aged persons. The "Silk Section" was soon formed and Mrs. T. H. Hittell made chairman.

When Mrs. Simpson and friend were visiting the coast, it was said that they were looking for lands adopted to silk cultural purposes, and Mrs. Stow urged upon the Sisterhood the importance of immediate action, in order that outsiders might not have the honor of being first in the field. Nothing being done Mrs. Stow personally asked for 70,000 acres of land, thru the daily press for the purpose of colonizing the pauper class, where they could become self-supporting and so far reformed. She promised to relieve the taxpayers of half their burdens thru the successful carrying out of her plans. Silk culture was to be one of the leading features in these industrial colonies. She had several hundred acres of land given her, in from 5 to 100 acre lots, but no money came to develop these lands. Then Ambition rose and plucked up the "Silk Section," root and branch and transplanted it where it was out of the reach of the arms that had cradled it—The C. W. S. S. A. Parties who desire to look up the matter will find it in the Sunday dailies, Aug. 22-80.

Mrs. Stow said to Mr. Dewey, "The English language is not strong enough to explain away the fact that "Woman's Social Science" was the means of reviving Silk Culture in this state." His reply was, "Certainly not, we all know and recognize that fact," and yet he suffers such a garbled statement to go to press, in his *woman's* journal, without protest. Is it not time for Justice to take the bandage from her eyes and adjust her scales? We think it is. The movement was inaugerated by women, but at the last meeting of the Silk Culture Society (Section of social Science) only buttons and breeches occupied front ranks. Not a petticoat was in sight, or a feminine voice heard. This accounts for silk coats and knee breeches.

There will be sent out, with the March HERALD, a *true* version of the matter, which will be found on the 5th page of Vol. I. No. 1. of the H. OF I. Fortunately we published 10,000 copies of this issue—and have a few numbers left.

ATTENTION is called to Mrs. Slenker's letter and Mrs. Jannary's card—4th page. The HERALD has been sent to the latter because of her expressed admiration of the paper, at its start. If she neither read it nor "kindled the fire" with it, why did she take it out of the office? Does she keep a junk shop? There are two ways to do when one is *complimented* with sample copies of a newspaper: To promptly inform the publisher (cost one minnit's time, one cent postal card.), refuse it at the office; the other is to take it from the office, keep still, and when asked to pay for it get mad and exhibit ones *honesty*, dignity, courtesy and refinement. No person with a modicum of *selfrespect* will be guilty of the latter. Will every individual who owes the HERALD *pay up*, and renew their subscription, —which is invariably in advance.

EMILY FAITHFUL, the world renowned philanthropist gave two lectures, in San Francisco last month. "Modern Shams" and "The Higher Education of Women," were the subjects chosen, and long will the memory of the trenchant truths, beautiful sentiments and strong appeal for woman's equality before the law—and in every walk of life—linger in the hearts of those who listened to the stirring words of this grand and gifted worker in the ranks of human progress.

MARY E. TILLOTSON thinks the time for stoning women who dare to wear dresses which differ from the Grundy cut is past. That's because she does not live in San Francisco. Mrs. Stow, in Tripple S costume, had stones, sticks, tufts of grass and scull caps of young hoodlums hurled at her as she passed up Polk-st and Van Ness-ave, the other day, right in sight of two club-armed stars. All the windows were thrown up along the route, and filled with curious or geering faces. There were at least a hundred school children, girls and boys, among the howling rabble. So intense and outspoken was the disgust that if the *modest* editor of the *Fresno Republican* had been present he would have been borne away on a stretcher.

Mrs. Stow said to these children, "Have you mothers?" "Yis, but they dont wear britches." Perhaps if they did their *scrub*-stock would have purer blood and better manners.

ANNA C. PARHAM studied three months in the stenographic department of the College of Commerce, Bloomington, Ill., and now has a position, in a commercial house, at a salery of a $100 a month.

The Patriot, San Francisco's new temperance paper, comes every week, and, like wine, improves with age. Is *The Rescue* dead? Have not seen a copy of it since Capt. Wood vacated the editorial chair.

SCISSORS.

The sun gives ever, so the earth
What it can give, so much 'tis worth:
The ocean gives in many ways,
Gives paths, clouds, fishes, bays.
So, too, the air: it gives us breath,
When it stops giving, in comes Death.
Give, give, be always giving,
Who gives not is nor living;
The more you give, the more you live.

The drooping arms we raise, the weary limbs grow strong,
The murmur on our lips, we change into a song;
We smile upon the load so heavy, now so light;
The clouds shall roll away, the day succeed the night.

Marie Rose is as careless of exposure as a child. She sits in drafts, takes long walks, drives through all sorts of weather, and litterally defies sickness and the elements.

The daughters of the Prince of Wales wear wash prints for morning and white muslin for evening toilets in summer, and plain gray serge for day dress in winter.

Nine girls living in Vermont have organized a base-ball club and play on the village green every Wednesday.

The secret of Mrs. Langtry's beauty is out, for the lady recently told an American interviewer that she was the only girl in a family of seven children, and shared the out-of-door sports of six stout brothers.

Only she who has sung knows how joyous life is made by song for ourselves and others. Only she who has thrilled an audiance with the magic of a cultivated *speaking* voice, can realize the power of the divinest of all musical instruments—the human voice.

Lacing, much sitting and hard study in school, fancy work at home—all these tend to prevent free, deep breathing. The muscles loose their activity while we develop our children into *art*-products.

Miss Bertha Boyd, keeper of the Oak Point Light-House, at St. Stephens, N. B., for the past four years, has just received a boat from the Government worth $125 for saving some men from drowning about a year since. It is upholstered and handsomely made. She is the daughter of John Boyd, Pilot at Oak Point, St. Stephens, and has kept the light-house ever since she was fifteen years of age.

At Asbury Park, Ocean Grove, and Silver Lake, on the New Jersey coast, many of the bathers appear in suits with short sleeves, and bathing-dresses worn over corsets that much set off the figure. Both long black mits and long white gloves are worn with the suits. Think of the luxury of bathing in gloves and corsets!

At Albuquerque, New Mexico, on the 9th inst., Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt was entertained at the house of Mrs. Collings, a teacher from the East, who has made a handsome lounge and several tables for her house, during this summer vacation. She handles the saw, hammer, plane, etc., with all the skill and more than the grace of a male workman.

Rosa Bonheur's legion of friends and admirers must be prepared for the worst in respect to that great artist, writes a correspondent from Paris. She has obtained momentary relief from her internal cancer—the malady that carried off her mother when Rosa was only four years old. The artist is now in her 62d year, and still assists, when health permits, to give her services, as she has done for years, gratuitously, to the School of Design for Girls. But it is her sister that practically conducts that school now.

Sara A. Underwood, in the *Index*, closed a very interesting account of the unveiling of the statue of Harriet Martineau with these cheering words: "So, discouraged but faithfull workers for what you believe to be true and needful and uplifting, take heart of grace, and mark with a white stone the day when Boston, welcoming Harriet Martineau's marble counterfeit, spoke in unmistakable tones words of hail to liberty of thought, purity of purpose, loyalty to conviction, woman's enfranchisement, and cosmopolitan fraternity."

Harper's Bazar has an excellent article "How Skilled Work Remunerates Women." It especially treats of the advantages of type-writing, which is easily learned, and then is sure to command a permanent situation and good pay. If the type-writer knows short-hand also, she can reasonably expect to earn from seven to nine hundred dollars a year, and her services will be in demand.

Children's Corner.

A SHORT SERMON.

Children who read my lay.
This much I have to say:
Each day and every day
Do what is right;
Right things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
You shall have light.

This further I would say:
Be you tempted though you may,
Each day and every day,
Speak what is true—
True things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not from thistles grow;
And though the blossoms blow
White on the tree,
Grapes never, never yet
On the limbs of thorns were set,
So, if you good would get,
Good you must be.

Life's journey through and through,
Speak what is just and true,
Doing what's just and true,
Unto one and all,
When you work and when you play,
Each day and every day;
Then peace shall gild your way,
Though the sky should fall.

—*Selected.*

THE PUPPY'S MISHAP.

There was once a little puppy
That was curiously inclined;
He nosed about and nosed about,
To see what he could find.

One day upon an ash heap,
An old tea-pot he spied;
Forthwith he poked his head in,
To see what was inside.

The puppy's ears were very large,
The teapot's mouth was small;
When he tried to pull his head out,
It would'nt come at all.

The puppy barked and whined and howled,
And kept up such a clatter,
John and Mary running came
To see what was the matter.

John took the puppy in his arms,
And tried to keep him still;
Then Mary seized the tea-pot,
And both pulled with a will.

But all their efforts were in vain;
His dogship found out then
'Tis easier to get in a scrape
Than to get out again.

"We'll take him to the tinman's,"
Then master Johnny cried;
So dog and tea-pot in his arms,
Down the long street they hied.

Then all the people whom they met
Laughed till they nearly cried;
They'd often seen a tea-pot, but never
With a puppy's head inside.

The tinman quickly plied his shears,
And set the puppy free;
The way he ran back up the street,
It was a sight to see.

And now, whene'er his puppyship
A curious thing has spied,
He puts his nose in as before,
But keeps his ears outside.

—*Tribune.*

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

Mr. Breeze had logged and burnt the timber from the coveted ground for his winter-wheat, lighting up the forest with many watch-fires as the evenings began to lengthen. Sitting in the doorway he could watch the kingly trees, bereft of their emerald crowns, slowly turning to smoke and ashes.

The ancient four-legged burgers gathered in knots to discuss this choking, suffocating, blinding inovasion: this new-fangled horror. Unheard of things took place in their councils. The Squirrel family and the Fox family, between whom had existed a deadly feud since time immemorial, sat down and put their heads together, to devise some plan for the ejectment of the destructive usurpers. A grand council of war was called to convene under the branching willow that adorned the beaver dam—and all were invited—even to the feathered tribes and hoppers.

Mr. Fox presided, at the curious gatherings, with much dignity. Sitting on his haunches, he crossed his fore-paws over his breast, and looked searchingly into the faces of his constituents. Having convinced himself of their loyalty to the cause, and faith in their leader, he cleared his throat and proceeded to open the meeting, by saying "My countrymen lend an ear!" which speech was followed by immence applause. The grasshopper rasped his fiddle-strings, the owl "too-hooed!" the chipmonk chattered: the wolves howled: the turkeys gobbled and the old grandfather beaver lifted his tail from under him, and smote the solid masonry of the dam with a deafning stroke which resounded thru the woods like a thunder clap.

Such an unexpected and enthusiastic demonstration so startled the presiding officer, that he lost his balance and tumbled plump into the creek. This ominous result caused a brisk stampede among the councilors.

The squirrel shouldered his brush and scoured up the nearest maple tree, chuckling with delight over the moist mishap of his long tried foe. The old beaver, that had so unceremoniously broken up the meeting, plunged in after the discomfited fox, and seemed to add insult to injury by offering to paddle him ashore, if he would take a seat on the offending member. But the crestfallen fox indignantly refused his assistance, and pulling his bedraggled dignity out of the water, and up the bank, he slunk away, out of sight, among the friendly bushes to conceal his chagrin while drying himself.

TO PUBLISHERS.

Books upon Dress Reform, Physical Culture, Stirpiculture (Race Culture), Heredity, The Industrial Education of Women and Girls, and general reform, Equal Suffrage, Temperance, etc., will be carefully reviewed in these columns. Please remember 1921 Sacramento-st., S. F. Cal.

Books for review can be sent either to Bancroft's or Roman's publishing houses, or to the office of the HERALD.

TO NEWSPAPER AGENTS.

To persons getting up clubs for the HERALD, we will allow them to retain 50 per cent. of the subscription price of the paper in the way of a commission. Newspaper agents and others throughout the United States and Canada will please take notice of the above offer and send us the names of new subscribers.

THE Rev. Geo. F. Pentecost, who is well known as an expert rider of the bicycle, has learned to love the peculiar costume of the wheelmen. He says: "I wish every day of my life that I could wear these knee breeches. They are the most comfortable clothes I ever had on, and I think they are the most sensible. I look forward when business men who have adopted the cutaway coat because it is out of their way, will adopt the more sensible trousers."

Will the day ever come when people of both sexes can dress as they see fit. This wail from one of the opposite sex—from one supposd to be his own master—is suggestive of the fact that we are all a band of foolish slaves to custom.

The want of freedom of dress has done more to injure the health of the American women than the servile condition she suffers from in the old countries. We want freedom to ride, to drive, to wear a dress giving freedom to the limbs. We want freedom to take exercise without being set down for lunatics.

O, blessed health! thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul, and openest all powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He that has thee, has little more to wish for; and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee.—*Sterne.*

The pioneers of a movement must all be tried and reliable persons. all others are in the way and obstruct rather then help forward the work.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY S. OERTIE SMYTH.

FRIENDS AND SISTERS OF THE ORDER recipes for hygienic cooking, how to be well, etc., will be cordially welcome, for this department. Let us exchange views upon all things pertaining to the improvement of homes.

Address all communications for this department to Mrs. J. H. Smyth, 623 Montgomery-st, S. F., Cal.

"No art of talking, witty or wise,
Will settle the coffee or make the bread rise
No doctrine or creed since eating began,
Was known to regale a right hungry man.
Great thoughts gleam in gravey, and nations are to(a)st
On billows of soup, and finally lost.
Then do not rebel, but with good common sense,
Submit to the stomach's omnipotence,
And enter the ranks of the house-keepers's strife,
And descend as your mother did, to every-day life,"

Well, HOME, how do you feel? How do you like your neighbors across the way? You seem to be caught between the upper and nether millstones of two culinary fires. What fuel will you use to keep *your* æsthetic pot boiling? Don't you think the "Edenics" rather cool to squat on your preserves? Why dont you brendish your rolling pin and gridiron and compel them to vomose the ranch?—SUBSCRIBER.

HOME is in no way put out or disconcerted by its friends across the way. While wedded to the old it is not blind to the new, and, perhaps, *better* way. We shall keep our æsthetic pot boiling "with the fuel of investigation and the flame of scientific facts." The "Edenics" are anti-pot boilers, and that may account for there cool"ness. HOME is large hearted enough to welcome them with a warm handgrasp instead of a menacing "gridiron."

S. G. S.

CHEAP AND GOOD LIVING.—Dr. T. R. Allinson gave a supper to 150 London paupers the other day, costing six cents per head. The bill of fare comprised three courses—Scotch broth and a slice of whole meal bread; for a savory dish, green-pea pie with potatoes, the pie crust being made with vegetable oil, and for dessert, sweetened semolina and stewed prunes. Addressing those present the docter remarked that his own food cost him little more than 6c. a day, and he found that he could do his work a great deal better without beef or mutton, or any of those things thought so nourishing and strength-giving. For nearly two years he had taken no meat at all. His dinner that day had consisted of a vegetable stew in which were potatoes, carrots, turnips, and pearl barley, and with that he ate some brown bread. To follow, he had a plum pudding, made just as any of those he was speaking to would probably make one, except that there was no suet in it. That meal he took at one o'clock, and had nothing more until joining them at supper. On such diet he had often to work, and he could work with comfort to himself for 16 hours a day. Since a letter of his appeared in the Times with reference to a book containing recipes for the cookery of these plain dishes, he had received 1,200 letters asking that the book might be forwarded to the writers. The applications did not come from poor people generally, but from lords and ladies and persons in good positions in life.

—*Herald of Health.*

WHY CHILDREN SHOULD EAT HONEY. —Thousands and tens of thousands of children are dying all around us, who, because their ever developing nature demands sweetness, crave and eargerly demolish the adulterated "candies" and "syrups" of modern times. If these could be fed on honey instead, they would develope and grow up into healthy men and women.

Children would rather eat bread and honey than bread and butter; one pound of honey will reach as far as two pounds of butter, and has, beside, the advantage of being far more healthy and pleasant tasted, and always remains good, while butter soon becomes rancid, and often produces cramp in the stomach, eructations, sourness, vomiting and diarrhea. Pure honey should always be freely used in every family. Honey eaten upon wheat bread is very beneficial to health.

The use of honey instead of sugar for almost every kind of cooking, is as pleasant for the palate as it is healthy for the stomach. In preparing blackberry, raspberry, or strawberry shortcake it is infinitely superior.

It is a common expression that honey is a luxury, having nothing to do with the life-giving principal. This is an error—honey is food in one of its most concentrated forms. True, it does not add so much to the growth of muscles as does beefsteak, but it does impart other properties no less necessary to health and vigorous, physical and intellectual action. It gives warmth to the system, arouses nervous energy, and gives vigor to all the vital functions. To the laborer it gives strength—to the business man, mental force. Its effects are not like ordinary stimulants, such as spirits, etc., but it produces a healthy action, the result of which are pleasing and permanent—a sweet disposition and a bright intellect.—X.

Sugar is a salt. Every salt is deciccating, and sugar is the most drying of all salts. It sucks up the liquids from the blood through the veins; thence comes the coagulation, then the solidification of the blood; thence the tubercles in the lungs; thence death. This is why diabetis borders on consumption.—VICTOR HUGO.

The eggs of most fowls are infertile from too much pampering and too little exercise. It is unwise to fatten any animal intended for breeding purposes. The principle involved does not relate simply to the fertility of the ovum, but to the health and stamina af all living creatures: fat is disease. A fat person, at whatever period of life, has not a sound tissue in his body; not only is the entire system degenerated with the fatty particles, but the vital organs, heart, lungs, brain, kidneys, liver, etc, are likewise mottled throughout, like rust spots in a steel watch-spring, liable to fail at any moment.—[Selected.

JUST PREVIOUS to his death it is said that DR. BEARD had been studying the subject of food and the philosophy of diet, and had announced the following propositions: "First, the earth feeds on gases; fruit and cereals feed on the earth; the lower animals feed on fruits and cereals and other animals. Man, therefore, should feed mainly on the lower animals with a small proportion of fruit and cereals. Second, as man grows sensitive through civilization or through disease he should diminish the quantity of cereals and fruits and increase the quantity of animal foods." It is said that Dr. Beard brought evidence to show that monkeys are good eating, man is good food for man, and cannibals are the strongest and healthiest of savages.

About six months ago we began to feed our fowls bones broken up to the average size of wheat kernels, and we have never seen a soft-shelled egg since. The fowls are excessively fond of this food in small quantities, and a very small quantity suffices to satisfy them, and to insure sufficent egg-shell material. This quantity we have found to be a full handful given three times a week for every six hens. Pure broken bones, ready for use, are sold by all chemical fertilizer firms at $3 per bag (200 pounds), and it will be seen that a bag will go a long ways. —X.

Apples are now considered to contain far more brain food than any other fruit or vegetable, and to be much more nutritious than potatoes, which enter so largely into the component parts of every meal.

EDENIC (*UNCOORED*) DIET.

Will every Edenic send to the Edenic "Home Department" the recipe of every new and palatable dish manufactured from pure, undevitalized by fire, food.

Rye meal, raisins, nuts and apples make a good meal. *Unroasted* peanuts, ground with grain, make a very palatable, strengthening food, alone or with raisins; they contain a nutritive oil which is very wholesome.

A nice saled is made thus: Lettuce, ripe tomatoes, and green peppers, all cut or chopped fine; pour over a dressing of raisin syrup, made by soaking black raisins for twenty-four hours, and straining.—MRS. HINDE.

People who cannot or will not grind their own grist, as do our most robust animals—well nourished, but hard-working draught or road horses—the whole grain freshly and coarsely ground, eaten with nuts and thoroly masticated, is more delicious than bread, even if made from the same quality of Graham. If the Graham be taken dry, with a few raisins at each mouthful, it would require a fine taste to distinguish between this and the walnuts and raisins so generally acceptable to epicures.—DR. PAGE.

RITA BELLE, Painsville, O.—Last summer I lived on fruit, raw sweet corn and a little bread, occasionally, and was perfectly satisfied. My brain was never so clear and usable since my remberance.

I thoroughly enjoy the diet, and, so far as I have tested it, cordially recommend it. Sweet corn is far sweeter and more digestable uncooked. One great advantage in this way of living, which I never found in any other, however plain, is, it does not stimulate, and thus push one on to efforts that end in exhaustion.

My *real* strength and endurance remains unimpared.

SAN JOSE, CAL., FEB, 4-84.

DEAR MRS. STOW:

While eating my lunch (Boston crackers, with hot water, cream and sugar,) to-day, I read the February HERALD, and enjoyed a hearty, digestion-aiding laugh, at the end of the third column. The last paragraph was so eminently practical, that had the enclosed been my "bottom dollar"—it would have been forthcoming. But, seriously, dear woman—for I always think of you with your laughing dimples in fuil play—*seriously*, What do you live on? Is it the *soul* of goodies which, by some marvelous skill you have extracted, or is there weight, form and substance in your "nectar and ambrosia?"

I wish I knew your *menu* and how it is prepared. Am a slave to coffee, good bread and butter and meat. Cake, wines, confections, pastry, etc., never appear upon our table; but *once a day* husband and I carve and enjoy the steak, vegetables and bread of my own preparing.

I feel the possession of sufficient *force* to control my appetite, but what shall I substitute that will combine the palatable and nutricous? Does the unkooked food really satisfy and nourish you? "that's the question."

I have a *liver*. Pity me for being concious of it, but my yellow skin and occasioual constipation, is infallable proof.

With the stereotyped "good wishes" and many more of my very, very own,

Truly yours, * *

The banana trade is destined to assume enormous proportions; not only because the plant can be grown and cultivated forty times more easily than any grain or tuber; the fruit is both more palatable and more nutritious. but also because banana-eating is apt to become a fixed habit. Besides its nutritious elements, the ripe fruit has a fascinating principle almost as tempting as the lenocinium of certain narcotic drinks; the appetite grows by indulgence. Few people like the taste of the first banana, but after getting used to it, still fewer can get rid of a chronic hankering after that same oty-taste, a certain acid developed in the process of curing the fruit.

Miss Laura Sloan, of Iowa, is a shorthand reporter in Governor Sherman's office.

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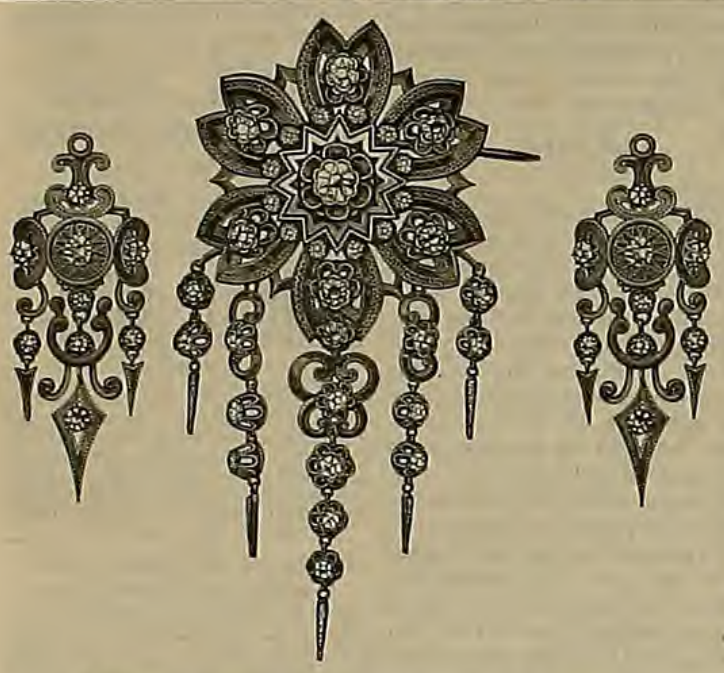


MRS. STOW'S DIAMONDS.

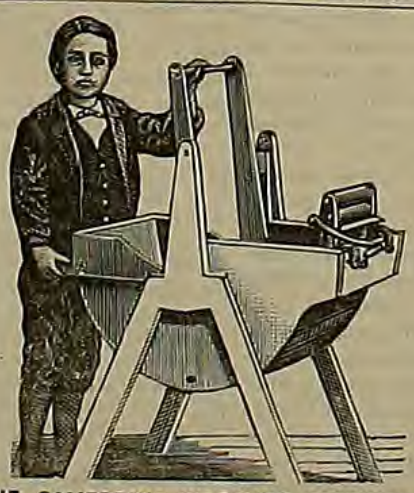
The above beautiful set of jewels Marietta Lizzie Beers Bell-Stow puts up for $1,000, at $1 a ticket, to cancel the mortgage on the S. S. S. College of Industry .Pin 1st prize, earrings 2d. The founder of this College, for women and girls, makes it *national* for reasons which will be explained in the future. As soon as the mortgage, which was made to raise money to pay for the outfit of the HERALD office, is canceled, she will make a trust deed of the property "IN PERPETUITY TO INDUSTRY." Whoever, from this date, until all the tikets are sold, sends $1,50 for a single ticket shall have a copy of the H. of I. for one year, also, and whoever sends $5 for five tickets, at one time will have the paper for a year, and for ten tickets three copies. Ten per cent commission will be allowed for the sale of tickets. There are no *choice* of numbers. Every name, No. of ticket and residence will be continuously published in the HERALD, and the raffle will be held at a special public meeting of the S. S. S.

This property, Mrs. Stow's "Homestead," and the only thing which she saved from the jaws of the Probate Court, is a modern built mansion, which has 14 rooms: Lot 30x127½, situated in one of the choicest blocks in San Francisco, and is valued at $ 10,000. The improvements alone cost that amount.

The pin has 34 stones and the earrings 9, each, making 52 brilliants, exquisitely mounted in enamel and gold. The object is such a commendable one that all scruples, in regard to raffling, should be thrown aside, and 1, 5, or 25 tickets secured immediately. Registered letters and money orders, with No. of ticket, will be promptly acknowledged. The jewels were on exhibition at the *first* Grand Triennial Conclave of the Social Science Sisterhood of America and International Dress Reform Exhibition, held at Ixora Hall, San Francisco, Sep. 4th 1883. The beautiful set was greatly admired by the large audience, especially the pin which cost $600 in Paris.

☞ FORM OF BEQUEST.—I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to the Lady Managers of of the "S. S. S. College of Industry," in the city and county of San Francisco, state of California the sum of.....dollars, or real or personal property, to be applied to the uses thereof.

☞ MRS. STOW'S PHOTO'S.—Boudoir (full length) in Tripple S costume, 50c. cabinet 35c.—*post paid*. Remember, friends, that these are sold for the benefit of the S. S. S. College of Industry, where women and girls are taught self-help—made independent of the world's scorn or pity.



THE CALIFORNIA WASHING MACHINE.

☞ LADIES ATTENTION. *The California Washer* is guaranteed to last an ordinary family *five* years. and it will save *half* the time and labor of putting the wash on the line, and the price is only

TWELVE DOLLARS.

Now suppose it takes four hours to do your washing each week for five years—which is 104 days, or, 1040 hours. Mind you: The California Washer saves HALF that time—and only costs the *small* sum of $12.

Address G, M. PURSELL,
131 Fourth-st, San Francisco, Cal.

PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(*Fourth Edition.*)

THIS is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how, under the sounding title of "*justice*," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express*.

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee*.

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript*.

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe*.

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but "*speaks right out.*" It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller*.

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated. —*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherless children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter *cussedness* prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

The *third* edition of this book is proof of its merits with the class of readers to whom the graver subjects of a legal and moral kind are of interest. The volume is not intended to tickle the fancy or to please the prejudices of any class. The writer sets her face against the wrong and injustice of the probate law with the energy and zeal of one who has been scourged by the system.—*Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.).

After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium*.

Mrs. Stow recites the story of her wrong with passsonate eloquence.—*New York Tribune*.

The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News*.

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them, and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean*.

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times*.

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

A strong, eloquent book, by the hand of a woman who means business and knows what she is talking about.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Mrs. Stow is the prophetess of the widows and orphans. Her voice is like one crying in the wilderdess among a horde of men so savage still that they prey upon everything weaker than themselves. She cries for simple *justice*—that is all. In all the chapters of her book she puts the case of the widow and orphan before the probate judge strongly, and finds their cause contraband and their fate confiscation. Mrs. Stow uses plain language, and tells flat-footed truths without any mincing of the manner. Her book is intended as an agitator, and its style is well suited to the purpose. There is nowhere and never any doubt that she is thoroughly in earnest in her mission, and conscientious in her work, and her sincerity always wins the respect of the reader. Under the circumstances, her warmth of style is perfectly natural, and she often drops words and sentences that stick in the memory—food for thought—and ready for use. This quality and effect prove the correctness of her treatment of the general theme. The Legislatures appear to be not yet prepared to embrace Mrs. Stow's views in acts, but the book and agitation of the subject are making public sentiment, and the consummation of the work may not be far in the future.—*St. Louis Republican*, Mar. 27, '80.

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BE BRAVE.

PAUL CARSON.

Be brave! In the battle of life
You may win if you will;
If not, then the fact that you tried
Will be comforting still.
Despair is the daughter of fear;
When the conflict has passed,
Success can be wrested perhaps
From defeat at the last.

Admit not that failure can be
If you battle for right,
For courage possesses at times
An omnipotent might.
Be brave! 'tis to be what the good
In all ages have been;
To fear is to yield up the fort
To the legions of sin.

And, facing the foe undismayed,
'Tis far better to fall,
And die if need be on the field,
Than to falter at all.
A vantage once given in war
Is so hard to regain,
And cowardice leaves on the soul
An indelible stain.

Then never give up in despair,
For to yield is to die.
We know that bright stars shall be set
In a crown, by-and-by—
A crown that the brave ones shall wear,
When the rapture they know
Of rest in the gardens of God,
Where the asphodels grow.

—*Woman's Journal.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

HORSES: THEIR FEED AND THEIR FEET A manual of Horse Hygiene, invaluable for the veteran or, the novice, pointing out the causes of "malaria," "glanders," "pink eye," "distemper," etc., and how to prevent and counteract them, by C. E. Page, M. D., author of "How to Feed the Baby," "Natural Cure," etc.; with a treatise and notes on shoeing by Sir Geo. Cox and Col. M. C. Weld. 150 pp. 12mo. paper, 50 cents, extra cloth, 75 cents. New York, Fowler & Wells, Publisher, 753 Broadway.

Every man and woman who owns a horse should possess this work, written by a practical physician and hygienest. The health and happiness of our domestic animals—as well as man—has had *too little* attention. Horses need good air, good food and a good place to rest and sleep as much as human beings need this trinity of conditions to make life a blessing; and when a physician, who loves his horse, and makes a study of the noble beast and his necessities, and gives the results in an attractive tretise, it should meet with a ready sale. Dr. Page says that a hot steaming horse should never be blanketed until he is dry. The following is a part of his advise upon VENTILATION:

Every precaution is taken, in most stables, to prevent the entrance of fresh air, without which the vitiated air must remain unchanged, loaded, as it is, with the foul emanations from the urine-soaked floors and from the lungs and bodies of the animals imprisoned therein. Here, as nowhere else, is illustrated that most stupid of all economies, viz.: the "saving of foul air for the sake of its warmth." This is largely due to the overestimate of the necessity of keeping the temperature of the stable at a high point. Unquestionably horses would eat more, would *need* more food, if the stables were kept supplied with fresh air, it, in consequence, the temperature should average several degrees colder; but he is a mean man who would cheat his horses out of the "breath of life" for the sake of a little saving in hay and grain.

DEEP BREATHING.—A valuable treatise upon the means of how to promote the art of song and elocution, and of curing weaknesses and affections of the throat and lungs, especially consumption. By Sophia Marquise, A. Ciccolina, M. L. Holbrook and Co., New York. Price $1. Respiratory Gymnastics should be a part of each days exercise. Every singing and public speaking voice should be made resonant and musical by being supported by a strong air column. This column is formed by retaining the air in the lungs, which contain 14,000 square feet of surface, receives the oxygen and expels the carbonic acid; it is lifes' laboratory and should be uncompressed by the strangulating corset string, inflexible steel and bone, and its development—thru a careful course of abdominal breathing—should be among the very *first* lessons taut a child. The author says:

Breath is an actual vivifying act. A full inhalation does not take place without our volition. According to my firm belief deep breathing is the most effectual means offered us of destroying the innumerable, terrible disease-germs—especially the germ of consumption—which have accumulated in us as the result of our perverted, unnatural manner of life. In using this remedy we simply listen to Nature, who constantly urges us to take in breath; we imitate her when she uses fever—*i. e.*, an increased functional activity, an accelerating of the respiratory process, to drive the seeds of disease from our bodies; we aid her, we anticipate her and pluck the fruit which ripens for mankind on the tree of knowledge of natural, deep breathing.

A Severe Cold, at its commencement, can be cured in a day, by deep breathing at an open window—even in very cold weather.

BREEF.—The Unconstitutionality of Disfranching Women. Presented to the Senate Committee on Election, by Clara S. Foltz.

In Mrs. Foltz admirable and exhaustive argument, she maintains that the Legislature of California has full power to grant suffrage to women; that it is not restrained from doing so either *expressly* or by *implication*, she says:

By the mention of males in the Constitution, there is conferred on them a *constitutional right* to vote; *i. e.*, a right *guaranteed by and derived from the Constitution*, and the failure to mention women excludes them from a *constitution-derived* right, but it does not exclude them from a *statuory right*. The exclusion extends only to the same kind of a right, viz: a constitutional right. But women are not mentioned among the barred classes, nor can they be included by any implication. Since a woman is not within the classes barred, she must be in a class not barred; for the mention of one class as being barred is the exclusion from that category of classes not mentioned; and if not barred, then, certainly the Legislature may confer the privilege by statute.

FREE THINKERS ALMANAC (84). *Truth Seeker*, 33 Clinton-pl. New York. Price 25c.

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ANNUALS AND CATALOGUES. *Pacific Printer*. San Francisco Newspaper Union (Parmer and Rey, Proprietors); *Caligraph Quarterly*, Pusey & Mooney, N. Y. Price $1. A. N. Kellogg; *Type Specimens*. 77 Jackson-street Chicago Ill.; Catalogue Medical Department, University of California. Robert A. McLean, M. D. Dean, 903 Merchant, San Francisco, Cal. Mrs. Florence E. Cory's *Annual*, which gives valuable information respecting her "School of Industrial Art for Women," 251 West 23d Street, New York City.

THE WANT OF HUMANITY.

EMILY P. COLLINS.

For the Herald.

The world's greatest need, to-day, is the full development of woman, for it is through her, and with her, only, that the human race can attain its full growth, or approximate to that perfection of which it is capable. But how can woman's nature, mental, moral, and physical, unfold, while she is hedged in by arbitrary restrictions, legal and conventional, held in a state of perpetual tutelage, deprived of the rights, as also the duties and responsibilities of rational beings, and which are so necessary to enlarge and invigorate her capacities, The Chinese repress and distort the natural growth of the feet of their women; but our nation compresses them, soul and body, in a worse than Chinese shoe; and their pent up activities, finding no better outlet, over-flow into the shallow channel of dress and fashion with all its absurd vagaries.

Freedom is indispensable to the symmetrical unfolding of woman's being. To secure this freedom, we must seek health, equal rights before the law, and pecuniary independence; —especially. the last; "For he, who has the power over our subsistence, has a power over out whole being;" and yet this last is largely dependent upon the first two.

As to health, women greatly need enlightenment; for without health they have no foundation for mental or material progress. Nature never intended that we should be such weak, miserable, sickly, nervous beings, as so many of our sex are. But we have sinned against her laws in almost every thing. Mrs. Whitehead and other able writers, in the HERALD of INDUSTRY, have clearly set forth the deleterious effect of our present pernicious mode of dress. Of its inconvenience we need not be told. The influence of fresh air, exercise, and a proper diet, all, so necessary to vigorous health, have been lucidly discussed in this paper, But there is one agency that has been apparently overlooked, and that is the power of the will, or the mental forces over disease. Not that we think these forces could reduce the fracture of a bone, or cure malarial fevers, but that most *nervous* diseases may be subdued by a strong effort of the will. Our women need firmness and self-control, and these are qualities that may be cultivated. Fifty years ago, when women were told that "their weakness was their sweetest charm," and they were taught to believe that to be weak, fragile, and feeble, was evidence of delicacy and refinement; and robust health and bodily vigor, of coarseness and vulgarity, Hysteria, a purely nervous affection, was very prevalent, and was thought to be a truly feminine and lady-like disease. Upon any little surprise or excitement a lady would fall into a fit of convulsion hysterics. At last servant girls and women of the lower orders of society became similarly affected, when the disease among the higher classes became unfashionable and suddenly abated. We do not believe that women feigned those hysterical attacks, but that they exerted no will power to resist them. Until the age of puberty approaches, the nervous organization of our girls are, by nature, no more susceptible than that of our boys; and yet we see little girls start and scream at sight of a mouse or a worm, just as they observe their elder sisters do: while the little boy, feeling that his manhood would be forever disgraced by such apparent timidity, retains his composure. Many a poor woman wakens in the morning with an over-powering sense of lassitude and weakness, or a terrible headache, so that it seems to her impossible to rise;—but necessity is an imperious master, and with an effort she puts on her clothing and goes about her customary tasks; and thro' determination, or exercise, or both, the pain and lassitude are soon dissipated. Another cause, and by no means the least, of the feebleness, and ill health of so many women in affluent circumstances, is the utter lack of aim or purpose in their lives. Spencer says, "every mental emotion is accompanied by a corresponding muscular action," and exercise of the mental faculties is as necessary to bodily health as it is to vigor of mind. We have all felt how much more stimulating is the exercise of a walk, when we have some earnest purpose to accomplish by it, than when it is taken merely as recreation. Thus, while health is indispensable to labor,—labor of hand or head promotes health; and both health and labor, with its just avails, are rights that women should earnestly seek to attain; both being so essential to their freedom.

Though there are many industrial pursuits recently opened to women, yet there are many more, still closed against her, though within the scope of her natural capacities, and only waiting for some brave woman to storm the abattis of public opinion that opposes her entrance, and dare the storm of sneers, ridicule, and obloquy that has always been hurled upon the women pioneers in all reforms and industries. That woman's work is under valued and under paid needs no proof. Hence, we occasionally see a woman, in order to earn an honest living, assume the attire of men, and for doing so, we also see our wise, just, and discriminating, laws sentence her to the penitentiary, tho' guilty of no wrong intent.

There seems to be no remedy for this unjust discrimination against women in the world of work, but for girls to fully qualify themselves for business pursuits, in order to successfully compete with the other sex; and also through co-operation.

OUR PAPER.

For the Herald.

FRIENDS, whenever I read and work for a paper I generally go into it heart and soul. I not only say good words but try to do good work also. Now I want every reader to feel this same enthusiasm; hence I drop this note to you all. It is MONEY that keeps the papers alive, I have been counting up this morning to see if I can do my share, and find I can spare only $5, as I am working for 10 other Reform papers, and depend entirely ton thefew book sales I make, for means to do it; I want to tell you all that the profits of two books I sell through the adds., in the HERALD shall all go to help the "HERALD," and I hope you will each one buy books of me or such as are sold by Mrs. Stow so that you can send at least that much help for the paper as well as secure good books for your shelves. If your hearts are in the paper, and the good work it is trying to do, you will devise some way to make money and send it along taking the worth of it in some investment that will keep the ball rolling. To want something for nothing—to prize what one is unwilling to push ahead by personal effort bespeaks a lukewarm admiration. Remember it depends on us readers and writers as much as it does on the publisher how good a paper we shall have,

Truly,

ELMENA.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, FEB., 8-84.

MRS. J. W. STOW,

I notice your *mark* and hasten to say that I *never subscribed* to your paper. *Do not want it.* Have other papers that will do for kindling fires——Yours—

R A S J——

"Look on this picture, then on that!" Two women working for humanity: Mrs. Slenker (an Infidel) who walks by the Golden Rule, and Mrs. Jannary (a Christian) who walks by—— What? This full fledged general in the suffrage ranks, stretches out her bloodless hand and strikes a sister woman (working for humanity) in the face; a woman who was the second President (not chronicled in "History of Woman Suffrage") of the California W. S. S., during whose administration the only society ever existed, here, that was a success—numerically; who, for seven long years, walked up and down the land, oftentimes heart-sick and foot-sore, pleading before Congressinal and Legislative Committees, public assemblies and private individuals that the law of inheritance might be so amended that a widow and widower would stand equal before the law: She to absolutely own and control the productof her womb, hand and brain—without legal interference.

Our suffrage correspondents and associate editors, as well as the Chief, must feel paid a high, "kindling," compliment, by R A S J——

MRS. STOW.

Misses Mary C. Hill, Anna Pengra and Vina Dunham have recently preempted a claim of a quarter section of land in Eastern Oregon. "Tally *three* for Lane county's fair girls."—X.

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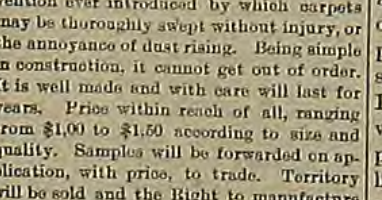

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AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE.
THE SCIENCE COSTUME.
Outline of Women's Sanitary Efforts thro' Dres Reform, in the U. S., Commencing in 1850.
No. 6.

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.
For the Herald.

During Centenial year Sorosis held its congres in Philadelphia. I did not learn who chiefly directed, do not recollect who presided; but about a dozen able speakers were on the platform, among whom were L. Stone, J. W. Howe and Mrs. Michell: the audience was small. At the noon reces the platform saw people near me looking at my pamphlets, and dispatched Mrs. Churchil to tel me to neither sel nor giv my books in the hall. I asked if it would be a pity to advocate the practice of the precepts of the platform. She said "no matter what the pity is, this is the mandate." I replied, "I hav deep regard for the pities following duplicity, and wil sel my books if convenient, giv them if I please." In the afternoon a strong strain was made to honor Mrs. Mott, which appeared to annoy her. The good Lucretia was my friend who never shunned me any where. The age of costumes makes clear contrasts. Her unadorned drab had out-grown the days when offal was shoveled over it; my tidy trousers were young enuf for laughter. Blis was placed in reputation, not character. I have seen dres reformers who felt they were losers in being shuned by women on the plane of those fame seekers. I feel that their attentions ar usualy, propably not always, wasteful absorption. Whatever the plane of things, evolution compels them to subserve some progresive use. Pride of caste may antagonize crime; but would be nobler if converted into aspiration for elevating all to the highest plane of ability, seconding evolution, avoiding retrogression.

At the Centenial Exposition the rule of right amenities prevailed; but circumstances, like all things of that great occasion, were crowded, and jostling selfishnes showed its green eyes several times, begining with exclusions. It was my purpose to widely examine products of distant nations, and present the idea and merits of the Science Costume to as much of the world as I could. Circulars were early out showing what articles were to be admited to the exhibit, what sciences illustrated and sanitary principles presented. There were scores of specifications covering the objects, principles, practice and general details of the dres reformation. In behalf of The American Fre Dres League, I made due application for space to exhibit books, models, descriptions etc. pointing out the colums of the circular seting forth the intent including my aim. This was refused by the head of the woman's department, and no reasons given. It left me unconfined to a point, and fre to examine. A woman of Boston was refused a place to present reform underwear, but a dozen stalls were spared to display corsets. I hired a room near the locality, and visited the wonders of nature and art probably forty days, always having in hand the pamphlets which ar so clear an exposition of results of false and true dres. From all countries, all sections of this, queries came concerning the life-liberating costume. Some had seen it, many had heard of it, nearly all believed in it; all found ready replies. Our voices drew listeners, and guards would say, "it wont do to collect and talk." I managed that so quietly as to avoid crowds and disorder, often dispersing a score with a gesture and whisper, and answered the candid and anxious who must learn of prospects. Low words not to be forgotten passed there on the duties prompting truth's firmest resistance to falsehoods subtle usurpations. Those taking the pamphlets, spoke of, or showed them, and in a few months nearly a hundred in a day were called for. English speaking foreigners appreciated the evident relief of the dres, and wondered that so few specimens were seen. Count Desse liked it wel, took pains to converse, said if I would attend the French Exposé in '78 he would defend me all thro. But Mrs. Gilespie, head of the Woman's Pavilion, who rejected every reminder of the reform, grew uneasy, and sent a nice member of the guards to solicit that I close my examinations. I asked why the solicitude when I was seldom 'mong her fashion shows. It was that "people would seek me if on the grounds; they seemed so anxious to hear my voice she could not call notice or purchase to the finest work."

I said, "please cast a tho't to all you hav seen of me and my seekers, and note their desire to learn of slighted truth's and great uses; then judge if it be not poorer than fools' play to invite away from the world's united halls, the sober philosophy of life, that learners may be enticed to giv gold for broidery and rosets." He said "his decision was long since made, his influence thrown on my side, and I should hav all the favor he could procure." I replied, "thanks for your goodnes—please say to her, consistent tho't demands the right to act, prisoned bodies appeal for life from the murder of decked corsets and satin fetters. I know my duty." Some days later a guard informed me it was decided that my books should not be sold in the buildings, he was commissioned to assure me the prohibition was strict.

But they were caled for outside and on the way, so were ever present. A vilainous effort was next made to disgust or scare me. As I was entering the main building a man met me with a dime in fingers, and as he said, want one of your pamphlets, put the dime in my hand and drew a book from my little package so quickly I had only time to say the while, the sale is forbidden. He was out of sight in an instant, I walked in, met a detectiv at the aisle who said, "you'v bin seling books here, I saw you, and you must go to the captains office." I said your trick is too trasparent to be concealed, and has not succeded. The man took the book in spite of me, while I told him the sale was forbidden; besides, I was not in the building, but one foot was on the threshold, and every thing shows it was planed, and wil hurt you, not me. He said, "go to the office, and tried to push me toward a side door close by. I assured him he had no right to touch me, and I would not help him wrong me. He beckoned a guard and told him to take my other arm. I appealed to his honor and told the circumstances. He said I was right, was always in order, helped more than I hindered, advised detectiv not to waste my time, and walked away. But detectiv was bound to obey his charge, and beckoning another deaf to appeal; they carried me thro the door and sprang back in a trice. Captain asked if I had sold books in the buildings—I said, no, a man siezed one ere I was in; the knave who has made himself liable by compeling me to the office, was in the plot, was watching it, and knew it miscarried. You wil all be ashamed of it, for it wil soon face you in print, and be as plain as it is here." He looked crest-fallen, said, "dont sel the books here," and turned to his desk. Walking out, I found a lawyer among the few waiting to help me laugh at the force. He said "the law would giv large damage for such treatment, and a dres good enuf to damage the fashion busines as it was there implied mine did, deserved the price of its abuse to double its degre of power." I answered, "since both damages ar on the side of the abusing, I'l leav the three in mutual durance, and pursue my peaceful way. Officers disturbed me no more, and all the guards but one, carefuly manifested kindnes, and pointed out exquisite works I should otherwise have mised.

CLARA S. FOLTZ

Delivered the Pain address at Mozart Hall, Stockton, Cal., on the 29th of January.

Here is a part of its eloquence and point, taken from the *Independent*:

I could stand here and occupy the remainder of the time allotted to me in calling the roll of heroes and martyrs who, like Paine, have poured out a wealth of love and genuis upon an unappreciative world—who, like him, have received a stone for bread and curses for blessings. But time works all things well, for though

"The mills of the gods grinds slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all."

If I were asked to point out the leading and most prominent characteristics of Thomas Paine, I would most unhesitatingly answer, his all-absorbing love of liberty, his unyielding devotion to the freedom of the human family—freedom, physical, political and intellectual. Only one thing in his life is to be compared to it, and that is his undying hatred of slavery, monarchy and superstition. For human liberty he devoted the long years of an active and eventful life. Every page of his writings breathe the spirit of liberty and free govenment. For it his pen was ever ready and his sword ever drawn, and his courage never failed him. To use his own strong words, he was "no Summer soldier or sunshine patriot." In the darkest hour of the Revolution he did more than any other man to hold the army together.

Thomas Paine was the originator of the idea of separation and independence from Great Britain, and in the accomplishment of that most glorious mission, I believe he was a more prominent and potent factor than any man in the galaxy of geniuses who figured in the American Revolution. "Common Sense" overshadowed the Declaration of Independence and prepared the framework of the Constitution, and gave to it its fine phraseology. His political writings contained more solid sense to the square inch than those of any other writer that has ever lived. He was ever for the weak and against slavery and tyranny. His whole life was spent freely in the cause of humanity and for mankind; was in perfect harmony with the grand sentiment that fell from his lips—a sentiment worthy of a God." "The world is my country ;to do good my religion."

Some classes of people are far in advance of the masses, and are not appreciated. They are called fanatics, because the ideas they advance are not understood, but gradually the masses follow in the tracks of the fanatics, and the advance thought of to-day becomes the accepted creed of to-morrow.

BUSY BOSTON WOMEN.—If there are idlers in Boston, they are not women, writes a New Orleans *Times* correspondent. The occupations open to women here include everything there is, from the arts and professions to the industries. In stores, shops, libraries, restaurants, offices, you are served by women. In the city postoffice the registry of letters is superintended by a woman, with women assistants. In the Athenæum and public library women almost exclusively attend. In our best restaurants men serve as waiters, while a daintily-dressed woman sits behind the desk, with vases of cut flowers, and attends to the cash accounts. It used to be considered a little pronounced for a lady without escort to go to the ladies' restaurant at the Parker House; but now the presence of a refined and dainty woman at the cashier's desk has quite done away with that feeling.

A lively trade has begun in matresses stuffed with the needles from the limbs of pine trees in South Carolina. These beds are said to possess healing properties for lung affections or, rheumatism.

MARY E. TILLOTSON'S SCIENCE COSTUME.

INTERNATIONAL DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY

MARY E. TILLOTSON. Vineland, N. J. "Have worn the Science Costume for more than 30 years, everywhere."

ABBIE KNAPP, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich. "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, Bloomfield, N. J. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home for several years."

MRS. E. M. KING, Hon. Secritary of the Rational Dress Association, London, Eng., wears the "Divided Skirt" and short overdress and jacket.

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

EMELINE A. PRESCOT, Hollowell, Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

ALEXIS LE BEUF, SAN JACINTO, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. DOANE, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Washington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I adopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

CAROLINE B. KEESE, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29 years of age, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

MARTHA S. SEVERANCE, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 30 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

MARIETTA LIZZIE BEERS BELL-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S costume: Trousers and kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

MARY DODDS, M. D., St. Louis, Mo., has worn a Trouser-dress for years, everywhere.

MARY E. LUCAS, M. D., Newfield, N. J., "Have worn the Short Dress (as a work dress) for 20 years."

RITA BELL, Painesville, O. "Have worn a short dress for several years, everywhere, and made my living in it.

ALMEDIA B. GRAY, Schofield, Wis., wears the Tripple S costume.

S. GERTIE SMYTH, Oakland, Cal. wears a short Trouser-dress, at home.

MRS. C. H. WEBB, San Francisco, Cal., has adopted the Tripple S costume for home wear and country outings.

MRS. DR. STRONBRIDGE, Cortland, N. Y., has worn the Science costume, in her infirmary, for many years.

SUSAN P. FOWLER, Vineland, N. J., has worn the Science costume, everywhene, for the last eighteen years.

FRANK A. M. COOK, M. D. Columbus, Ks.: Have worn tde Science costume, everywhere, since 1853.

Women school-teacher in Vermont received on an average $4.83 a week, or less than a dollar a day for actual working time. Men in the same State receive nearly three times as much.

"THE MEN-FOLKS."

MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

"What! do without cake entirely?" cries Mr. Livewell in alarm. By no means, sir! Poor human nature craves something sweet. The trouble lies in making *palate* king. In many families this is done at terrible cost on the part of the women. I say terrible, because human sacrifice, in whatever shape, is terrible. And when a woman uses herself up in cooking, and, as a consequence, dies, or half-dies, what is that but human sacrifice?

It was a remark made by Mrs. Melendy which first called my attention to this subject. I had been saying something complimentary of her very interesting little family.

Ah, yes! Mr. McKimber," she answered, "if I only knew how to bring them up as they ought to be brought up!"

I suggested that children need, more than any thing, a mother's time and attention.

"But that's just what they can't have," said she: "for, to tell the truth, the three meals take about all day, so I have to turn off the children."

Mrs. Melendy is the woman whose husband "always wants his piece o' pie to top off with."

I had frequently heard that remark in regard to the "three meals,"—heard it unconcernedly, as relating to a subject in which I had no interest. But when it was repeated that day by Mrs. Melendy, and in that connection, I was suddenly awakened to its full meaning; and the idea occurred to me that Woman might not have been created mainly for the purpose of getting three meals a day. If she were, thought I, what a waste! for, certainly a mere meal-getter might have been fashioned out of cheaper material.

I am a curious person for following up any subject to which my attention has been particularly directed; and, in following up this subject, I have observed closely what goes on daily under the name of housework; and I find it to be a never-ending succession of steps. Why, such an everlasting treadmill would wear out a strong man! Not only a tread-mill, but a hand-mill, and a head-mill: for hands must keep time with the feet; and, as to the head, I have often heard Mrs. Fennel tell Martha she must keep her mind on her work. And, truly, the calculating and contriving demanded by each day's operations require some mind.

Now, I had the idea, before I was awakened by Mrs. Melendy's remark, that woman's work was not of much account,—just a simple matter of "puttering" about the house. The tempting food which Mrs. Fennel serves up daily stood for a very small part of the labor which it actually represents. And, but for that remark, I might have gone on eating the delicacies spread before me with no more sense of their cost than if they grew on trees, and were shaken down at meal-time. Since my eyes have been opened, those delicacies taste too strong of the toil to be relishable; for I see that the rows of pies on the buttery shelves, the mounds of cake, the stacks of doughnuts, do not come there by any magical "sleight o' hand," but are wrought out of the very life of poor Mrs. Fennel,—literally, of her very life. This is not an over-statement, since it is plain to be seen that each day's labor makes demands which her strength is unable to meet. I have observed the languid way in which she drags herself about the house, now and then dropping upon a chair; have noted, at times,—at "hurried" times,—the worn weary, "all gone" expression of her face; and have heard her take, oh! very often, those "long breaths," which are sure signs of wearing-out.

Yes, the poor woman is killing herself with over-work. And when she rests, at last, beneath the turf, people will speak of the mysterious Providence which removed a wife and mother in the midst of her usefulness.

It is about time, one would think, to put a stop to this woman-killing. A harsh phrase? It is not more harsh than the truth; for, if lightening labor will prolong life, insisting upon unnecessary labor is not far removed from that crime. And this unnecessary labor is insisted upon in one way or another.

For instance, I have Mrs. Fennel's own word for it, that pies are "the heft of the cooking;" have heard her speak of rolling out pastry until she was "ready to drop," of beating cake until her arms "hadn't one mite of strength left in them." Yet, to any suggestion that these and other superfluities be omitted, the answer has invariably been, that "the men-folks wouldn't be satisfied without them."

Mr. Fennel is a very good man; and the boys—young men of eighteen and twenty—are very good boys. If the direct question were asked Mr. Fennel which he most values, his wife's life, or the nice things she prepares for the table, he would answer with horror, if he answered at all, the former. In reality, however, he answers the latter. It is the same with the boys. The men-folks can't eat cold bread; therefore biscuits are rolled out, cut out, and baked, both morning and night; the men-folks make dependance on their cake; the men-folks must have their "piece o' pie to top off with;" the men-folks like to have a pot of doughnuts to go to.

Now, all these things may gratify the palate; but the point is, are they worth the price that is paid for them? I confess that it fairly makes me shudder, sometimes, to see those strong men sit down at table, and, with appetities sharpened by out-of-door exercise, sweep off so unthinkingly and unthankingly the results of Mrs. Fennel's long and weary toil. Do they not taste something in those delicacies? Detect a flavoring that was never set down in any grocer's bill? They probably do not. Long habit has so accustomed them to the flavor of this essence of life, this compound extract of backache, headache, exhaustion, prostration, palpitation, that they do not notice its presence. It would be well for them to do so, however; for it is a terribly expensive article.

Oh, no! they don't taste any thing but what may be bought at the grocer's or raised on the farm. If they did, if the cost of all these dainties were once made clear to our kind-hearted men-folks, they would not only be satisfied without them, but would beg Mrs. Fennel to stop cooking them; for neither Mr. Fennel nor the boys are wanting in affection for her. Whenever, by overwork, she becomes alarmingly ill, they are ready to harness the horse, and go seven miles for the doctor at any time of the day or night. Mr Fennel never spends his money as freely as in medicine for his wife; and the boys seldom come home from the pasture without bringing her mullein, or some kind of herb, to dry. "So thoughtful of them!" the dear woman remarks with moistened eye, and cheeks faintly flushed.

All women are not as feeble as Mrs. Fennel? This is true; yet she represents a large class, and one that is rapidly increasing. Mothers of families calling themselves well and strong are hard to find. They too commonly break down and die, or break down and live. Go into almost any town, any country village even, where pure air and other conditions of health abound, and mark the sharpened, worn, pinched faces of the elderly women, the effects of overwork and unwholesome food.—*Schoolmaster's Trunk.*

We can never have a high order of human intelligence until we learn how to reproduce ourselves in the best and highest mental, moral and physical forms.

WOMEN STENOGRAPHES.

Appeal Correspondent.

COLLEGE OF COMMERCE.—I was very much pleased to see in the columns of the APPEAL not long since, an editorial on stenography as woman's work. Being a stenographer myself and a very enthusiastic one, I have thot that perhaps a few words from me on the subject might be acceptable to the readers of the APPEAL, many of whom I know are interested in this beautiful art, which is daily attracting more attention. There is no reason why a woman should not climb to the top round of the ladder of stenographic success. It requires but energy and perseverance. Having once acquired the profession, the field of labor is wide. The demand for competent stenographers far exceeds the supply. Almost every day orders for stenorgraphers come to this college, and many of them cannot be filled, as the students are frequently engaged long before they are competent to go. Business men are fast learning the advantages of employing amanuenses. The day is not far distant when every firm of any size will want a stenographer, and want one enough to pay a good price for one. I am thankful to say that in our profession the men who employ us pay for the work, and not for the person who does it. If a business man can get fifty letters written by an amanuensis in the time it would take him to write five, he does not care whether that amanuensis be man or woman, just so his letters are correctly taken, and neatly and quickly transcribed on a good machine. Not only as amanuensis are women serving the business world, but in the courts, and as *verbatim* reporters of lectures, and many times they are scientific lectures they are taking prominent positions. Only a few days ago an order came to this college for a reporter who could do court reporting. A young lady was sent, and she is now filling the position with great satisfaction to the lawyers who employ her. Another pupil of this school is doing court work in Texas, and writes that she has received as much as $25 a day for her work. These and many other cases that I could mention, prove that there is a place and a welcome at the top of the profession for women. Many have been deterred from entering the profession by a belief that it took years to gain a knowledge sufficient to practice it. The length of time it takes to acquire the profession depends in a great degree upon the system studied. I have examined many systems myself, and before I took up the eclectic, studied first Pitman's, afterward Graham's. I now write Cross's eclectic system, and think it by far the simplest, most easily acquired, and swiftest method of short-hand I have ever seen. I have seen two-month pupils of this system fully competent to do any kind of amanuensis work. The college is the largest short-hand college in the United States, and annually turns out many fine stenographers, finding no trouble in putting them all into good positions. I think the greatest trouble with women is that they think themselves perfectly competent when they are not. I have in my mind several cases since I have been in this school where ladies have come here, staid a month, and then wanted positions. Some of them got them, but of course not the salary that competent stenographers command. One should learn the profession thoroughly before entering a business office, for there is little chance of improvement after, and if one is not a thorough worker little chance for advancement. Let all who enter the profession remember that the crowd is very much thinner at the top than it is anywhere else. I hope the APPEAL will continue to write able editorials on this subject, for no field of labor offers so great inducements to stirring, energetic, willing-to-work-women as the profession of stenography.

ANNIE C. PARHAM.

BLOOMINGTON ILL.

ANTI-MEAT EATERS.

Perhaps we have all been inclined at times to look upon the anti-meat eaters as a harmless race of people, who, from a queasy stomach or an over sensitive conscience, had made up their minds to deny themselves certain good things which the rest of the world enjoy without compunction. No one is ugly enough to grudge them their dish of oatmeal and apple sauce, and all must admire the heroism that can look over a bill of fare replete with all sorts of provocatives of appetite, and pick out asparagus, turnips, potatoes and cauliflower. And if it be true, as many imagine, that a herbaceous diet produces a sweet, placid and patient frame of mind, we should all be glad to see our wives and neighbors take to Graham bread and fruit.

No doubt many are inclined to watch this experiment as a scientific curiosity, in order to see how the law of heredity may affect the meat-eating propensity of the race. The shape of certain teeth seem to be in the way, but then, as Darwin's law of variation in the direction of the best is said to have sprouted the fins of fish into the wings of the eagle, developed men out of apes, and Webster's Unabridged from the chatter of monkeys, it would require a very hard-headed man to doubt that the carnivoracity of the race may be cured, or at least greatly abated.

A very agreeable writer on vegetarianism, whoes pamphlet lies before us insists, from data, that certainly looks very plausible, that if meat-eating were wholly dispensed with there would soon come a time when human nature would get rid of all the rude, quarrelsome and combative ways of our fathers. Total depravity would run out. There would be no more ugly husbands and cross wives. Fighting and homicide would cease; even Congress would become a happy family. It is blood that engenders all these bad propensities. He also declares that there would be a wonderful elevation of mental power, as it is certain that a vegetable diet possesses more phosphates—the best fuel for the brain—while meat produces morbid humors which hang in a thick fog around the "dome of thought and palace of the soul." Literature, religion and politics would drop their beefy polemics, their dogmatic style, and sparkle with truth and beauty, like a crown radient with diamonds. All intolerance would cease; there would be an increased refinement of manners, for the apparent reason that a vegetable diet tends to exalt the nervous sensitiveness. It is said a well educated vegetarian has become so delicately organized that he can smell a meat-eater a rod away, and detect in sermon, editorial or song the odious flavor of pork or codfish. Now, if it really be true that a vegetable, watery diet enlarges the brain, clarifies the intellect, gives wing to imagination, promotes sweet reasonableness in style and temper, we take great pleasure in recommending its use to all of our editorial contemporaries. —*Ladies Home Journal.*

Great numbers of post-offices in England are managed by women. I said to one in London: "You manage this as well as a man." "We are said to do it better," she replied, "because, people say, we are quicker and more patient." All through Norway and Sweden women's names are often on the business signs. They are most efficient in some of the Stockholm banks. In one provincial town a woman is manager of the State Savings Bank. I was told often in Sweden that girls were preferred in stores' because they "never went to the till to get money to spend in drink or on disreputable women." Over 150,000 women are employed in agriculture. Over 10,000 in mines and manufacture, over 15,000 in medicine, and two or three score in law. A married woman rightly, as in Switzerland, has the same privileges in work as if she were single. If ill, she hires a substitute. Two sisters carry on a goldsmith's and watchmaker's trade. Over 20,000 women are engaged in the watchmaking trade in Switzerland, doing much of the finest work. Flotsingen, Wurtemburg, has a brigade of forty-two water-carries, belonging to the fire department, each of the four squads commanded by a "female corporal." They have a regular drill. Most of the wax matches are made by women. A ball of cotton is wound off two large cylinders, passed several times thro' a pan of melted wax, until sufficient coating is obtained, then cut, put into frames, dipped into the composition, dried and boxed. All match-making is unhealthy, but greatly improved of late years. In France nearly all the booking clerks at railways, and signal clerks are women, not for the sake of economy, for they are paid usually the same as men and sometimes higher, but because they are temperate and can be trusted.—*Sarah K. Bolton, in N. Y. Independent.*

Wealthy Americans, who pine for royal decorations, will be gratified to learn that they can purchase the ribbon of the Order of Isabella of Spain for the trifling sum of $800; for $900 they can belong to the Order of the Lion and the Sun, and for the sum of $1,000 the sultan will permit them to wear on their manly bosoms the Star of the Medjidich.

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☞OFFICE, 1921 Sacramento-st, S. F. Cal.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

HOME: DRESS-REFORM DIRECTORY; CHILDREN'S CORNER; CORRESPONDENCE; DRESS REFORM; PHYSICAL CULTURE; INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION; CO-OPERATION; RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA; STIRPICULTURE; SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT; LITERARY NOTICES SUFFRAGE NOTES; TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

S. S. S.

CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

PRESIDENT—Mrs. J. W. Stow, 1921 Sac'to-s t., S. F. HON. SECRETARY—S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal. MEMBERSHIP.—Life, $25. Annual, $1.

WHAT TIME IS IT?

What time is it?
Time to do well—
Time to live better—
Give up that grudge—
Answer that letter—
Speak that kind word to sweeten a sorrow;
Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow.
Time to try hard
In that new situation;
Time to build up on
A solid foundation.
Giving up needlessly, changing and drifting;
Leaving the quicksands that ever are shifting.

What time is it?
Time to be thrifty;
Farmers take warning—
Plow in the Springtime—
Sow in the morning—
Spring rain is coming, zephyrs are blowing;
Heaven will attend to the quickening and growing.
Time to count cost—
Lessen expenses—
Time to look well
To the gates and the fences:
Making and mending as good workers should;
Shutting out evil and keeping the good.

What time is it?
Time to be earnest,
Laying up treasure;
Time to be thoughtful,
Choosing true pleasure;
Loving stern justice—of truth being fond:
Making your word as good as your bond.
Time to be happy,
Doing your best—
Time to be trustful,
Leaving the rest,
Knowing in whatever country or clime,
Ne'er can we call back one minute of time.

—*Liverpool Mail.*

Elizabeth of Austria is one of the most accomplished of empresses. She talks at pleasure in German, English and French, and skips from one to the other as a bird among the branches of trees. "Of course I speak English," she said lately to an American gentleman. "Don't I read your *St. Nicyolas* to my children? And, to tell the truth, I like the stories for myself."

International Dress Reform Exhibition.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE SISTERHOOD offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

CHANCE, in her diamond set, for the most beautiful dress for a woman, that clears the ground 12 inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The Prize Exhibition will be held during the session of the FOURTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in Ixora Hall San Francisco, the first week in September, 1884.

ALL NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 1921 Sacramento-st., by the 1st of Aug.

☞ OTHER PRIZES OFFERED.

Mrs. J. H. Holt, San Francisco, large oil painting, Landscape of California scenery.

S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal., a beau iful bracelet valued at $25.

No dress will receive more than ONE prize.

The Princess Louise is at the head of a great number of associations for art needle-work, fan-painting, house decorating in the Queen Anne style, and artistic promlgnation of taste. She is fond of artists, painters and musicians; invites them to dinner, and takes them to her box at the opera.

Mrs. J. S. Watson, of Sacramento, who obtained four premiums at the last State Fair for preserved fruits, was astonished as well as pleased Tuesday on receiving a note from Secretary Smith announcing that she had also been awarded a silver medal for her exhibit.

CLARA S. FOLTZ, our brilliant young California lawyer, lectured March 7th, at Metropolitan Temple, before a large, highly cultured and appreciative audience. She was introduced by one of San Francisco's most eminent jurists, who said:

"I have the honor and pleasure of introducing to this assembly, containing, as it does, many of the most distinguished members of the bench and bar of the Coast, a lady whom I have been proud to number among my most cherished friends, for the last eight years; a lady who is the pioneer *woman* lawyer of this Coast—the *first* to make a path for others to follow in; one who is so well versed in legal lore that I have learned more from the pearls of wisdom and garnered research, that have fallen from her lips, than from any other advocate, or judge; a lady whose *purity* of life, as a woman, whose beauty of character, as a mother, whose stirling worth and stability of purpose brings honor to the profession. Her cultured voice, pleasing address and powers of delineation—with such a *telling* subject—cannot fail to interest you."

As Mrs Foltz, with a graceful bow, stepped forward to the rose-wreathed stand which contained her manuscript, a gentleman came down the isle and presented her with a magnificent bouquet.

The lady is perfectly at home upon the platform, has a full, rich, melodious voice, fine, large chestnut-colored eyes, the same hue as her abundant tresses, which are worn *a la Langtry*, milk-white complexion, ruby lips and witching dimples that fret Cupid's bow, in spite of her dubbing herself an "ancient dame." During her hour and a half's grave, gay and witty speach, about "Lawyers" (which contained the hived honey gathered from Portias's pleading and the fadeless laurels which crown the brows of our martyred Presidents,), in iconoclastically disturbing some of the rubbish in the legal curiouity shops, she said, "I claim the honor of having gone thru Hasting's Law College in the shortest time (*two days*) on record. On entering I paid $10 and took my seat,—accompanied by a cold—and when I sneezed every student sneezed in concert; and when I smothered a cough in my pocket-handkerchief every monkey of them smothered a cough in his pocket-handkerchief; and when I blew my nose, nasal echoes reverberated a "along the ceiling, along the floor;" when I moved my dress every coat-tail rustled. At the end of the second day I was graduated. Why? Because the sound of a woman,s garments disturbed the repose of the legitimate students. 'But why should an old dames' garments disturb these callow youth? I vainly pleaded. The doors were firmly closed, and doubly barred, in my face, until the strong arm of Law threw them wide open, to me and all women—in this 'land of the free and home of the brave.' That *tender* class has never been heard from since it graduated."

It is laughable to hear about an "old dame" from such youthful lips, today, and this lesson in "protection" was taught eight years ago.

We wish space would allow a resumé of the scholarly address, which was listened to with so much pleasure and given such generous, and well merited applause.

Mrs. Foltz is one of the ablest and most eloquent lecturers's in the nation, and it is a pity, as well as shame, that the rich suffragists of the State do not spend some of their money at *home*, and keep her in the lecture field until female California drops her political shackles. We here, and now, boldly nominate her for governor of California. She will bring a riper scholarship, a clearer brain, and a more even balanced scales of justice to grace the gubernatorial chair than the near pasts has enjoyed. She will call no "extra sessions" to eat out the hearts of the poor in taxation. Let all who favor the new candidate express it in letters, for publication, to the HERALD.

In *The Word*, Dec. 11th, Angela T. Heywood, a true wife and tender mother, says, "The highest honor Man can pay Woman is a wish to plant seed in her maternal garden." She makes Animal Passion king and every other attribute of our natures subject. What cares the man, in most cases, whether it be healthy or diseased seed which he has to plant? What does he care after the seed is sown what becomes of the crop? or the owner of the defiled garden? He cares as much as the wild boar of the thicket, the wild he ass of the desert, or the male tiger of the jungle cares for their young, and no more.

There is to be a love of the sexes—a *soul* and *heart* love—which will be as superior to animal passion as the noonday sun is superior to a rayless midnight. This will enable men and women to join hands in wedlock, who, for whatever cause, are unfit to reproduce themselves, and live in the swept and garnished chamber of the brain in joyous harmony. This will bring to post-maternity a new birth, of diviner loves and stronger friendships, in the Indian summer of life, then was ever experienced in the roseate morning of womanhood and wifehood.

ATTENTION is called to Dr. Page's *raw food* book. We understand that both he and the Hinde family, at Anaheim, have backslidden and are eating cooked food *entirely*, now, which they are evidently ashamed of, for they both refuse to answer the HERALD'S "Why?"

A BEAUTIFUL GIFT is received; a fine, tinted picture of "Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty," presented by the enterprizing Travelers Insuance Company of Hartford, Conn. This Company is noted for its liberality and sound business principles. It not only sends every editor in the nation, an engraving of the statue—which is to adorn New York Harbor—but gives $1,700 to the "Statue Fund." In the name of the Social Science Sisterhood, we accept the gift and thank the officers of the prosperous company for the same.

SPECIAL ATTENTION in called to the "Front Rank Cooking Stove." It is a little household gem, in every sense of the word, cheap, clean, and labor saving. Just the thing for light housekeeping in California.

Adelina Patti has been entertaining the music loving San Franciscans with the wonderful magic of her charming voice.

Boston, classic and refined Boston, has poured out her guardians of the peace, in squads, battalions, regiments, to prevent the innovation of "police matrons" revolving around the "Hub." Modesty forbids a star in petticoats. All hail Boston!

Miss Janet Thoms, who often used to navigate her father's ship, is now teaching a school of navigation in New York. She was in part, the author of "Thoms' Navigator," a book of authority among mariners.

SCISSORS.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement, or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not mansions proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not banks and boards of trade,
Nor stock-yards oleaginous and wide,
Where pigs to pork are made,
Where Brigeport shanties waft perfume to pride.
No; men, high-minded men (and women,)
These constitute a state.

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.

Miss Ollie Ashbaugh of Columbus, Nebraska, is a dentist.

Mattie Walbridge has been appointed Postmistress at New Jerusalem, Cal.

Mrs. Bradley's 15 acre fruit orchard, near Santa Clara netted her $4,000 on the trees, last year.

Miss Julia Farnsworth, of San Jose, during her school vacation of six weeks raised ninety pounds of cocoons. For these ninety pounds she received $90 She also received a $50 prize from Philadelphia.

People who make changes and lead reforms must expect to be outspoken and independent, and to have conflicts with conservatives.

Mrs. Edison, the wife of the inventor, is the originator of what promises to be a popular arrangement of the electric light in chandeliers.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The most elegant French dresses, made of the richest India, changeable Venetia, and Lyons silks, have blouse bodices and cutaway over-jackets.

Mrs. Osgood, of Minot Centre, Maine, is a practical farmer; sows and plants her own crops, mows her own hay, chops her own cordwood in the deep snow, milks cows, makes butter, cooks and takes care of her children.

As men were scarce women were employed to help the masons construct the bridge at Springfield, N. J., and they did the work well and received men's pay.—*Newark Register.*

Miss Lydia Poet, having gone through a regular examination, has been admitted as a lawyer to the bar of Torino, Italy, with 8 votes against 4. After her admission to the bar two members of the Council, Mr. Spantogati, M. P., and Mr. Chiaves, resigned.

The women of Cyprus have thrown away their veils, refusing to follow the good old Eastern custom any longer.

Mrs. Pfeiffer's classic Greek dress attracted much attention. The underdress is a simple, unshaped princess; the draping worn over it, an oblong scarf artistically draped and fastened gracefully over the shoulder.

Nancy P. Wilkinson, of Terre Haute, Ind., has just been granted a patent for a cattle car. During the year 1881 just ended, seventy patents have been granted to women, several in connection with railroads.

Miss Victorine Bennett, a young American lady, has recently been added to the medical faculty of Paris. In the delivery of her thesis she sustained her arguments in such a brilliant manner as to elicit the applause of the doctors on the jury.

Mrs. Susan P. Moulton, of Salem, has received a patent for a railroad shackle which is very simple in construction, effective in operation, and if put in general use it is believed would cause a great diminution in the number of accidents in making up a train.

Mrs. Pluma A. De Lanzas of Hollister has been admitted to practise law in the Superior Court of San Benito County, after an examination in which the entire county bar served as the committee. All the questions met with ready answers, and she received the unanimous vote of the committee. In the evening the lady invited the entire court and bar to her residence, where they found tables abundantly supplied with fruits and viands. All passed a delightful evening.

At a recent entertainment in Washington, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett wore a dress which she called "Esmeralda." It was not confined at the waist but fell in one unbroken sweep from the shoulders to the floor. The fullness of the drapery was gathered into a yoke back and front of the neck. It was buttoned at the back like a child's apron. "Esmeralda" was made of gray silk with a puff of cardinal satin on each shoulder. The sleeves were long and tight.

Children's Corner.

THREE LADDIES.

O sailors sailing north,
Where the wild white surges roar,
And fierce winds and strong winds
Blow down from Labrador—
Have you seen my three brave laddies,
My merry, red-cheeked laddies;
Three bold, adventurous laddies,
On some tempestuous shore?

O sailors sailing south,
Where the seas are calm and blue,
And light clouds, and soft clouds,
Are floating over you,
Say, have you seen my laddies,
My three bright, winsome laddies,
My brown-haired, smiling laddies,
With hearts so leal and true?

O sailors sailing east,
Ask the sea-gulls sweeping by;
O sailors sailing west,
Ask the eagles soaring high,
If they have seen my laddies,
My careless, heedless laddies,
Three debonair young laddies,
Beneath the wide, wide sky?

O sailors, if you find them,
Pray send them back to me;
For them the winds go sighing
Through every maple tree—
For these three wandering laddies,
My tender, bright-eyed laddies,
The laughter-loving laddies,
Whom they no longer see.

There are three men who love me,
Three men with bearded lips;
But oh! ye gallant sailors
Who sail the sea in ships—
In elf-land, or in cloud-land,
Or on the dreamland shore,
Can you find the little laddies
Whom I can find no more?
Three quiet, thoughtful laddies,
Three merry, winsom laddies,
Three rollicking, frolicking laddies,
On any far-off shore?

—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIEL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

Three years the Breeze family have wrestled with the stern realities of pioneer life, since we last saw them. Mrs. Breeze looks but little older than she did on the day of her arrival in her wilderness home. Thirty five years sit lightly on her handsome brow, whose satin bands of dark hair are untouched by time. Terry has shot up into a lithe, graceful youth, the joy and pride of his too fond mother's heart. Milly is older by three years—and just so much wiser. Etta is a few inches taller and very much wider: so much so that every one who sees her involuntarily exclaims, "What a fatty! This climate certainly agrees with that chick!" All of which is most vexatious to our fiery heroine.

Unfortunately at that remote day, it was customary to tease the youngest member of the family, if that member happened to have an excitable disposition. Now Etta's bitterest enemy was her hot, ungovernable temper. Added to this was a combative temperament, strong individuality and peculiar sensitiveness, so that she needed every help from without to assist her in subduing the tyrant within. She had strong affections and if she could have been led and moulded thru that channel, all would have been well. But there was so much to be done and endured in the new country, of toil and privation, that, in her case, the beautiful flowers of the heart—love, affection and gentleness, were too often choked and poisoned by the noxious weeds, anger, hate and revenge. She loved her father very much and would follow the furrow for hours while he plowed the field; or sit in some shady nook and watch the patient oxen, as they plodded up and down; the glint of the polished plow; her father in his shirt sleeves and straw hat, with his pantaloons tucked in the tops of his boots. At such times she was very happy, as she plaited the pliant grasses or wove rush baskets. She knew just how many blue birds had built their nests in the hollow stumps, in the "six acre lot;" and how many little speckled eggs were lying warm, under the soft breasts of the mother birds, in the downy nests.

The birds all knew her voice and would come at her call, to get the sweet crumbs of bread, that she had saved from her own breakfast to feed them with. She had a dear little brown rabbit, too, which she had found one morning, all daggled and nearly dead in the wet grass. She had taken him into the house and warmed and fed him on sweet milk and had made him a nice bed in a basket. He repaid her care by making a desperate effort to live, and was rewarded for his pains by being a fine sleek fellow as need be, to the great joy and pride of Etta's heart. Miss Puss was at first inclined to make a meal of him, but having been taken sharply in hand by her young mistress she decided that strategy was the best policy, under the circumstances, and that time would accomplish all things. Thus philosophizing she yawned and curling herself up in a brindle ball, proceeded with her morning's nap, that Bunny had so unceremoniously interrupted.

There was to be a grand event in Etta's quiet life. She was to celebrate her sixth birth day by giving her first party. She had been promised this unheard of festivity in the wildwoods (Her forest friends did not observe the right!), provided she did not forget for a whole week and say bed for Bread, tick for creek and hone for knife. She had been very backward about talking and her imperfect pronounciation had caused so much merriment, hectoring and ridicule that her enemy within was aroused and she would not speak the hateful words now that she could. Therefore, her mother had devised the plan of a little folks party to assist the cure. To be sure the small people were very scarce for there were no neighbors within a mile, excepting one very poor family, that had seen better days, but were now sunk in the depth of poverty and discouragement. Sometimes Etta would condescend to make mud pies with Clara, one of the little girls who was about her own age, and when the crisp snow invited a coasting expedition, Dan, the brother, a lad twelve years of age, and as fleet as a grey-hound and sure of foot as an Indian, was allowed to drag the sled up hill, while Etta toiled and puffed behind. And at long intervals she would take Dolly and make a formal call upon the *Didlies*, as she always called the Gridly's. But she was almost sure to return in bad humor, because Dolly's best dress had "dot a deese 'pot on it," while Clara was tending her and eating bread and butter at the same time. At such times she would declare in the most serio-comical manner, with a very perceptable elevation of her short nose, "O it did smell aufn' dare! I sant do adin, *Dolly* was disdusted too!" But there were two other families, old friends from "York state," that lived a mile away, each, with a house full of little folks whom Etta dearly loved. Big boys to frolic with Terry; girls old enough to mate with Milly; while Jenny Stone and Kitty Martin were the delight of Etta's heart. Such nice girls they were; so plump and rosy, bubbling over with life and happiness. *They* were all to be invited to the party.

The Stones and Martins would constitute the "heft of the frolic," Bill said, who was as well pleased, apparently, as Etta herself,—at the prospect of his favorites promotion.

"Fur," said he, "She'll be a *'oman* arter it *sartin*, an' 'll leve ov baby tok:—see ef she dont!"

Terry wrote the invitations in a big round hand, on note paper manufactured from a sheet of foolscap, and Etta secured each, with Milly's assistance, with a tie of blue ribbon.

The committee charged with the mournful duty of escorting Congressman Haskell's remains to his former home spent nearly $500 in lunches at the expense of the nation.—X.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY S. GERTIE SMYTH.

FRIENDS AND SISTERS OF THE ORDER recipes for hygienic cooking, how to be well, etc., will be cordially welcome, for this department. Let us exchange views upon all things pertaining to the improvement of homes.

Address all communications for this department to Mrs. J. H. Smyth, 623 Montgomery-st, S. F., Cal.

A LABOR-SVAING MACHINE:—"I can get along very comfortably with my housework except the washing," said a lady to me a few days ago, "but that seems to take every particle of strenght I have; I scarcely get rested from a weeks rubbing before the wearisome day comes round again." How many over-worked housemothers know what it is to go to bed after the week's wash too tired to sleep; just here I would like to say a word for the "California, Washing Machine." A dear sister made me a Christmas present of one which I would not take $100 for—if I could not get another. The clothes are assorted and put to soak in warm water Sunday night. Monday morning Maggie makes a good hot suds in the machine, wrings out the clothes rubbing wristbands and other soiled places with soap, rubs nothing on the board except fine handkerchiefs. By eleven o' clock her wash is all on the line looking beautifully white. It is just the thing for washing flannels and sheets that are so troublesome to handle.

Clothes will last longer washed in this way, and what is *more* important, housekeepers who do their own washing, will *last longer*. Mr. Pursell certainly deserves the combined thanks of every tired, overworked housewife on the coast—and will have them as fast as these women grow wise and purchase his "Blue Monday" assistant. Try it!

FEED FOR YOUNG CHICKS:—Stoddard says, "We have found that their first feed (for three or four weeks) is best if composed of *cooked* ingredients, invariably. Dry crumbs of stale bread, hard-boiled eggs, thoroughly boiled mashed potatoes, and fine corn-meal—in equal parts—are an excellent aliment for the first month. This food should be given half a dozen times a day during this term. And if *milk* can be used, instead of water, to cook this food in, it will be so much the better for them. Boiled rice and boiled whole wheat are also an admirable alternate dish. And green food of some kind, daily is necessary. If the young birds are hatched out at the seasons of the year when the tender grass is starting, a run upon the greensward will improve them rapidly. When they are past four weeks of age, cooked meat and vegetables, mixed, may be given them daily, in small quantity, to great advantage. During this period the chicks must be kept absolutely free from vermin, or they cannot thrive.

We have fed our chicks according to above directions with marked success; for their morning meal to each dozen chicks we stir in a heaping teaspoonful of the following—Three heaping tablespoonfuls of bone meal to one of ground oyster shells, and a heaping teaspoonful of red pepper."

DRINKING WHILE EATING.—Nature never intended for any one to wash down their food while eating. She has wisely placed salivary glands in various places in our mouths; they secrete a fluid for the moistening, besides a chemical action of the food after mastication. This gets the food in a suitable conditon for swallowing. Drinking every few minutes while eating prevents the usual flow of saliva; also, it washes it down before it can have a chemical action on certain portions of the food. One of the most pernicious habits to health is drinking several tumblers of water while eating; better drink warm drinks. The stomach will not digest one particle of food when it has a temperature below 100 degrees of Fahrenheit; neither will it digest one atom of food until all the fluid is first absorbed. No healthy person should drink more than a half-pint of some mild fluid while taking food, and dyspeptics should not drink a drop while they are eating, nor for three or four hours after.—X.

THE COOK OF THE FUTURE—The cook of the future will be a man. The average man who has money to buy all that he wants as well as what he needs, will pay liberally for, and insist on having skilled labor in everything but cooking. His house, grounds, horses, store, clothing, doctoring, preaching, all must be done by skilled or trained men. But any slattern that can be found, unskilled, dirty and reckless, can empty into his stomach, three times a day, the vilest things she can compound, and he is so stupid he never thinks he can help it. The world, some day, if it does not die off with dyspepsia before it comes to it, will have trained cooks, as well as skilled workman for other and less difficult and less important things; and when the trained cook comes it will be a man, for the woman, about the time she got trained, would get married. The world has been a long time finding it out, but the fact is, that woman wasn't made for a hired cook. There are millions of men who ought to be cooking, and who are now doing light work that women ought to be doing, and who could do it better than the men are doing it.—*Iowa State Register.*

COTTON SEED OIL is one of the best vegetable oils, and probably the refined oil is as free from objections as olive oil for cooking purposes, and I have no hesitation in recommending it as far superior to lard, from the stand point of health.—DR. JACKSON, in *Laws of Life.*

Dr. Speck maintains that a cold bath, besides causing a very perceptible dimunition of the temperature of the body, is the direct influence of producing a moderate increase in the rate of respiration with, of course, a corresponding alteration in the absorption of oxygen and excretion of carbonic acid and a very slight increase in the activity of the oxidation processes in the body. The latter increase about 20 minutes after taking the bath, and then this effect is succeeded by a slight dimunition. The respiratory rate, which is slightly increased during the bath, resumes its normal condition after it, or sinks below the normal rate and again rises in about twenty minutes after the bath, when the rate remains at the returned rate of increase for a long time, with unusually deep respirations. Dr. Speck failed to notice the marked increase of the oxidization processes which most other experimenters have observed as one of the results of the cold bath in the course of their tests.

"After a stove has been blackened it can be kept looking very well for a long time, by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping a tea-kettle, coffee pot, and tea pot bright and clean, than the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives, tin ware, and spoons; they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, lamp chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paepr instead of cloth is tied over the jar.

R. W. Taylor, M. D. in the *Journal of Cutaneous Diseases*, reports the best results from the use of a paint composed of a tincture of myrrh and and four grains to the ounce of bichloride of mercury. Other skin affections are cured by the application of this remedy.

Health is wealth.

EDENIC (*UNCOORED*) DIET.

Will every Edenic send to the Edenic "Home Department" the recipe of every new and palatable dish manufactured from pure, undevitalized by fire, food.

ANTI-MEAT EATERS.

Perhaps we have all been inclined at times to look upon the anti-meat eaters as a harmless race of people, who, from a queasy stomach or an over sensitive conscience, had made up their minds to deny themselves certain good things which the rest of the world enjoy without compunction. No one is ugly enough to grudge them their dish of oat meal and apple sauce, and all must admire the heroism that can look over a bill of fare replete with all sorts of provocatives of appetite, and pick but asparagus, turnips, pota, toes and cauliflower. And if it be true, as many imagine, that an herbaceous diet produces a sweet, placid and patient frame of mind, we would all be glad to see our wives and neighbors take to Graham bread and fruit.

No doubt many are inclined to watch this experiment as a scientific curiosity, in order to see how the law of heredity may affect the meat eating propensity of the race. The shape of certain teeth seems to be in the way, but then, as Darwin's law of variation in the direction of the best is said to have sprouted the fins of fish into the wings of the eagle, developed men out of apes, and Webster's Unabridged from the chatter of monkeys, it would require a very hard-headed man to doubt that the carnivoracity of the race may be cured, or at least greatly abated.

A very agreeable writer on vegatarianism, whose pamphlet lies before us, insists, from data, that certainly looks very plausible, that if meat-eating were wholly dispensed with there would soon come a time when human nature would get rid of all the rude, quarrelsome and combative ways of our fathers. Total depravity would run out. There would be no more ugly husbands and cross wives. Fighting and homicide would cease; even Congress would become a happy family. It is blood that engenders all these bad propensities. He also declares that there would be a wonderful elevation of mental power, as it is certain that a vegatable diet possesses more phosphates—the best fuel for the brain—while meat produces morbid humors which hang in a thick fog around the "dome of thought and palace of the soul." Literature, religion and politics would drop their beefy polemics, their dogmatic style, and sparkle with truth and beauty, like a crown radiant with diamonds. Intolerance would cease; there would be an increased refinement of manners, for the apparent reason that a vegatable diet tends to exalt the nervous sensitiveness. It is said a well educated vegetarian has become so delicately organized that he can smell a meat eater a rod away, and detect in sermon, editorial or song the odious flavor of pork or codfish. Now, if it really be true that a vegatable, watery diet enlarges the brain, clarifies the intellect, gives wing to imagination, promotes sweet reasonableness in style and temper, we take great pleasure in recommending its use to all of our editorial contemporaries.

—*Ladies Home Journal.*

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MRS. STOW'S DIAMONDS.

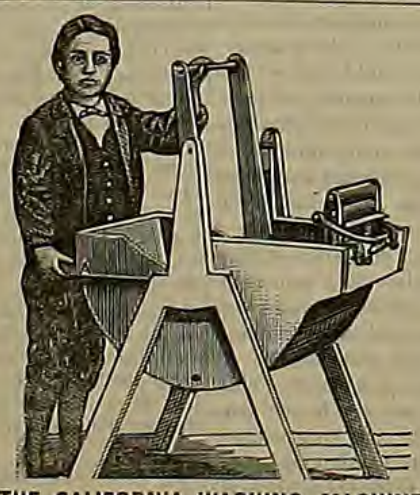
The above beautiful set of jewels Marietta Lizzie Beers Bell-Stow puts up for $1,000, at $1 a ticket, to cancel the mortgage on the S. S. S. College of Industry .Pin 1st prize, earrings 2d. The founder of this College, for women and girls, makes it *national* for reasons which will be explained in the future. As soon as the mortgage, which was made to raise money to pay for the outfit of the HERALD office, is canceled, she will make a trust deed of the property "IN PERPETUITY TO INDUSTRY." Whoever, from this date, until all the tikets are sold, sends $1,50 for a single ticket shall have a copy of the H. OF I. for one year, also, and whoever sends $5 for five tickets, at one time will have the paper for a year, and for ten tickets three copies. Ten per cent commission will be allowed for the sale of tickets. There are no *choice* of numbers. Every name, No. of ticket and residence will be continuously published in the HERALD, and the raffle will be held at a special public meeting of the S. S. S.

This property, Mrs. Stow's "Homestead," and the only thing which she saved from the jaws of the Probate Court, is a modern built mansion, which has 14 rooms: Lot 30x127½, situated in one of the choicest blocks in San Francisco, and is valued at $ 10,000. The improvements alone cost that amount.

The pin has 34 stones and the earrings 9, each, making 52 brilliants, exquisitely mounted in enamel and gold. The object is such a commendable one that all scruples, in regard to raffling, should be thrown aside, and 1, 5, or 25 tickets secured immediately. Registered letters and money orders, with No. of ticket, will be promptly acknowledged. The jewels were on exhibition at the *first* Grand Triennial Conclave of the Social Science Sisterhood of America and International Dress Reform Exhibition, held at Ixora Hall, San Francisco, Sep. 4th 1883. The beautiful set was greatly admired by the large audience, especially the pin which cost $600 in Paris.

☞FORM OF BEQUEST.—I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to the Lady Managers of of the "S. S. S. College of Industry," in the city and county of San Francisco, state of California the sum of.....dollars, or real or personal property, to be applied to the uses thereof.

☞ MRS. STOW'S PHOTO'S.—Boudoir (full length) in Tripple S costume, 50c. cabinet 35c.—*post paid*. Remember, friends, that these are sold for the benefit of the S. S. S. College of Industry, where women and girls are taught self-help—made independent of the world's scorn or pity.



THE CALIFORNIA WASHING MACHINE.

☞LADIES ATTENTION. *The California Washer* is guaranteed to last an ordinary family *five* years. and it will save *half* the time and labor of putting the wash on the line, and the price is only

TWELVE DOLLARS.

Now suppose it takes four hours to do your washing each week for five years—which is 104 days, or, 1040 hours. Mind you: The California Washer saves HALF that time—and only costs the *small* sum of $12.

Address G, M. PURSELL,
431 Fourth-st, San Francisco, Cal.

STRONG MOTHERS.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

What if one gift thou lackest?
[The ultimate human problem never solving]
The gift of perfect women fit for thee,
What if that gift of gifts thou lackest?
The towering feminine of thee?
The beauty, health, completion, fit for thee?
The mother's fit for thee?—[WHITMAN.

For the Herald.

Just there it is my friends, any land that lacks mothers, strong, robust, intelligent and wise; mothers fit to rule, guide and govern, mothers able to work, to think and to plan, that nation lacks nature's best gift; for as are the mother's, so are the sons and daughters and through them the race. To attain the wise mean that shall give to us the best mothers is the grand question of the day. To this end are we searching the statistics and histories of the race. To this end are we studying the law of heredity and environment. To this end are we striving to educate and train up our children. But we must go slowly and not make haste and be wise too fast, lest we make irretrievable missteps and mistakes.

I have been watching our young people of to day, our middle-aged people and even old people; and the one great need for them all is RECREATION, is fun, pleasure and gleefulness.

Our children spend long days in school, come home, eat a hurried meal, and go at the school-books again till the allotted tasks are done, then some light reading, quiet game, or music on the organ, fills up the hours till the bed claims them. This is the average life of the middle class, and of all who can afford it. A few real poor are compelled to work as many hours as the others study; and the rich have balls, parties and rides, but real jollification, vigorous, healthful running, leaping and wrestling, and blood stirring gymnastic games are rare indeed. All is quiet, decorous and dull. They are becoming cultured and intellectual at the expense of vigor, strength and stamina. The preponderance of brain is becoming too great, and if we do not balance the scale between mind and muscle, there will be ere long, a grand collapse. We will find that there will come a point where the body will no longer sustain the brain power and then both together will become weak and feeble; and perhaps long ages will elapse before even mediocrity of either will be again regained.

Natures laws are unchanging and true, but they will bear bending and swerving from in many ways, and for long periods of time, but by and by they will invariably spring back to the old straight line, OR BREAK. See then my friends, that we do not stretch or bend them too far or too often.

The first step towards equilibrium is to create happiness and be gay and joyous. The wild animals have playful games and are full of life, activity and muscle. The savage tribes of Indians, are all lithe, muscular, healthy and happy; we rarely hear of suicide among them; life is full of freedom from restraint; the hunt, the chase, the dance, and other muscle producing activities, build up strong, vigorous bodies and happy healthy minds; they are one extreme, and the pale, delicate, classical scholar, all mind, all sobriety, and all culture, is the other. Between the two is a wise mean, where mind and muscle shall bear equal shares, and "Mothers fit for thee," shall be generated.

Men have more change, variety and pleasure then women; they have political meetings, business meetings, clubs, lodges and lounging places, where talks and recreation are of frequent occurence. Women have sewing bees, dining and shoppings, but very little real recreation, and muscle producing pleasure. They need more holidays and merry makings, where both sexes meet and mingle together and are happy.

The Greeks and Assyrians had three holidays a month, and yearly festivals, and great national festivals. "In ancient Etruria every new month was issued in by a day of merry-making in honor of a tutelary deity; the patricians and plebians of republican Rome had their field days; the festivals of the seasons united the pleasure seekers of all classes, and even the slaves had their Saturnalia weeks when some of their priveleges were only limited by their capacity for enjoyment. At the death of Septimus Severus, (A. D. 211), the capital alone, (of the Roman Empire) had six FREE amphitheaters, and twelve or foureen large public baths where the poorest were admitted gratis, and none but the poorest could complain of the ½ct. entrance fee to the luxurious *Thermae*. There were public games, dramatic performances, trials of strength and exhibitions of curiosities. From Gaul to Syria, every town had a circus or two; every village an arena, a free bath and a public gymnasium. The Colosseum of Vespasian seated 80,000 spectators, and there were many others still larger, where children, men and women enjoyed themselves."

Look abroad over our free and rich America, and ask yourselves; where are our amusements, our real merry-makings? There are hundreds of towns and villages, the Church, the Masonic lodge and Missionary meetings are the main dependence for public gatherings, save now and then a small party among the young folks; but general jollifications, where all are merry, active and happy, are "scarce as hens teeth." Remember there is health in a laugh, and hygiene in merry hearts. If we want a grand, strong and happy people, a noble, good, wise and healthy race, we must have an active, merry and happy set of mothers, to bring them into existence; the indirect is just as much as the direct.

"The spirit recieves from the body
Just as much as it gives to the body, if not more."

MARY A. MILLER.

Editor Chronicle:

Solicitor Raynor of the Treasury Department is a lawyer, and as such he argues well, though apparently reluctantly, when he says, "*I admit that there is no express provision in the law to prevent a woman commanding a steamer as master. Neither is there anything in the Constitution, to prevent a woman being elected to Congress, or President. Nor is there any provision of law forbidding a woman from commanding a ship of war, or commanding the army in time of war. As to the right of a woman to receive a license to command a steamboat, the law is silent as to sex.*" After having so succinctly and clearly cited the law, as was his province and his duty, it is difficult to see why the solicitor wandered so far out of his *sphere* as to write a homily on woman, or the relation of the sexes. He certainly is not employed and paid to do this by the people of the United States, among whom are numerous women, nor is it to be supposed that the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation requested of Mr. R. his opinion as to the moral effect of a woman manning a ship, or her physical ability to do so, or even the "propriety" of it, which one would be led to suppose would naturally be left to the judgment of the woman hesrelf, without reference to the solicitor's "convictions" as to how she should or should not earn her living. Mrs. Miller, if consulted, might have as honest convictions against the morality and propriety of his position as solicitor of the Treasury, and to believe that he was as much unsexed, in the one case, as he thinks she would be in the other.

Women have not only commanded ships, but fleets and armies. History has recorded the military prowess of Semiramis; and Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, commanded her own fleet at the Naval Battle of Actium, thirty-one years B. C., and was the first to order a retreat. Isabella I, of Spain, not only marched at the head of her army to quell an insurrection in her kingdom in 1476, but from 1481 to 1492, superintended, in person, the fierce war agaisnst the Moors of Grenada, submitting for years to all of the inconveniences of camp life. Maria Theresa of Austria, Catherine of Russia, and Elizabeth of England, and Christine of Sweden, all marched at the head of their respective armies, and surely the *coup de etat* of Joan of Arc, at the head of the French army during the last century, is not forgotten.

That a woman may become a Senator or even a President of the United States is not only among the possibilities, but the probabilities of the near future. A women, Queen Victoria, is the chief executive of the bulk of the English speaking people of the world. A few more opinions like the one so recently enunciated by the solicitor, will awaken the American people to the necessity and advantage of filling important legal positions, as well as nautical, military, and high positions of state, with women.

It is much easier and better pay to be the captain of a ship, than a ship's cook or stewardess, or even the captain's mate; and no amount of the solicitor's logic, as elicited in his opinion would induce us to hesiate one minute about making the choice, and especially with a sick husband and five children to feed. "A woman's influence in the social state" doesn't weigh much with her, when put in the balance with a hungry brood of children at home. The question uppermost with her is, how can she feed, cloth and educate them. It sounds a good deal like twaddle to tell such a women that "the sphere of her duty is with the sentiments and the affections, and the development of the intellect," when the cold, rough battle for bread stares her in the face. "In taming the rough nature, and gentling the rude manners of man," all sounds very poetic, but why not let the male biped tame his own rough nature, and thus save the time and patience of one person.

This learned jurist further adds: "The role which our civilization decrees to be filled by men, and that to be filled by women, must be kept separate and apart." Does he mean to relegate women to the harems of the East? Has he looked through the Treasury Department, to see the thousands of women there, working and walking side by side with him? Has he looked through the the streets and avenues of this District without being able to see daily, the former employments of men largely turned over to women, and many of the former employments of the women filled by men. Never before were the duties of the sexes so interwoven and intermingled as now; nor is it probable that the future will draw any sharper lines of distinctions, but rather that all trades and professions will be open to free competition without regard to sex. The solicitor's "regard, admiration, elevated conception of the dignity and loviness of the female character," and all that, is like a sweet scented bouquet thrown to a starving woman, and if it would only feed a starving family, would do very well; or if he could, like the Sultan of Turkey, support all the women of the land who are striving to make an honest living, and this, as he says, would not involve associations with the rougher and ruder portions of the opposite sex." There might be some show of reason in making him the arbiter and director of the fortune and avocations of the women of the land. Besides the women of this country, within certain limits, have had and choose to have, the liberty of choice of vocations.

I, for one, do not deem that the tendency of the age is any more the un-

(See eighth page.)

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY
OFFICE 1921 Sacramento-st.
Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second class matter.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

HE AND SHE.

He sat in honor's seat,
And rapturous ladies gazed into his eyes;
She stood without, beneath the wintry skies,
In snow and sleet.

He spoke of faith's decay;
The ladies sighed because he spoke so true.
She hid her face in hands frost-numbed and blue,
But dared not pray.

In church, in court, in street,
Men bowed and ladies smiled who'er he went.
She stole through life, by shame and hunger bent,
With bleeding feet.

Upon his wedding day
She stood, with burning eyes that fain would weep,
And heard the dancers' tread, the music's sweep
Sound far away.

The bride, so pure and true,
He took unto himself in haughty mood;
And all the paltry world applauding stood
Though well it knew,

The while in frost and snow
Half-clad she stood, upon whose maiden breast
He pledged his faith for love's supremest test
In joy or woe.

—*Hjalmar H. Boyesen.*

WORK AND WIN.

Toil on. Sometimes, far off, the years
Repay all trouble and all fears,
All anxious longings and all tears.
No one strives truly but at last
Is recompensed for all the past,
Nor shall the gulfing desert blast
That sweeps across the arid lands
Crush flat upon Time's burning sands
The column raised by careful hands.
Who labors well works not in vain:
Sometime will come his hour of gain,
Though hoarded slowly, grain by grain.
Who struggles with a purpose pure
May struggle long, yet feel secure
That Truth, tho' scoffed at, will endure.
Strive slowly. He who'd stand alone
On some vast crag, remote, unknown,
And deems it solely his—his own,
Must scale its lichness by degrees,
Since scarce a dewdrop-rifting breeze
Would whelm him headlong 'neath the seas.
'Tis best to labor to the last
No matter what has been the past:
One link oft binds a thousand fast.

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY

LITERARY NOTICES.

RADICAL GOOD SENSE treats of the laws of life and health; the causes, prevention and cure of acute and chronic diseases; the physiology of the human system, embracing *Sexual Philosophy* and *Private Reading for Married people*. It reveals the deepest mysteries of human nature in the generation and development of life, sexual relationship of man and woman, marriage, parentage and offspring, viewed from a *secular* standpoint. *Illustrated*. Theo. R. Kinget, M. D. author (and publisher), also of "Medical Good Sense," "Laws of Life and Health," "Laws of Population and Marriage," "The Health Journal," etc., 225 East 36th-street, New York City. Price $2.

There is good terse sense enough (barring *medication*, which we do not believe in), in this book of 412 pages to save the entire nation from half of the physical ills which it is groaning under today. Will people buy it and read it? A few, but the many will pass by, on the other side, with a wise nod of, "You dont catch me searching into the misteries of things. If I did I might be afraid to have a jolly time in my youth; might not sow such a bountiful crop of "wild oats" that will harvest a full crop of gout, decrepitude and early "taking off;" and the fashionable girl of the period will toss her pretty head and exclaim "Corsets indeed! What care I for my internal arrangements? They must stand the pressure—toes and all." Here is a word for our girls:

Boys are allowed to enjoy the free exercise of their limbs in numerous pastimes; but girls, by a villainous custom, are taut and trained to believe they were made only for the house, and not for the open air; hence their employments are usually of a sedentary kind, confining them to one posture many hours at a time. Besides, indoor employment makes them delicate; that really means a diseased constitution; their bodies are compressed into a most unnatural shape by the modern modes of dressing. By closely-fitting dresses, corsets, etc., the lungs cannot have full play; the chest is prevented from enlarging its capacity; the ribs are pressed inwardly; the spine prevented from having its proper motion; the lungs are cramped; congestions and inflammations often follow; ending in some incurable affection of the heart or lungs, or some disease of the uterine organs.

American women express their abhorrence of the odious custom among the Chinese women of compressing their feet to prevent their growth, by wearing small iron shoes; but is this half as absurd, cruel or dangerous, as the practice among themselves, of wearing tight corsets, to prevent the growth of the waist, and the full expansion of the lungs? Let every woman remember, that the more her waist is shaped like an hour-glass, the more rapidly will the sands of her life run out.

Speaking of the culpable reticence of parents, in not instructing their children, when young and innocent, in all the wonderful laws of their being he says:

Children should be encouraged to communicate to their parents without any reserve, every-thing that affects the genital organs, and not that these parts should be alluded to in whispers, with hesitation, fear and trembling, as though some disgrace were attached to the subject. No less secrecy could be observed in regard to some loathsome disease contracted in violation of a natural law. Away with this false modesty, under the cloak of which is concealed the suspicion of profligacy or a wanton disposition.

It is not the free, honest open-hearted child, who meaning no evil, is likely to commit any. It is the cunning child—cunning because never taught to be natural. It is that child whose parents have frowned down all allusion to the sexual organs, that is likely to be guilty of some indecency, as self-pollution or any act that can be performed in secret.

All that seems necessary when children so artificially trained become men and women is, to observe a scrupulous outside show of chastity, which may be thrown aside, "behind the curtain," where they can revel in unbounded licentiousness, resulting in the premature decay of their own constitutions, and consequently in the physical and mental debility of their offspring.

HOW TO FEED THE BABY in order to make it healthy and happy, by C. E. Page M. D. Fowler and Wells, publishers. Price cloth, 75c, paper 50c.

All babies should be well bred, well born and well fed, then they would never cry and never die, unless they were hurt or killed by accident. In this little book, which is as facinating as a novel, its given the way of life of baby Alice, who never cried, had colic, red gum, canker, sore mouth, or colds, because she was properly fed from the day of her birth—just *three* times a day—like "big folks," and no more. Half the children, yes, two-thirds of the tortured innocents, who die under five years old are stuffed and crammed to death, *Murdered* outright. They never know a happy hour during their "nipped in the bud' lives. Why? Because they have stomachs which most mothers know no more about than they do of ostrich-stomachs, or their own indigestive aparatus where they conceal their "good things," which make their livers, at war with it, and their complexion *a la Chinois*.

Baby Alice, "the well fed baby," held her head up when only three days old and sat up alone at four months; and was always happy because she was not made acquainted with her stomach and because she was clothed comfortably. She never was swaddle in bands or napkins (at night) after three months of age. It is claimed that it is right and proper that all children should cry. What for, pray? To develop their lungs. What wisdom. As tho a child was made different from any other young animal that never cries. The children at the Palace of Industry, Guise, France, never cry and have good lungs too. Why? Because they are properly cared for, fed and entertained.

How a *man* could write so much valuable information about a *baby*, is a marvel, and if every mother, prospective mother, grandmother and mother-in-law, dont buy this little, *inexpensive* treatise, not one of them should shed a tear over the poor little victim of their willful ignorance in the coffin.

THE NATURAL CURE OF CONSUMPTION, Bright's Disease, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds, etc. A Health Manual for the People. C. E. Page, M. D. Price $1. Fowler and Wells, Publishers.

Dr. Page, in this work, gives much valuable information respecting the origin of eating uncooked food; cites cases where men, women and children have lived in a state of *perfect* health as long as they abstained from all devitalized, or cooked food. Children that are raised from birth upon this "Natural Diet" never have any of the diseases peculiar to infancy and childhood. In speaking of the causes which lead to consumption the Doctor, in speaking of himself says:

Some years ago I made a change in my habits as to diet and clothing. I quite abruptly abandoned the use of heavy-weight garments, heavy flannels, and the practice of "bundling by" upon occasions of exposure, and I gave up the three-meal system, and the fish, flesh, and fowl, and most of the accompaniments of the flesh diet, and have since lived mainly on vegetable food. I eat twice a day, nominally, but invariably skip a meal if there is any sign of indigestion, or whenever I think I should be better off without eating. I eat on an average about a dozen meals a week, each less in amount, though more nutritious than formerly. This keeps my appetite always perfect, but I am never "hungry," as when I ate three meals every day, "work or play."

I was formerly hungry before every meal, and if any one of them was delayed for a single hour there was sure to be a faint and languid feeling—a disinclination for, and a seeming inability to, labor—which, however, would usually disappear if I kept on working! From this I finally learned a most valuable lesson, viz: that the craving appetite that tempts one to forestall the regular meal hour is a species of "poison-hunger," akin to that which torments the inebriate if his customary dram is not forthcoming. In either case, whether the congested stomach *seems* to crave solid or liquid stimulants, the only wise thing is to abstain, remove or relieve the inflammatory state of the stomach by giving it rest from digestive labor, and by judicious drinking of pure water, and then eat and drink so as to prevent a recurrence of the disorder. So universal is this disagreeable feeling with three-meal-flesh-and-pastry eaters and coffee-drinkers that Marshall Hall, evidently himself ignorant of its nature and cause, refers what he styles the "temper disease" to the *mauvais quart d'heure* before dinner!

As a result of all this, sedentary persons become, like stall-fed oxen, degenerated with fat; and this, as just remarked about children, is a predisposing cause of consumption. A very large proportion of consumptives, most of them, in fact, are first thus diseased; and when any person is round and plump, or even fairly covered, so to say, and is yet lacking in muscular power—"easily tired"—it is *prima facie* evidence that the muscular system is degenerated in the manner described; and if the muscles, then the vital organs within, also. Thus we observe that grossness is by no means essential to fatty degeneration, although all obese persons are, of course, thus affected.

SERICULTURE CHART or Synoptic Table on the Mulberry tree, its Culture and Varieties; the Silk-Worm, its Rearing and Reproduction By Felix Gillet, Nevada City, Cal. Price 50c.

There could be no more valuable aid to silk culture than this illustrated Chart. Framed and hung in a cocoonery, it is a perfect text-book and guide to any ignorant assistant or the smallest child that can read. Mr. Gillet is a pioneer, and *practical*, silkculturist. He does not distill wisdom from *theorizing*. For long years he has grown mulberry trees and reared silkworms, which have spun cocoons here in California, therefore his fountain-head knowledge is of more value than all the little fretting rivulets combined—which are vainly striving to make an Amazon. This is his "Word of Advice to Beginers:"

To all those beginers that have not the least knowledge or very little, in the art of raising silkworms, we say, go at it slowly, feel your way first, plant only for a start, a few mulberry trees, and plant them where they may be an ornament to your place, or where they will never be in the way afterward, if you should make up your mind not to raise any more silkworms. Commence by raising but a few worms, say from 100 to 200; learn first all those little things about silkworms that cannot be properly learned only by a little pratice; and as soon as you have acquired an inside knowledge of the business, then it will be time for you to increase the quantity of eggs to hatch and worms to raise. And if by going into the business little by little, you finally come to the conclusion that it does not pay you for all your trouble, you will then have the satisfaction of having incurred no loss of money to speak of, or, what is better, not experienced that bitter disappointment concerning your most fond but unrealizable expectations.

Above all, do not delude yourself about the profits to be derived from this silk business; raise silkworms for the cocoons, small as the profits may be, and not for the eggs; do not be fooled by what ignorant or interested people will tell you of the large gains to be made from the sale, in Europe, of silkworm eggs, and remember that such people are a *fraud* and the worst enemies of Silk Culture.

One grain of practical knowledge is worth an avalanche of theorizing.

TOKOLOGY A new, popular, fast-selling book, for women. Energetic men and women can easily make $25 per week, as agents. Address SANITARY PUB. CO., 159 La Salle-st Chicago.

☞Subscribe for the HERALD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: Communications over a FOURTH of a column long put in the form of articles, NOT letters.

GRASS VALLEY, March 4-84.

DEAR MRS. STOW:

Fined enclosed $1 renewal of my subscription to "HERALD" and "NEWS." I had overlooked the fact that my subscription had expired till the gentle reminder in last number, and ever since that I have neglected remitting until now, when I ought to be getting the March number and missing it, remember that I did not attend to it.

I dont want to miss a number, now that the NEWS is added to make it more worth the price. So please give me the March, 1884, issue and right along.

Respectfully,

S. G. L.

COLETA, 1st Mo., 31-84.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY;

Enclosed find one dollar for which please renew my subscription for the year 1884. I wish here to bear testimony to the value of such a quality of honesty as is held to by C. B. Whitehead of Bloomfield N. J., and Rita Belle of Painsville, Ohio.

Before the eternal and destructive unrest which so afflicts our kind can be obviated, people will have to be as careful *not* to enjoy that which they do not produce as they are now careless in relation to it.

An equitable exchange of comodities is legitimate, but plainly, all elements of profit, a living on the fruits of anothers toil resolves themselves into the same, yes, a worse disregard of our kind than did the possession and sale of the black man.

I subscribe to the sentiment that wisdom consists in a peoples supplying their varied needs in the order of their importance and at their own individual cost. That all enjoyments are legitimate to those who produce them and the same is equally so to two or more who co-operate to that end. It appears to be quite needful that a few people who are in all things honestly disposed should choose some locality and occupation where and by which their legitimate needs may be supplied, and live among themselves the life they profess and thus set an example that may be a light to others.

JOSEPH ANTHONY.

"OUR LITTLE ONES AND NURSERY."

DEAR FRIENDS:—I want to call your attention to one of the best magazines for children that I have ever seen—"Our Little Ones and Nursery." I have taken it from its commencement, for though I have no small children to read it, I wanted it for my neighbors little ones. It is a very good illustrated child's periodical. Each picture is a gem of art, and just calculated to please a child. The reading is new and attractive as well as first class.

I will guarantee that $1,50 spent for this magazine will give a child or a family of children more pleasure than double that amount spent in any other way. It is a splendid school reader, and every school should have a class to read in it. Remember, mothers! that good books are better than fine clothes and costly embroideries, and you will find none superior to this one for small children. The oftener you read the stories to a child the better it will love them and when old enough to read it themselves they appreciate it none the less; indeed there are very few *mothers* who will not read it and be interested in the little stories. It is a perfect treasure in a family of children, and those who try it one year will be apt to take it as long as there is a child about them and enjoy it.

Address, "Our Little Ones," Russell Pub. Co., 36 Bloomfeld St., Boston, Mass., or Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Polaski Co., Va.

A coat of petroleum applied to rustic furniture designed to be left on the piazza, also all articles exposed on the lawn, will harden the wood, impart a rich dark color and render it much more lasting.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CLARA S. FOLTZ,
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331 MONTGOMERY STREET,
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Will practice in State and Federal Courts. Probate and Divorce matters a Specialty.

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Take the Elevator.

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BATHING ESTABLISHMENT,
kept by the
MISSES DIETZ,
is one of the *hygienic* attractions, and popular pleasure-resorts of ALAMEDA. Everyone who enjoys a SELECT bathing-place, and refined surroundings, should visit Sunny Cove. Take the Narrow Gage, at the wharf, which leaves you at the Baths.

BOOKS OF PRACTICAL VALUE
TO SOCIAL SCIENCE STUDENTS, BY
MARY E. TILLOTSON, of Vineland, N. J,
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AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE.
THE SCIENCE COSTUME.

Outline of Women's Sanitary Efforts thro' Dres Reform, in the U. S., Commencing in 1850.

No. 7.

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.

For the Herald.

By and by a holy day was advertised at the woman's pavilion. Presuming the many able women there would giv instructiv entertainment, I sought the dragling drapery. Being in advance of the hour, was greeting friends before met, when Mrs. Gilespie came from her office; said, "Mrs. Tillotson, you cannot speak here today, no one wil, it is not a speaking meeting, so you can go right away, I dont want your unwomanly garments here." Told her "I had no tho't of speaking, came to be edified, hoped she would be calm, as no one else would be irritated." She reiterated, there would be no speaking, blustered about a while, and asked me to her office. She dropped into her rocker looking ghastly, I took a sofa opposite and asked what further she would offer. She said, "only the same thing." I said, "You invite, then bid me go, yon say do not speak, but make it my duty to reply. This exhibition has a scientific side which invites and justifies my presence as much as yours. Men aimed only to glorify themselves, and render nothing to women who served them ever—Women felt the slight, and mustered means to raise their own pavilion and exhibit their ornaments and silken chains; but excluded useful, benevolent women and their products, as men had them. Nevertheles, scientists saw what a by-word the vain show would create, and added intellectual brains to its car of Progress. Among the scientific features, the ethical, physiological, hygienic and economic were given ful place in descriptiv circulars, fully specifying all that I represent in any way. The Costume Reform movement has bin a strong feature of the history of the last quarter of the century, has to be included in the centenial records, is a part of the current literature, and its representatives ar as much in order here as if you had not refused it a special nook. Further, you hav made a false charge on my method of adopting the reform to my use, in the epithet, *unwomanly*, and where it is assailed, it has a right of defense." I then briefly but clearly explained the nature and results of the fashion she sustained, showing it neither womanly nor human—then contrasted the social, resthetical, sanitary and industrial merits, and the national and world-wide value of the system of clothing I exemplified. I arose to bow myself out, and a messenger came in and apprised her of the readines of the band, for the salute, after which her speech was expected. This ended the woman's raids. Members of the committee there told me they sympathized with my views, and should read them soon as convenient to procure them. There was much in that all summer's gathering of diversified traits and conditions, to show a good form of dres and its uses ar widely approved; and fashion has but sordid and abnormal favor.

The first year that a camp meeting was held at Neshaming, near Phil., the Pres., directors and secretary, early invited me to attend and speak. I informed them of compliance, and when starting for N. E. made that the first stoping place. Reached the grounds Saturday afternoon—Pres. Case came to me, remarking, "we want this meeting to appear respectable, to go off without criticism; I'v done much to start it, and it is going as I say. Now, I wont argue the merits of your costume, we all know the reform has it all; we know your views, practice and character ar right. But, as the public dont yet act on the principle, we want you to put on a long skirt for the meeting, and all wil glide pleasantly. If you hav none with you, just back down to the city for it, or I'l send for it." I replied, "I'l spare you all trouble, would as soon go on my route Monday morn as later, am sorry Sunday has to intervene. As to respectability, you ignore the real element when you shut away physical culture and practical science. I could not speak for true life, and not dres for it. The dres proves no detriment at Eastern camps, but grows in favor; and did it not, I would not put on long skirts for all the groves in Penn." Sunday I went with the audience to hear the morning discourse. At its close was, greeted by many friends lingering among the seats, others just ariving, and casualy we found ourselves having good visits. Some one who learned I was not to remain, proposed that as there was a three hours adjournment, I was to leave next morning, and a good audience was present, I be invited to speak then. The proposal becoming unanimous, it was most natural to accept; and standing on the ground near the seats, I spoke nearly an hour, was wel thanked, and we dispersed. I did not learn as that extra session offended, but something did. I said nothing unkind, and expected no displeasure. While waiting for the train next morn I steped into the sec's tent to write a postal card. Soon Mr. Case came in. I said pleasantly, "Let us part with fair understanding; did the Sec. write me without your order?—I am told you say I was not invited here," He turned scarlet, sprang like a brute, snatched the pen from my hand and threw it, yanked the chair from under me, siezed my arm and jerked me from the tent floor to the ground in front, and walked off. While doing this he snarled, "You'v said what I dont like, and must get out of this." He is large and strong, and jerked so rapidly I did not catch breath to speak, or the Secretary to interpose. It was only the agility consequent or right clothing that enabled me to keep my feet; a fete stil marvelous to me. A woman inured to fashion would hav gone to the floor, then to the ground with damaged bones. The blood of the Neros is not extinct. That revelation of turpitude is enuf to raise the question of reform in dres, diet, drink, in all that is related to ambition and passion. I did not call at the first city and ask a lawyer to send for Case to settle the assault; but reflected thus—"Poor old child! When he attains growth to develop a conscience, there wil be a bitter Case of self-settlement."

In 1875 I went Northward on the east side of the Hudson river. Had never bin to the stylish city of yonkers, but had heard it was composed of nice N. Y. city people, and resolved to call and learn if it and I had any mutual uses. I had received calls at my home from two women residing there, and ariving on Saturday at sunset, tho't it wise to call on one of them to learn something of the hotels, lest I should find myself in the wrong place over Sunday. Went to Mrs. A's was pleasantly received—she knew nothing of public houses except the great, grand resort near her where the charges were thre dollars a day, and it was doubtful about admiting dres reformers. But she insisted on my tarrying with her til Monday; her dauters wanted to see me, and would be there on the morrow; and that was settled. The family made quite practical use of me, wholy relieving me of the sense of being entertained; for all the dauters and sons must hav a phrenological delineation of character, apparently oblivious to its lading an episcopal sabbath with labor, tho they would not sew on a button. On taking leave, Mrs. A. requested that, while remaining in town, I would not return to her, nor mention her name; but on leaving town, I would write her thro the mail what I experienced while there. I asked if she foresaw any evil her town would do me—she said she would say no more, but asked the grant of her request. I promised and said farewel to expressions by words and features mantled with mystery, for it was plain that she esteemed and loved me. My meditations in walking that splendid avenue were much mixed, but not darkened by the strange entry. I came to a broad green yard in which young ladies were walking appareled in suits similar to mine; and tho't, surely here is an oasis of courage amid the cowardice that dare not be known to associate with one daring to do what all know is right. A school was kept there, and the students allowed to wear the gymnastic suit on the street, and most of the time for health. The girls were so glad to see one who dresed comfortably always, they escorted me to the reception room and reported to the matrons who welcomed me courteously, and commended me as sensible for wearing what they hoped to sometime hav independence to wear. They told me the boarding house of Mrs. S. at the next corner where avenues crosed, was not full, and was decently comfortable. I reached it before noon, engaged a room for a week, and went to the street again feeling ready to learn the general state of tho't and motiv. Was pleased with the culture, extensiv information, and much expressed opinion, discovered that day, and went to my engaged quarters at sunset. To my surprise and sorrow, a change of mind had occured.

The woman had resolved to break faith with me, and would giv no reason except that her boarders laughed at her. Told her I would find another place next day; but she refused my room that night, and no reasoning, legal point, or claim on mercy and duty, could prevail. She pointed out boarding houses and kind private houses on the cross avenue, but had no just or humane quality in hers; and in the approaching twilight with furious watch dogs inside most of the gates I started for what I never before lacked at night-fall. The boarding houses were declared unable to admit another one; I was three miles from the hotel that for fashions name would probably refuse me; and a private residence seemed the forlorn hope. Several were applied to, reasons given for being unprovided at that hour, offers of ample pay, and of acceptance of any place under the roof, a lounge, chair or floor, to shield me til morning light; yet none were ready to do what they felt some one should, tho they had no suspicion of wrong in my motiv or character and pronounced my costume sensible. Twilight was growing dense and my belief in the darknes of pride, denser: a large plain yard was neared, and less pretensious aspect invited—on the mansion porch a young lady sat, and beside her lay a wolf-like dog. She arose to conduct me in, and I asked her to speak to the dog who appeared not wel assured about my admittance. My dilemma in the gathering darknes was laid before a middle aged woman who went to consult the man. He came in imperiously and said, "leave the house, madam." I said, "wil you please speak to the dog, I fear he wil bite me." He replied, "I only wish he would;" but in milder tone *did* speak to him, and I thanked fate that the animal was disciplined, as I tripped quickly away. When a few feet from the gate, that dog sprang up at my side with terrific growl, his nose close to my chin—I screamed, sprang to the other side, and consciousnes was gone. When it returned, which the lingering twilight showed was very soon, I was in the street, on the opposit walk, going back toward the avenue crossing. I looked to the scene of the fright; the gate was closed, all was quiet; and I hav stil no recolection of escaping the yard or crossing the street. I hurried on—a man told me the Peabody House, at the opposite end of the town from the first hotel, was large and never ful. I reached that at eight o' clock, having two more

(See page eight.)

MARY E. TILLOTSON'S SCIENCE COSTUME.

INTERNATIONAL DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY.

MARY E. TILLOTSON. Vineland, N. J. "Have worn the Science Costume for more than 30 years, everywhere."

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MRS. E. M. KING, Hon. Secritary of the National Dress Association, London, Eng., wears the "Divided Skirt" and short overdress and jacket.

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

EMELINE A. PRESCOT, Hollowell. Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

ALEXIS LE BEUF, SAN JACINTO, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. DOANE, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Washington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I adopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

CAROLINE B. KEESE, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29 years of age, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

MARTHA S. SEVERANCE, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 30 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

MARIETTA LIZZIE BEERS BELL-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S costume: Trousers and kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

MARY DODDS, M. D., St. Louis, Mo., has worn a Trouser-dress for years, everywhere.

MARY E. LUCAS, M. D., Newfield, N. J., "Have worn the Short Dress (as a work dress) for 20 years."

RITA BELL, Painesville, O. "Have worn a short dress for several years, everywhere, and made my living in it.

ALMEDIA B. GRAY, Schofield, Wis., wears the Tripple S costume.

S. GERTIE SMYTH, Oakland, Cal. wears a short Trouser-dress, at home.

MRS. C. H. WEBB, San Francisco, Cal., has adopted the Tripple S costume for home wear and country outings.

MRS. DR. STODDRIDGE, Cortland, N. Y., has worn the Science costume, in her infirmary, for many years.

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SLAVES OF THE ROLLING-PIN.

MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

Pies again! Always pies! One, two, three, four, this is the fifth time, within, say, ten days or a fortnight, that, to my knowledge, pies have stood in the way of better things.

First, my hostess, Mrs. Fennel, could not leave to take a ride with me a few mornings ago, because "we are entirely out of—pies." Mrs. Fennel, poor woman, is far from well, and what with husband, grown-up boys, and two small children, not to mention myself as boarder, she has a large family to cook for, and only her daughter Martha to help do the work. That breezy morning ride would have raised her spirits; it would have put new life into her; but—pies (This is one time.) Then Miss Martha, who is fond of read-ing, declined the loan of my library-book the other day, on account of having to help her mother make—pies. (Two times.) Last evening she could not run up on the hill to see the sun set, because they were trying to get the meat and apple ready over night for—pies (Three times.). When poor Mrs. Fennel was taken off her work the other day by one of her frequent ill-turns, Mrs. Melendy came in with offers of assistance.

"Now I can stay just two hours by the clock," said Mrs. Melendy, in her sprightly way; "and what shall I take hold of first? Shall I tidy up the room, read to you, bathe your head, make you some good gruel? Or, else, shall I take hold of the mending, or see to the dinner, or what?"

Mrs. Fennel raised her languid lids, and faintly murmured "Out of pies."

"Dear me!" cried breezy Mrs. Melendy, "I know what the feeling is well enough; and 'tis a *dreadful* feeling! Why, I should no more dare to set out a meal's victuals without pie, than I should dare to fly! For my husband, he must have his piece o' pie to top off with, whatever's on the table." And the sympathizing sister bared her willing arms, and wrestled womanfully with the rolling-pin, I know not how long.

The fifth time was this morning. While sitting in the room adjoining the kitchen, the doors being open between, I heard Martha ask her mother why they could not take a magazine. "I do long for something to read!" she said; "and all we have is just one newspaper a week."

"O! we couldn't get much reading-time," said Mrs. Fennel. "If 'tisn't one thing, 'tis another, and sometimes both. There's your father, now, coming with the raisins. These pies will take about all the forenoon." Miss Martha afterward spoke to her father about the magazine.

"We can't afford to spend money on readin'," he answered, in his usual drawling monotone; "costs a sight to live. Now, if we didn't raise our own pork, we should be hard pushed to get short'nin' for our pies."

Such constant reiteration had made me desperate. I strode to the doorway. "And why must we have pies?" I demanded, in tones of smothered indignation. "Why not bread and butter, with fruits or sauce instead? Why not drop pies out of the work altogether? Yes, drop them out of the world." Miss Martha was the first to recover from the shock of this startling proposition. "Our men-folks couldn't get along without pies, Mr. McKimber," she said.

"Pie-crust does make a slave of a woman, though," said Mrs. Fennel. "There's nothin' harder than standin' on your feet all the forenoon, rollin' of it out."

"Denno 'bout doin' without pie," drawled Mr. Fennel. "'Pears if bread 'n sarse'd be a mighty poor show for somethin' to eat."

"Twould take off the heft of the cookin'," said Mrs. Fennel, thoughtfully: "but" (with a sigh) "you couldn't satisfy the men-folks."

I rushed to my chamber in despair. Pie, then, is one of the household gods in Tweenit. But what can I do about it? Something must be done. Suppose I write an "Appeal to Women," and read it at the sewing-circle, pretending it was taken from a newspaper published in—well, in Alaska, or Australia, or the Orkney Islands. We gentlemen are expected to help along the entertainment in some way.

Hark, now, to the music of the rolling-pin sounding from below! That music shall inspire my

"APPEAL."

"My dear friends, this is an age of inquiry. Can any one tell us who first imprisoned our luscious fruits in a paste of grease and flour, baptized the thing with fire, and named it pie? And why is this pie a necessity? That is what confounds me. Mothers, with families, hard pressed with work, consume time and strength in endless struggles with the rolling-pin. Fathers of families lengthen their bills to shorten their pies. And all this is to what end? The destruction of health. Every stroke on the board demands strength which is worse than thrown away. Every flake of pastry is so much food which were better left uneaten. And as for time consumed in this kind of labor, who shall count the hours which are daily rolled away, and chiefly by over burdened women, who complain of 'no time' and 'no constitution'?

"One Saturday forenoon I stood on the hill which commands a view of the village. It was 'baking day.' Being a clairvoyant, I looked through the roofs of the houses, and saw in every kitchen a weary woman, 'standin' on her feet, rolling, rolling, rolling. Close around some stood their own little children, tugging at their skirts, pleading for that time and attention which rightfully belonged to them. One frail, delicate woman was actually obliged to lie down and rest twice, before her task was ended. Another, the mother of an infant of not many months old, accomplished hers with one foot on the cradle-rocker.

"We read of despotic countries where galley-slaves were chained to the oar. They, however, after serving their time, went free. Alas for poor Woman chained to the rolling-pin! Her sentence is for life.

"We read, too, in ancient story, of powerful *genii*, whose control over their slaves was absolute; but this terrible genius of the household exacts from its slaves an equally prompt obedience. Is there one among them who dares assert her freedom?

"No; their doom is inevitable. Woman is foreordained to roll her life away. Is there no escape? No escape. The rolling-board is planted squarely in the path of every little daughter; and sooner or later, if her life be spared, she will walk up to it. May we not call it an alter upon which human sacrifices are performed daily?

"I observed, on the morning just mentioned, that, in the intervals of pastry-making, the genius of the long-handled spoon took control, demanding its customary tribute of eggs, sugar, fat, spices, &c., demanding, also, the usual outlay of time and strength which goes to the compounding of cakes; and thus, with rolling, beating and stirring, the forenoon wore away, leaving in each house its accumulation of unwholesome food.

"You *do* know, madam, that plain living is better for your children? You would like more time to devote to them, or for books, or for recreation? Then, pray, why not change all this? Is palate forever to rank above brain? Change your creed? Say, 'I believe in health, in books, in outdoors.' Why don't you rise, slaves? Now is your time. Now, when slaves every-where are demanding their freedom, demand yours.

"Company? Thanks for teaching me that word. The kind hospitality of this social little village of Tweenit enables me to be 'company' myself very frequently. And I am aware that much time is spent in the preparation of viands to set before me, which, for variety and richness, could not be excelled. Shall I add, that whenever, at the bountifully-spread tea-table, I have attempted to start a rational conversation, the attempt usually has been a failure? Books, public men, public measures, new ideas, new inventions, new discoveries, what is doing for the elevation of women,—on none of these subjects had my entertainers a word to offer. Their talk was, almost without exception, trivial, not to say gossipy.

"Therefore, as a member of that institution, which, as everybody says, 'makes a sight of work,' namely, 'company,' I protest. I petition for less variety in food, and more culture. And your petitioner further prays, that some of the spices and good things be left out in cooking, and put into the conversation.

"But the 'men-folks'? Ah, to be sure! Perhaps, after all, it is they who need an appeal."—*Schoolmaster's Trunk.*

GOOD HEALTH.

No. 2.

ELLA. E. GIBSON.

We have long regarded damp air and open windows at night very injurious, except in extreme warm weather and in peculiary balmy climates, and for this reason. We would not think of *sitting* through the night with a current of damp air blowing directly upon us, nor with the thermometer at zero, during the day, and yet, absurd as it may seem, we raise our windows when the mercury is at that temperature, as if to sleep in a cold room were less injurious than to sit in one. The object is to sleep comfortably, which if you do not, you will be unrefreshed. If you awake from chill for lack of sufficient bed covering or from a frigid atmosphere, or from a hard bed (or a two downy one in warm weather,) your sleep will not be invigorating and you will feel an inclination to sleep it over again by lying in bed all day to restore yourself after such a night of unrest.

One person may require twice the amount of bed clothing to preserve or secure the needed warmth as another, even as they may require twice the amount of food to satisfy the demands of nature. A heavy weight of bed-clothing involving pressure produces stagnation, imparting a sensation of fatigue and debility, which should be avoided by those who need a large amount of warmth, by using either soft woolen blankets, or quilts stuffed with cotton wool, or wool itself, which is preferable. There is another reason, a physiological one, why we should not hoist our windows sky-high after sundown. Cold condenses the carbonic acid formed by the sleeper, which settling near the floor is re-breathed, and when in a very condensed form, has been known to produce death before morning. Inflammation of the lungs is often engendered and life destroyed within a few days, by sleeping in a room with a broken pane of glass, where the air rushes in upon the sleeper; which cause, in most instances, is unknown, and set down as "Obscure sources of Disease!" When outer windows can be opened by letting them down at the top two or three inches, and up at the bottom for the same space, in clear weather there can be no great risk, except in extreme cold nights, and when the occupants of the room are too weak to counteract the chill. Still, where windows can be opened to the fresh air from halls or adjoining rooms, so that the air can circulate freely through the sleeping apartments that is sufficient for all ordinary purposes. In public houses where this cannot be done an open fire place or open stove door will make a good ventilator. Some people think to "ventilate well," means by night and by day, in cold weather and hot, thro' fog, rain and storm as well as in sunshine, the windows must be stretched wide open, even if every article of clothing within their sleeping room is saturated with dampness and miasma, which nothing could be more unhealthy, not even sleeping in a close room. The practice of going from a heated room into one at a freezing temperature undressing and leaping into a bed so cold as to produce a chill not recovered from for hours, cannot be too strongly reprehended, especially for invalids and persons whose blood is low and their system too weak to react from the sudden contrast. If they do not possess sufficient vitality to warm the bed, of course they must sleep or *lie* cold, for sleep in such a case is out of the question. Their room need not be overheated, nor close, neither should it, and the bed be freezing cold.

The following statement made by a noted physiologist has been demonstrated as a fact by the writer, while traveling South in those regions to which the warning applies, and is so excellent in advice that we have subjoined an extract entire.

"In miasmatic localities" he adds,—"it is most important, from the first of August until several severe frosts have been noticed, to sleep with all external doors and windows closed, because the cool air of sunset causes the condensation of the poisonous emanations which were caused by the heat of the noon day sun to rise far above the earth; this condensation makes the air 'heavy' at sundown, made heavy by the greater solidification of the emanation by cold; and resting on the surface of the earth in their more concentrated and malignant form, they are breathed into the lungs, and swallowed into the stomach, corrupting and poisoning the blood with great rapidity.

By daylight these condensations are made so compact by the protracted coolness of the night, that they are too near the surface of the earth to be breathed into the system; but as the sun begins to ascend, these heavy condensation miasmas, begin to rise again to the height of several feet above the ground, and are freely taken into the system by every breath and swallow; hence the hours of sunrise and sunset are the most unhealthy of all the hours of twenty-four in the localities named; and noontide, when the sun is hottest, is the most healthy portion of the day, because the miasma is so much rarified that it ascends rapidly to the upper regions.

The general lessons are, first: Avoid exposure to the out-door air in miasmatic localities for the hours including sunrise and sunset, second: Have a blazing fire on the hearth of the family room at those hours, to rarify and send the miasma upward, third: Take breakfast before going out of doors in the morning, and take tea before sundown; then being out after is not injurious."

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"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates and men decay."

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

MRS. J. W. STOW,
...EDITOR...

S. GERTIE SMYTH,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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S. S. S.

CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

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ONLY A WOMAN.

BY MRS. HELEN RICH.

The herione of Long Point Isle, like a schooners, mast she stands,
With mother-love in smile and voice, if brown her shapely hands;
Broad bosomed, large of limb; blue eyes of clear and level glance
Look out 'neath brow serene with thoughts of childhood and of France;
And when the wild waves rend the dunes, she dreams of old Marseilles,
For Erie rages like the sea in fierce December gales.
Hers all a woman's patient trust, a woman's courage fine;
Her hair like ancient Vicking's gold, her lips as red as wine.
The simple wonder of her gaze, its pathos deep inclines
The mind to pictured saints, the dames of Spenser's classic lines.
She moves with free, unstudied grace, Juno, in russet gray;
A noble nature giveth ease, the royal right of way
To every heart, for never soul as white and brave was sent
To yearn and strive for broader range, in sickly tenement.
Where come the wild sea- fowl to moult, the mink to build her nest,
The antlered deer to drink, when flames the cloud-empurpled west;
Where cedared swamps with ghostly birch and mournful sighing pines
Shadow the pool and sand-hills draped with noisome tangled vines,
In trapper's hut, with precious brood, six fair-haired sons and daughters,
She dignifies her low estate, this "Lady of the waters."
Did she ponder on the problems that perplex our modern thought?
Did she sigh for wealth and glory? Nay, the service that she brought
Was love's unwearied struggle for the timid lambs afold,
Unselfish duties meekly done, with spirit strong and bold.

International Dress Reform Exhibition.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE SISTERHOOD offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

CHANCE, in her diamond set, for the most beautiful dress for a woman, that clears the ground 12 inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The Prize Exhibition will be held during the session of the FOURTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in Ixora Hall San Francisco, the first week in September, 1884.

All NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 1921 Sacramento-st., by the 1st of Aug.

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S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal., a beautiful bracelet valued at $25.

No dress will receive more than ONE prize.

The "Conductor," Captain Hackett, sailing westward for the straits,
Met the demons of the tempest in the seething, blackened gates
Where the Lake of Woods is narrowed by the island and the land,
Frozen spray and shoal around him, terrors dire on every hand.
And the gallant schooner foundered, like a hunted stag at bay.
Lashed to icy masts, poor tortured ones, they waited for the day,
And when it broke in snow and wind, horror fell upon the men;
Vain the hope of human succor in the "Devil's Cut!" But then—
Was it angel? was it woman? Lo! between the surges high
And a mighty bonfire blazing, something mortal draweth nigh!
It is she, the hermit matron, she has left her little flock,
Reaching arms of mad entreaty where the freezing sailors rock
In the creaking shrouds, yet shrinking from the yawning grave below.
In vain her "signal service;" still they clung in fear and woe,
Until sunset slowly lifted his black lid in angry fire,
On the shipwreck and the woman, on the broad and flashing pyre.
Then she cried in anguish, "Father, keep my little ones!" and bore
Streaming torch above her, dashing through the surf that rent the shore.
There with death the captain battled; and with sinews pity-strung
She snatched him from the undertow; a giantess she sprung
Up dizzy bank, and laid her prize beside the glowing coals—
Returned, and one by one, she saved the six imperilled souls.
"One for every child" she murmured, "life for life, bless God!" and went
To her round of quiet duties, singing in her sweet content.
If her country gave her honor, adding lands and golden store,
She is still the calm-eyed woman, loving, toiling, as before.

—Brasher Falls, N. Y.

WANTED,

An *active* half-interest and ownership to be taken in WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

☞For terms address this OFFICE.

The Temperance Pledge, published semi-monthly at San Jose Cal., by Mrs. Grace G. Allen, has reached our desk, and is welcomed with a strong hand-grasp of co-operative fellowship. Men have acquired name, fame and riches in publishing newspapers for women to read and support, even where the deeds and sayings of women were utterly ignored except -ing in the sin and scandal columns, they still take precedence of women's papers. "The Softer sex," as the *Forester's Gazette*. (S. F.) dubs women, love *Man*, because that paper is run exclusively in the interest of men Liberal (?) Leagues. Men make fashion books, and dictate to women the cut of their frills, while the he-fashion-monger's wife bones into the stitches in the basement. Is it any marvel that women are taking the plough by the horns when addlepated soft-handed masculinity flutters in laces and ribbons, and the latest caricatures of women (made by men), called fashion plates? What are women suffragists thinking about and doing that they dont have a *whole* suffrage organ in every state and a great National organ, with Susan B. at the helm, instead of two columns women. It takes more time and money to run a whole paper, but then the whole loaf shows more *enterprise* than two slices or a biscuit.

Why dont Clara Foltz start a woman's suffrage paper in California? She, with her developed talents, large brain and heart, legal lore and popularity would succeed—and not fail as lesser lights have done in San Francisco and the State. How glad we should be to have a Simon-pure, strike-out-from-the-shoulder woman's suffrage paper right here. We will promise to get 25 subscribers for it (the same number that we sent the *Woman's Journal* when it unfurled its flag,) the first month of its existence—and we never dishoner our promise. Come sister Clara wake up and rescue California from the stigma of inactivity on the franchise question. Mrs. Allen has set you an example which is worth your while to emulate, and the people of San Jose demonstrate their courage and enterprise in showing their faces in a woman's paper, in generous ads. Now let all women send one dollar and a half to the editor and proprietor and drink from her pure fountain for one year, by way of a *paid up* trial. Right here we will caution our sister of the quill, not to "presume" to continue to send her paper where it has been commended, unless a substantial commendation accompanies the wordy commend. Words, however honied, never run a paper. They dont pay quillman, cartman or pressmen.

PRESUMING.—We have "presumed" to send the HERALD to a number of people in this State until ordered stopped, but in no case out of the State. Mrs. Janney of Columbus, O., was among our first subscribers. If she keeps a record of money spent she will find $1 to W. H. L in Oct, 1881. Mrs. Dr. Hall of Riverside, Cal., after regularly taking the paper from the office for two years and three months, now says she did not suppose the editor was "presuming" to send the paper unless she (Mrs. Dr. Hall) had ordered it. The reason it was sent was because the lady wrote the editor an enthusiastic note of commendation upon the receipt of the first number issued. Mrs. Hall promised to pay for her folly in taking the paper from the office, but follows the promise with "presuming" and no payment. She sells herself for a small sum. The HERALD never "presumes" after it is ordered stopped, but every one who has taken it from the office is in honor bound—and legally bound—to pay for it during that time. It is as genuine an indebtedness as a grocer's or a drygoods bill, and people who possess a modicum of *self-respect* or *honesty* will so regard it. People who would scorn to cover their backs and fill their stomachs with unpaid for substance, will pauperize their brains with borrowed food, free libraries and "sample copies" of newspapers—which they never order stopped, and still prate of "love of humanity." When a person does not write the publishers of a newspaper to stop "sample copies," at the second or third number, sent, he or *she* is a fraud or an ignoramus, if he or she does not intend to pay for the paper. As "women's papers are starting up on every side," and *we* are rejoiced to chronicle the "start", this experience may be of value to those who venture seaward in paper ships. Have no fears, sisters! Strike out boldly! Women are eminently fitted for the newspaper field of labor and rewards.

Several articles and much editorial matter are unavoidably crouded out of this issue.

Patronize our enterprising advertisers.

SCISSORS.

LABOR.

I am swart with the soot of many furnaces,
I drip with the sweat of toil;
My fingers throttle the savage wastes,
I tear the "curse" from the soil,
I fling the bridges across the gulfs
That holds us from the great To Be,
And build the roads for the bannered march
Of crowned humanity.

Thus through the world, like bolt and blast
And scourging fire, the truth must pass.

MRS. Queen Victoria is wintering in London.

MISS Queen Elizabeth was a staunch woman's rights woman.

MRS. Elizabeth Cady Stanton has removed to the old family residence, at Johnstown, N. Y., and will make it her permanent home.

The principal undertaker at Palatka, Fla., is a woman.

Mrs. Dora Barnett is a bailiff in Lewis county, Washington Territory.

The Massachusetts House has passed the bill punishing wife-beaters with flogging.

Laura J. Gott, of La Grange, Ohio, has taken out a patent for a fire-escape.

Helen M. Snyder, of Pine Bluff, Ark., has taken out a patent for a shoe-lace fastener.

Marion Wallock, of Chambaidge City, Ind., has taken out a patent for a railway frog.

Gertrude Campbell, of Chicago, Ill., has taken out a patent for a stocking-supporter.

Eliza H. Alexander, of New York, took out a patent February 19, 1884, for embroidering by machine.

Olive Healy, of Paterson, N. J., has taken out a patent for lighting sewing-machines.

The law of the Mohammedans forbade women, pigs and dogs from entering the Mosque. Principles are eternally the same.

The Constitution of Montana gives the ballot to women on the school matters, as well as the right to hold school offices.

Miss Eaton, Professor of Chemistry at Wellesley College, is taking a two years' course in this branch at Newnham College, Chambridge, England.

Common Pleas, Court No 1 of Philadelphia, has denied the motion to admit Mrs. Carrie Kilgore to practice as an attorney.

In Japan corsets are not in favor among the women, and are regarded with universal ridicule.

Mrs. Wheeler, of New York, who embroiders for London art-firms, furnishes designs from which Cheney Brothers, at South Manchester, Ct., are weaving silk fabrics.

The University of Oxford has formally admitted women to the examinations, and by consequence to a place in the honor list.

Mrs. M. A. Frick, of Paso Robles, Cal., has just put in 12 acres of spring wheat. She held the plow and her ten years-old son drove the team. She says: "Plowing a field is not as hard as housework."

A woman living in San Luis Valley carries on a farm and drives a span of horses and double wagon to market, thirty miles away, and heeds the storms no more than man would.

Much dissatisfaction is expressed in England because Miss Octavia Hill has not been appointed on the Royal Commission to attend to the dwellings of the poor. As the papers say: "There is no doubt that she knows more about the subject than any man in England;" and they call attention to the absurdity of considering a woman unfit to be appointed on a Royal Commission, in the country where the sovereign is a woman.

Mrs. Isabella Gibbs brought from North Carolina the cuttings from which the Isabella grape is disseminated all over the country. Dr. Wm. F. Channing reported this fact in the *Gardeners Monthly* in 1872, and says: "The commencement of American Viticulture dates from the introduction of the Isabella grape, and the attention thus drawn to our native species. It is to the wit and enterprise of a woman that we owe this first step in a great national industry."

Children's Corner.

THE SPHINX.

She doesn't live in Egypt—
Not in these later years;
She sits in a cane-seated rocker,
And this is what she hears:

"Mamma, where's my pencil?"
"Mamma, where's my hat?"
"Mamma, what does this mean?"
"Mamma, what is that?"
"Who was General Taylor?"
"Where's this horrid town?"
"Have I got to do it?"
"Say, is 'rest' a noun?"
"Can I have a cornet?"
"Dont I wish I had!"
"Ma, if I got rich some day,
Wouldn't you be glad?"
"This book says the dew-drops
Clirbed the morning sky;
Oh, what makes them do so?
Tell the reason why."

Hear the gentle answers,
Making matters plain,
Should they speak in riddles,
They will ask again.

"Something ails this slipper—
Doesn't it look queer?"
"Must I do it over?
Fix it mother dear."
"We must write an essay
On 'a piece of chalk;'
Mother what would you say?"
"Ma, why don't you talk?"

Children, come to Auntie!
Let Mamma alone!
(I sometimes think the patient sphinx
Will really turn to stone.)

—*Anna S. Reed, in St. Nicholas.*

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIEL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

Then Bill, who was waiting at the door, holding old Dobbin by the bits, put them into the crown of his old straw hat and ducking his head as he replaced it, vaulted into the saddle and hied away,—a swift courier bearing important messages.

The day was cloudless on which the grand party came off. Etta's mother had kept the goodies all out of sight, so as to surprise her little daughter, who had promised to put all her naughty, babyish ways behind her from that day forth,—"*forevermore.*"

At two o'clock in the afternoon everything was in apple-pie order. The parlor floor was as white as sand and soap could make it, and the "East-room" (which they called a "spare-room," and that we call now-a-days a guest-chamber,) was swept and dusted until the rag-carpet; blue and white coverlet, snowy muslin valances (or French teisters,) and window curtains, looked "so splended!" Etta said, with a very perceptable quiver on the "sp."

She and Milly, both, had a span-new, dotted white dress clear-starched in the most bewitching manner, which had been cunningiy devised from a portion of Mrs. Breeze's bridal *trousseau.* Milly wore a pink ribbon tied among her chesnut braids, while Etta's yellow floss was held back from her brow by a band of blue. Dolly, too, had a new dress made out of the pieces of muslin that were left, and a string of blue glass beads encircled her white throat. Miss Puss also, was trapped out in *true blue,* "Etta's color," as it was playfully called. Terry, who had told Etta as he came down stairs, that he had got on his "*very best bib-and-tuck,*" was impatiently waiting the coming of the guests at the lower gate. Presently, up went his hat, as he swung open the gate and shouted—

"Here they come: Tom, Dick and Harry!" Milly, Etta and Clara (for she had been invited, much to Etta's horor, at first,) clapped their hands and ran down the grassy lane to meet them.

Just then a great lumber-wagon hove in sight, with a hay-rick on the box, over which was spread quilts and blankets, while at the bottom was a soft cushion of clean straw, for the party makers to sit upon.

What a merry load it was! The children singing and shouting as only children of the free West can sing and shout. Ben, Dick and Jo Stone, brown as nuts, Tim and Court Martin, with distended pockets gorged with boyish treasures. Jenny Stone and Kitty Martin, absorbed in a chicken problem, for both had a favorite hen setting on thirteen eggs apiece. "Thunder was liable to kill unhatched chickens," and Jenny Stone said there had been a *weasel* round their house.

Gypsie Stone (that was not her *real* name, but a misnomer that had clung to her since a baby,) was telling a strange little girl, who sat bolt upright in the straw in the middle of the wagon-bottom, about Tom, the baby. And every minute the strange little Miss would open her eyes and mouth very wide and ejaculate, "Oh!" in the funniest manner possible, at the graphic descriptions of Gyp. She didn't understand *babies,* she wasn't acquainted with their queer pranks.

Hilda, that was her name, was an only child, and she never had been much of a *baby,* herself. She was always a little precise old grandmotherish sort of a personage, as far back as she could remember. Her mother was very delicate and rarely visited any one. But Mrs. Stone had found her out and persuaded her to spend a week at her house, and it so happened that she arrived the very morning of the party, and her little daughter was prevailed upon to accompany the happy children.

Mr. Stone was driving the sorrel mares, with his white shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbows, over his madder-red undershirt. An old lop-brimmed, weather-beaten, palm-leafed hat flapped over his genial face, as he tried to coax Nelly to "*Chirk up a leetle,*" so as to fetch up in *style.* But Nell understood the tender rein and didn't fear the whip, so she jogged along at her usual gait, whisking her tail and indulging in an occasional nip at the great green flies that were sucking her blood.

Terry jumped into the wagon and shook hands all round twice over, as they drove thru the lane, over the bridge, up the hill and halted in front of the door-yard gate where Mrs. Breeze, who had recalled the runaways, was standing to welcome the party. "Hello!" shouted Mr. Stone, "I'm the old women who lives in the shoe, and got so many youngsters I donno what to du, folderal der da!"

Thus relelved, he leaped to the ground in a twinkling, and after exchanging a neighborly greeting with Mrs. Breeze and kissing the girls with a ronsing *smack* that sounded like the report of a champagne bottle, he hopped the four little Misses out of the wagon, poping them down on the ground like hot corn.

The boys had all *squirmed* out, over and under the rick and were already shaking Caper by the paw and casting sly glances at Milly, who was an acknowledged belle among the boy-gallants. There were no break-neck exploits but what they would venture upon to please her.

"Well-now-boys!" began Mr. Stone, "I ashamed of you *all!* Why on arth dont you come and shake hands with this young lady and congratulate her, that she has beaten the measles, mumps and scarlet fever, and rejoices in half a dozen years of her own!"

This well aimed speach caused the boys to sidle awkwardly up to the girls, who were sniggering behind Mrs. Breeze. Ben, being the oldest, took the lead, and grasping Etta's reluctant hand said:

"How d' du! Miss Breeze. I wish you a merry Christmas!"

At which all laughed but the little lady herself, she, thinking that a joke was perpetrated at her expense, emphatically responded.

"I aint Miss Breeze, nor merry kissmas eider!" entirely forgetting the orthography in the heat of the moment.

Then the girls paired off and went to see the rabbit and play-house, while the boys ran pell-mell down to the pasture to see Nancy's colt and the wonderful spotted calf, Buck. A few days previous, while the family was at dinner, they had been startled by a strange noise in the "*Shop,*" and Terry running to learn the cause had surprised Buck in his gambols with a big ball of yarn, which he had caught in his mouth as he capered up and down the floor—with an explosive bellow—until it was covered with saliva and spun all over the room.

Mr. Stone sat down on the ample piazza, which was so large that tea was always served there in summertime,—it being on the east side of the house. Here he refreshed the inner-man with a cup of milk, as he talked of old times "down East," and about his making the acquantance of "*Marget*"—his wife, at a corn-husking, and what a capital woman she was, such a careful mother, so thrifty—and all that.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY S. GERTIE SMYTH.

FRIENDS AND SISTERS OF THE ORDER recipes for hygienic cooking, how to be well, etc., will be cordially welcome, for this department. Let us exchange views upon all things pertaining to the improvement of homes.

Address all communications for this department to Mrs. J. H. Smyth, 623 Montgomery-st, S. F., Cal.

THE SHORT DRESS.—Dear Sisters of the HOME CIRCLE if you knew how comfortable and convenient a short dress is for home wear, in less than twenty-four hours each one of you would have one made and have it on. Do not fear that people will laugh at you; no one of *good common sense* would ridicule such a dress, and a brave, strong woman should pass by idiotic jeers. Any number of my gentlemen friends have asked me to use my influence with their wives to have them adopt the costume for home wear, as several have asked for a description of my dress, I will give it, hoping that it may induce others to shake off the shackles of long skirts, at least in the kitchen and chicken yard. It does not come up to the "standard of excellence" according to the regulations of the Triple S costume, but is a sort of mongrel.

Dress skirt full and plain made with a yoke and band, pantalets of same material twenty-seven inches or less around the bottom; lined if the material is thin; five button holes at the top, and buttoned on to red flannel drawers just above the knee. A double bias band of red calico stitched around the drawer leg upon which the buttons are sewed. You will see that it only takes a moment to button on the pants or take them off when you wish to change the short dress for a long one. Half-fitting jackets of the same, or different material, over the dress. I wear two flannel underskirts in the winter and one in summer; all skirts are made with yokes to prevent fulness around the waist.—S. G. S.

BAKED STURGEON.—Five or six lbs.; skin it and lay it in salt and water half an hour, then par-boil, make a dressing of bread crumbs, salt pork, sweet herbs and butter; gash the upper part of the fish deeply, and rub the forcemeat well in; bake one hour. Serve with drawn butter in which has been stirred a spoonful of capers and one of catsup.

POTATO PUFFS.—Two cups of finely mashed potatoes, two tablespoonfuls melted butter; beat to a cream, then add two well beaten eggs and a teacup of cream or milk, salt to taste, beat well and form into a deep dish, previously buttered, and bake in a quick oven until nicely browned.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Two cups of finely mashed potato, two well-beaten eggs, and a tablespoonful of melted butter, salt and pepper to taste. Mix, roll in egg and then in cracker crumbs, and fry in lard.

BROTHER JONATHON.—Fill a two quart basin two-thirds full of pared apples, add one gill of water; cover the apples with bread dough three-fourths of an inch, leaving fully one inch between it and the top of the basin. Put on the range, cover closely with a tin plate, and set a flat-iron on the plate to keep it in place; when it begins to boil, set it where it will boil slowly three quarters of an hour; turn upside down on a platter, and serve with cream and sugar.

INDIAN PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—Seven tablespoonsful of meal, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonsful each, cinnamon and ginger. Stir into these ingredients one quart of boiling milk; mix well, pour into a buttered dish, just before setting in the oven stir in a teacupful of cold water; bake three quarters of an hour.

NUTRITOUS FOOD.—One pound of rice, prepared for the table, gives eighty-eight per cent. of nutriment, and, consequently, a relatively proportional ability to labor, compared with other articles of food. A pound of beef costing fifteen cents, gives only twenty-five per cent. of nutriment. Yet countless numbers of the poor in New York, strain a point daily to purchase beef at fifteen cents a pound, when they could get a pound of rice for one-third the amount, the rice, too, having three times as much nutriment as beef, making a practical difference of eight hundred per cent., aside from the fact that boiled rice is three times easier of digestion than roast beef, the rice being digested in about one hour, roast beef requiring three hours and a half. There is meaning, then, in the reputed fact that two-fifths of the human family live on rice.

We compile the following table for preservation, as being practically and permanently useful. All the economist requires is to compare the price of a pound of food with the amount of nutriment which it affords.

Kind of food.	Mode of preperation.	Percentage of nutriment.
Oils	raw	95
Peas	boiled	93
Barley	boiled	92
Corn bread	baked	91
Wheat bread	baked	90
Rice	boiled	88
Beans	boiled	87
Rye bread	baked	79
Oatmeal	porridge	74
Mutton	broiled	30
Plums	raw	29
Grapes	raw	27
Beef	raw	26
Poultry	roast	26
Pork	roast	24
Veal	fried	24
Venison	broiled	22
Codfish	boiled	21
Eggs	whipped	13
Apples	raw	10
Milk	raw	7
Turnips	boiled	4
Melons	raw	3
Cucumber	raw	2

—*Herald of Health.*

HASH.—Corned beef is always best but the hash is good when made of cold roast beef, mutton, or fowls. A roast beef bone will often have on it meat enough, when there is not enough for the table in any other form. It should be boiled in a very little water (and the water saved to moisten it) until the meat loosens from the bones; then chopped with twice the amount of cold potatoes, seasoned with salt and pepper, and moistened before putting on the fire. The spider with a little butter or drippings in it, should be boiling hot, the hash put on and covered until a light brown crust has formed; then turned over on the platter and served.

Grease spots may be removed from wall paper by putting clean blotting-paper over them and pressing it with a hot iron.

Dont fill the gash with soot, sugar, or anything else to arrest the hemorrhage when you cut yourself, but bring the parts together with strips of adhesive plaster.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

Go to bed. Take off your clothes, including underwear. Lay a wet towel (so it won't drip) over your chest. Wrap yourself up in a soft, warm blanket. Put another over that, then pile more on that. Then quilts. Become a huge roll, with only the head exposed. A living mummy. Mind that these wraps must be tightly about you, especially about the neck so that no warm air may escape. You must be rigidly tucked in from head to foot. You must be hermetically sealed, so far as blankets can seal you. Now you are in for it. The object is to make you sweat. Sweating is nature's effort to burn out her chimneys and make them "draw." The operation may not be pleasant. You will feel very hot and uncomfortable, and you will feel hot waves roll up and down your body. You will experience smothering sensations, and all manner of miseries of this character. The more nervous, sensitive and imaginative you are the more misery. Minutes stretch into hours. The forces inside of you are working to throw the dead matter out. If you have hovering about you any friends who have recommended this treatment and who are doing all they can for you, you will regard them as friends. You will burn inside for half an hour or more. Then you will begin to sweat. You will want to have the treatment over a few minutes after you commence sweating. Your friends will tell you you must remain "In pack" longer, much longer, possibly an hour. You will put yourself down as a martyr and a hero for every minute you remain in the blankets. If you do stay an hour you are a hero or heroine as the sex may determine. Now jump out and sponge the body lightly and quickly all over with cold water, put on your flannels, jump into bed again and cover with the ordinary amount of bed clothing. You are in a comparative heaven. The throat or lung soreness is diminished or gone entirely. The cough is no longer hard, but loose, the expectoration freer. You feel no longer as if you were bringing up tacks and brass filings. The skin chimneys and flues are cleared out. The draught is restored and the fires of life burn freely.—New York *Graphic.*

Clear boiling water will remove tea stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent it spreading over the fabric.

There is a lady in Fresno—a married lady, and the mother of several children—who is probably one of the greatest, if not absolutely the greatest, living whistler. Her whistling powers are really phenomenal, and are attracting a great deal of attention. It seems to be more of a gift than an accomplishment. Yet she whistles the most difficult music from memory, with perfect accuracy. She can reach the lowest or the highest notes with perfect ease, and her whistling has a peculiarly clear and musical tone utterly foreign to the ordinary whistle. She occasionally whistles at private gatherings, and all who have heard her express the greatest delight and astonishment. She renders the "Mocking Bird," with variations, in a manner that would put to shame the feathered songster itself. She whistles her children to sleep; indeed, whistles on all occasions when other people sing.—*Republican.*

The recent formation of societies for the cremation of the dead in New Orleans, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston shows that the reform is rapidly spreading, and that before long the method of the disposition of the dead will be radically changed.

Everybody in the world is made the poorer by everything that is wasted, and no one so much as he who wastes, for he experiences a waste of character as well as of property.

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The above beautiful set of jewels Marietta Lizzie Beers Bell-Stow puts up for $1,000, at $1 a ticket, to cancel the mortgage on the S. S. S. College of Industry .Pin 1st prize, earrings 2d. The founder of this College, for women and girls, makes it *national* for reasons which will be explained in the future. As soon as the mortgage, which was made to raise money to pay for the outfit of the HERALD office, is canceled, she will make a trust deed of the property "IN PERPETUITY TO INDUSTRY." Whoever, from this date, until all the tikets are sold, sends $1,50 for a single ticket shall have a copy of the H. OF I. for one year, also, and whoever sends $5 for five tickets, at one time will have the paper for a year, and for ten tickets three copies. Ten per cent commission will be allowed for the sale of tickets. There are no *choice* of numbers. Every name, No. of ticket and residence will be continuously published in the HERALD, and the raffle will be held at a special public meeting of the S. S. S.

This property, Mrs. Stow's "Homestead," and the only thing which she saved from the jaws of the Probate Court, is a modern built mansion, which has 14 rooms: Lot 30x127½, situated in one of the choicest blocks in San Francisco, and is valued at $ 10,000. The improvements alone cost that amount.

The pin has 34 stones and the earrings 9, each, making 52 brilliants, exquisitely mounted in enamel and gold. The object is such a commendable one that all scruples, in regard to raffling, should be thrown aside, and 1, 5, or 25 tickets secured immediately. Registered letters and money orders, with No. of ticket, will be promptly acknowledged. The jewels were on exhibition at the *first* Grand Triennial Conclave of the Social Science Sisterhood of America and International Dress Reform Exhibition, held at Ixora Hall, San Francisco, Sep. 4th 1883. The beautiful set was greatly admired by the large audience, especially the pin which cost $600 in Paris.

FORM OF BEQUEST.—I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to the Lady Managers of of the "S. S. S. College of Industry," in the city and county of San Francisco, state of California the sum of.....dollars, or real or personal property, to be applied to the uses thereof.

☞ MRS. STOW'S PHOTO'S.—Boudoir (full length) in Tripple S costume, 50c. cabinet 35c.—*post paid.* Remember, friends, that these are sold for the benefit of the S. S. S. College of Industry, where women and girls are taught self-help—made independent of the world's scorn or pity.

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SHALL WE RETURN TO ARCHAIC DIET?

There are in several parts of our country persons who have adopted what is called the "Edenic diet," or the use of uncooked food. They are strict vegetarians, as might be inferred, and by many of our inteilligent readers they might be accounted a class of extremists, who do not realize how ridiculous they appear to "sensible" folks. If we can believe all these "Edenic" people say, we are forced to the conclusion that uncooked wheat, barley, oats, and corn, and the different fruits, nuts, roots, and other comestibles of the garden are best for some, if not *all*, types of organization. With our experience in the comparative use of vegetable and animal food in memory, we can understand how a colony of sympathetic people, settled in a soft, frugiverous climate like that of southern California. may succeed in making life not only tolerable, but pleasant, on a diet of raw cereals, fruits, nuts, and the variety of sapid vegetables that a California garden, well tilled will yield. We may be inclined, however, to doubt the expediency of such an experiment in a less genial region, say like that of New York State, where one cannot obtain supplies of fresh fruits and vegetables at all seasons, and cannot depend absolntely upon the grocer for keeping his pantry stocked with the farinaceæ in as fresh a state as they should be. Yet, we know a few persons here in the city of New York who have given the system a trial in part, and are earnest in avowing their confidence in its merits as remedial to disease, and promotive of physical and mental vigor. A man who descends from a family of inveterate flesh-eaters and has for a generation or more made beef, mutton, pork, etc., the chief constituents of his fare, can not be expected to change his manner of eating readily. He could not do it without suffering grevious constitutional disturbance, any more than the arsenic or opium-eater can stop his daily habit without soon afterward suffering the poisonous effects of the drug. Time, more or less, according to the constitutional assimilation, must be allowed for a gradual change from one form of diet to another radically different, and the procedure of change requires perseverance and patience which very few people—scarcely one in ten thousand, it may be said—who consider themselves robust and strong on a flesh diet would exhibit. This is the reason that vegetarians, when questioned, are found, as a class, to have been invalids in earlier life, and were led to the adoption of the farinaceous diet in the hope of finding relief and cure. Why should the hearty, vigorous beef-eater make a change? He affirms with strong expression that he feels "well enough," and that when he's broken down by an over-stimulated system, has intimations of liver enlargement, kidney inflammation, heart irregularity,etc., it will be time enough to try "slop victuals.—*Phrenological Journal.*

SEXUAL ETHICS.

The fact that the ovaries are dormant, the uterus closed, is evidence to my mind that amative desire in woman during pregnancy is abnormal and should be treated as abnormal conditions are. Fevers are abnormal. Are they not? Do physicians use stimulants in such cases? Dr.E.B. Foote, in his admirable work,"Medical Common Sence," says the" nerve forces are drawn to those organs most active during utero-gestation" and attributes the size of the generative organs of new born infants to this overstimulation of sex forces. Will not this fact attest the possibility of sexual abnormalities?

becomes an excitant,and this disturbance of the nerve forces is transmissible to offspring. This has been a My opinion is that the zoosperm deposited where Nature cannot use it, fruitful cause in devoloping amorous activities,and sex union has been placed above the holy office of parenthood. There is nothing in Naure's laws to prove that sex union during pregnancy is normal — much to disprove it. Fowler,in"Creative Power," says, "all Nature cries against it. If it was,the animals below man would fulfill the law." I could not tell you in so short an article how many wives have confided to me facts about the coercion they have been under during their married life. A midwife whom I met lately tells me that several of her patrons confibed to her that their husbands had to have their selfish desires gratfied before they would go for help. Du Chaillu says the gorrila never molests the pregnant female. What shall we say of the civilized animal who forces his wife to submit in the sacred hours of maturnity?

I have learned further that there is more activity of the fœtus after coition (whether desired or not by the wife),causing hours of wakefulness—evidence, I think, that Nature revolts against it, and, therefore, the desire is abnormal.

It seems to me, the higher we go in the scale of types and forms the purer the sexual relations—the more exalteb the spiritual forces should be, and it can only be attained through study of obedience to Nature's devine laws. With Rev.Jesse Jones I would say,Let us have a Sacred Order of the Mother of Jesus,wherein women may attain and fulfil a holy maturnity.—CHARLOTTE LUCE, in *Health Monthly.*

CREMATION OF THE FUTURE.

It is not a disagreable journey upon which we propose to take our readers. It is to witness the final disposition of a friends remains in the ideal crematory of the future—science having already perfected the mechanical appliance necessary in conducting it in the way we describe. Our friend has died, and through the usual announcements, we learn that the last rights will be performed in the columbarium at a given hour. Repairing thither at the appointed time, we first pass through a grove of stately trees, the soothing murmur of whose rustling leaves brings peace and quiet into the hearts of those who mourn and gather to pay the last tribute. Within the grove stands a massive building of gray masonry, whose architecture shows no striving after oramnental effect, and whose solid proportions give a sense of eternal permanency. A few small windows in the simple frieze which crowns its walls do not destroy this effect, and their plain stained-glass clashes in no wise with the harmony of color between the sky, the trees and the gray stone of the temple of rest. About the Doric pillars of its portico green vines twine fondly, as if they, too, would do their share in robbing death of all its hideousness. To this, loving hands have brought the body of our friend. No coffin lends its horror to this journey from the earthly home to here, where eternal sleep awaits him. A flower-strewn-bier gives poetic carriage for this short and final journey. Entering the broad portal, the soft deep notes of an organ charm the ear. The eye takes in a most imposing sight. The entire interior of the building is one impressive room, with walls, floor, ceiling, all of white and spotless marble. The view is not a dazzling one, for the light is subdued and comes in varied color through the windows at the top. On either side of the chamber stand a few memorial statues—real works of art—each one of them keeping alive the memory of some one who in his life was either good or great. Many of the marble slabs in the sides and floor of the temple bear in plain, sunken letters a name and two dates. Behind or beneath them are niches containing urns, where rest the pure white ashes of the beloved dead. On a simple dais in the middle of the room lies the body of our beloved friend. The hour has come, and about it are gathered those who knew and loved him while he lived. The scene, the surroundings, the subdued music of the organ, the absence of everything to jar upon the taste or senses, brings on a mood of solemn contemplation. No thought of physical corruption jars upon our memories of the dead. The opening words of the speaker are said, a hidden choir chants harmoniously of hope and life, and now the end has come. With the words "ashes to ashes" a white pall is thrown over the dais and we have looked upon our friend for the last time. The dais noiselessly sinks from sight, a short hour is spent in listening to a funeral oration or in contemplation, until the dais, still covered with the pall, rises from below. The pall removed, we see upon the dais an urn—provided beforehand, and containing the ashes of our friend. This is now sealed into one of the niches, and the ceremony is over. This is not pure imagination. Modern invention has robbed incineration of all of its objectionable features. Never till of late years could the world so well or simply solve the problem of what to do with its dead. The whole process can be carried on as we have pictured, and without a single revolting feature in any part of it.—*The Modern Age.*

A DYSPEPTIC MINISTER.—Men and women, in the name of Christian charity, in the name of common humanity, rise, and by every means in your power, with all your mind and with all your soul, rescue the perishing victims of intemperance. See, here comes one with a pale face and lustreless eyes. His eyes are set in agony he may not describe. His steps are slow, and the dull throbbing of a heavy headache beats at his temple like a muffled drum. Ten years ago his form was erect, his eyes were bright, his heart was light as thistle down: he knew what a headache was only by hearing people speak of it. See him to-day! His days are drowsy and his nights are sleepless, and gaiety is a weariness to him. And what has made this wreck of manhood? Intemperance! Too much hot bread and too many late suppers. Dyspepsia; that's what's the matter.

Had this man been a temperate eater, he would be a healthy man today. But he said, "I can take care of myself. When I find that hot bread and eleven o' clock suppers are harming me, I will let them alone." Ah, he thought he could. But look at him now. And the curse of his intemperance does not fall upon him alone. No, indeed. You should see his poor family hunt for dark corners when the dyspepsia is unusually strong on the old man. And yet he is not a bad man. No; he is a minister of the gospel. He is a good man, but he has the dyspepsia. And a truly good man with the dyspepsia will say as ill-natured things about people as will a bad man with his skin ful of whisky; howbeit the good man will not swear and says his ill-natured things in a more refined way. Let us, deep in our hearts, ever cherish a profound pity for the victim of intemperate eating who is bound in the chains of dyspepsia. And let us vote for a constitutional amendment forever prohibiting the manufacture of shortcake and hot bread in Iowa, save only for exportation.—Burlington *Hawkeye.*

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SONG OF THE TOILER.

Joy to the Toiler!—him that tills
The fields with Plenty crowned;
Him with the woodman's ax that thrills
The wilderness profound;
Him that all day doth sweating bend
In the fierce furnace heat:
And her whose cunning fingers tend
On loom and spindle fleet!
A prayer more than the prayer of saint,
A faith no fate can foil,
Lives in the heart that shall not faint
In time-long task of Toil.

A bliss the sluggard never knows
Deep in his heart shall spring,
Whose life flows as the tide-wave flows—
Creation's antheming!
Whose ceaseless din of labor charms
Like new-world's primal song;
As grows his swart and sinewy arms,
His soul grows free and strong:
Till over all a glory springs
On mine and mill and soil,
And the stern destiny that brings
A heritage of Toil.

Peace to the troubled years agone!
Their darkest day is set,
Though round the ages' rosy dawn
The shadows linger yet;
Full many a wondrous work is wrought,
More wondrous yet to be
Than flashing of undying Thought
Across the unfathomed sea:
And lo! the mystery that sleeps
In Magian Serpent's coil—
The lightnings in the vasty deeps
Chained to the car of Toil!

Roll up the full-orbed Freedom-star
To light Earth's desert fields;
Affright the solitudes afar
With sound of rolling wheels,
Thou fiery steed whose fearful neigh
Wakes wide our sovereign Land!
Thou mighty triumph of To-day
From Labor's cunning hand!
Thy argosies no storms betide,
No tempest's wrath may spoil;
For all unheeding wind or tide,
Thou tread'st thy path of Toil.

The Giant Slave that may not tire,
But work the long day through
With thews of steel and lungs of fire,
Has other tasks to do
Than delve the mine or rive the hill
Or wind the furnace glow,
Or drive the plane, the forge, the mill,—
To plow and reap and sow!
Till none shall walk with aching feet,
With weary trudge and droil,
But kingly proud as seemeth meet
The royal sons of Toil.

The mighty sinew powers that wait
In earth and sea and air,
Shall tireless early toil and late—
Our menial burdens bear;
Their iron feet still fleeter flee—
Our errands speed apace,
Till only Art and Science be
The Helots of the Race!
The Toiler's glorious destiny
No more to drudge and moil;
His labor loving labor be—
Serene, untiring Toil.

Joy to the Toiler everywhere!
Still let his hand be plied;
Wide plant the rose to blossom fair
In many a desert wide;
A richer blessing year by year
Win from old mother Earth;
A purer household alter rear
By the endearing hearth:
Let wiser Thought to Labor given
Redeem lost Eden's soil;
Then fair shall bloom the Flowers of Heaven
In the sweet Homes of Toil.

—Benjamin Hathaway.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: Communications over a FOURTH of a column long put in the form of articles, NOT letters.

ANAHEIM, March 8-84.

MRS. J. W. STOW:

In reply to your letter of inquiry just received, as to "why we discontinued the use of uncooked food," and returned to a partially cooked regimen, I would say, that for upwards of four years we gave it a thorough trial, adhering strictly to it without using any condiments, milk or butter, or any animal substances, sticking closely to fruits, nuts, grains and vegatables in their raw state. Our findings were simply these, adults lost weight and flesh at the commencement and became negative and wanting in vim and energy; after awhile, the strong partially regained vim and weight, others never did, i. e., those that were weaker and more sensitive. The children seemed to thrive and be very healthy on it, but did not grow. It kept them stunted, like a tree that needs more nourishment. It has a powerful effect on the passional or sexual nature, and may be recommended as a great aid to a continent life. If pursued for any lengthened period, say 10 to 20 years, it would doubtless remove or take away the procreative power.

It cleanses the system and keeps it free from disease, and will doubtless cure many phases thereof. It is more suited to mental and spiritual workers than for those who have physical work to do. We all found it a great pleasure and relief to lay it aside and resume a plain cooked vegatarian diet once more. Upon doing so we regained in weight, and at once the children, who had been standing still, shot up in growth, like mushrooms in a hot-bed, and they to this day entertain such a prejudice against it, that we could not get them to return to it on any account.

We never put on our table anything that comes from the animal, neither eggs, nor butter, nor milk, we use salt when desirable, and to preserve olives, which we grow, and esteem as an excellent article of diet, eaten with good bread alone; we use cloves to season our evaporated pears and root sugar in our canned figs, a most delicious and nutritious food. We have a Plummer Patent fruit evaporator and dry our fruits to perfection.

The uncooked diet has a different effect upon different constitutions. One young man it made so cross, angular and emaciated that it was a positive injury to him, but being a new thing and having caught the infection, his will kept him at it till he left us. Mrs. H. did not suffer from the use of it, but became very thin and had she not decided to give it up when she did, she would doubtless have become thin enough to be invisible by this time. She and others of us gained about 12 lbs. in a few weeks after using bread, potatoes and other cooked substances, and it seemed as if our vitality and spirits became more buoyant and we enjoyed life better. Bread (graham) and plain well cooked potatoes seemed to be the sweetest food we ever had eaten after not touching them for 4 years. But the ascetic will sneer and say: That is only a gratification of a sensual appetite. What else is it to eat a fine pear, peach or fig? Simply taking what your system craves or your desire prompts you to.

The minds of the children become very bright and their intellects clear, on the natural diet, but I think it was at the expense of the body. I feel sure that as a race, we should deteriorate, by its universal adoption. In cases of disease (which is an abnormal condition) it would in many instances prove beneficial where every other means would fail. We must go slow on the many beautiful theories that afflict the world. This is an age of light, of knowledge, and we should carefully prove all things, and hold fast only that which is good. The gorilla and chipanzee can doubtless live and thrive on an uncooked diet, but it is highly probable that his, the monkey's, physical laboratory (stomach) may be able to extract elements and assimilate them, which the higher organism of man cannot. We must not go backward to prove what man should be now—he must be a law unto himself. We are all just as healthy now as we were while living on uncooked food; this is a strong point. We are situated amid the healthiest conditions and surroundings, therefore we can scarcely be considered in a position to know what might happen under other conditions. Setting all fine spun theories aside, and coming down to actual practice and experience, I find the highest, best thing is, moderation in quantity and to use a plain hygienically cooked grain and pulse diet, interspersed with fruits, and nuts, and vegatables (the latter well cooked); to use these temperately, not to take at a meal a mixture of substances dissimilar, to a greater extent than four. Too much variety of substances at one meal distresses the digestive power; two dissimilar elements such as graham bread and oranges are the healthiest, easiest digested and the best. White bread and apples for others. Such a diet will not fail to produce the most comfortable physical harmony, the Kingdom of Heaven ruling the body.

Let those who are brave and indomitable enough to put away from them the contracted and inherited weaknesses, which tend to self-indulgence and its long list of inharmonious consequences step to the front in the practice of this pure and simple form of life, and great will be their reward. It will come to them in the musical action of every function of the bodily structure, and peace of heart and mind will flow from the fact that their life will be an example that must and will, help others out of much that now produces pain and disease in them; for no one can be oblivious of the fact that the world is needing more than anything, examples of strength, simplicity, purity and self-denial. Society, as a whole, seems to be losing the power to practice that which is universally admitted to be good and true. Creeds and dogmas, theories and philosophies, are lauded to the skies and worshiped in prayer, in poetry and song, while the simple living and practising the truth we know, stands in abeyance with folded arms and downcast looks waiting to be recognized.

Truly Yours,
GEO. R. HINDE.

NORTHFIELD.

DEAR MRS. STOW:

Enclosed please find renewal of my subscription to the HERALD. I hope it will be *one* among hundreds that will be successful through life's voyage in doing much good towards promulgating truths; *never* flinching from advocating the downfall of slavery of whatever form or nature, though the inquisition may stare you in the face. Solicit and plead with unabated zeal, for equal rights for every citizen, and justice for every man, woman and child.

Sincerely Yours,
MRS. S. J. LENONT.

MEMPHIS, TENN., March 26-84.

MY DEAR MRS. STOW:

I have intended to write to you ever since I came home but have been prevented by press of business. I left Bloomington quite unexpectedly as I was offered this position sooner than I thought I would be. I received the HERALD, for which receive my heartfelt thanks. As a girl, and one who has no one but herself to depend upon for a living, I must thank you for the noble work you are doing. I do not think that any class of people need the aid and cheering words of such noble women as yourself, as much as do girls with their own future to look out for. You can never know just how much good you do till you reach that bright Home that I am sure was created for such noble women. I suppose you will be interested in hearing what I am doing. I graduated from the College and was thinking of looking for a position, when Mr. Menken heard that I was a fine stenographer and meeting my mother he asked her if I wanted work. She said I did, and he wrote me. So I have as nice a position as anyone could have. I do all the correspondence for the firm, about one to two hundred letters a day. I receive many compliments and words of praise from my employer for the correct and satisfactory manner in which I do my work. I am the only woman in the office, and I think I have fully proven that women may work with men and do men's work. Women will always be treated with the greatest respect by men, if they deserve it. I hope you have carried out your intention of teaching shorthand to your girls. I certainly think that it is the nicest and best paying work that women can do—that is if they do not mind work. It requires patient study and hard work to learn, but it will give good returns for the time and labor spent upon it. I cannot say to much for the beauties of the Eclectic system. It is so far superior to the other systems that I have written that I am more and more in love with it every day.

With sincere wishes for your continued prosperity, and thanks for your kindness to me, I am,

Very truly,
ANNA C. PARHAM.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ECLECTIC SHORTHAND: Writing by principles instead of arbitrary signs, for general use and general reporting. By J. Geo. Cross, M. A. Griggs and Co., Chicago, Publishers. Price $2.

Prof. Cross is evidently an enthusiast in his chosen field of labor, in the great vineyard of humanity. Commercial College, Bloomington, Ill., is fortunate in possessing such a worker, who has simmered down his enthusiasm (It was enthusiasm which took Stanley thru the African jungles.) into so practical and useful a form as the book under review. Many witnesses testify that by his system shorthand can be mastered in three months time. The *Chicago Times* says, "It is unquestionably the most thoroughly intelligent and philosophical system of shorthand writing which has been devised. As near perfection as is permitted to human devices to attain, and better adapted to self-instruction than any other system in use." Jennie A. Wells, Stenographer to the McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., Chicago, says she learned the beautiful system in two months time, under the personal instruction of Prof. Cross, and she most heartily commends it as just the thing for practical work. Prof. Yearger, Pres. of Phil. Col. of Shorthand, says, "After using Pitman and Graham's Systems for 30 years, am so fully persuaded of the great superiority of Cross' that I have been using it in my classes for the past 4 years. It is by far the simplest, briefest, most legible and easily acquired mode of swift writing extant." Stenography opens up a broad, and comparatively new, field to women. It pays well and *experts* are never idle. Here is the publishers endorsement:—We are glad to say that this book has been received with very marked favor in all parts of the country, and such has been the demand for it that we have already issued the 7th Edition.

TYPE-WRITER LESSONS, for the use of Teachers and Learners; adapted to Remington's Perfected Type-Writers. Mrs. M. V. Longley, Cincinnati, O. Price 50c.

This pamphlet consists of twelve Lessons, large type, in which the proper fingering of each word is definitely indicated by a figure under each letter, with corresponding exercises and sentences; including, also, Forms of Business Correspondence, Invoices, Accounts of Sales, and Legal Papers, Testimony, Judges charges, etc.

In the Preface Mrs. Longley says: Anyone can sit down to a type-writer, and by striking the keys, print words, just as anyone can, by striking the keys of a piano, sound the notes of a tune; but to strike the keys of the type-writer, in a way that will make the most perfect work the most rapidly, requires experience, or the advice and instruction of those who have given the subject special attention.

Until the present time, except in large cities, each person owning or using one of these instruments has had to gain this experience for himself by slow and uncertain steps, plodding along as best he can, employing but one or two fingers of each hand, instead of utilizing all as piano-players do.

Realizing the need of a more thorough system of instruction than she has been able to find in the market, the writer, early in her experience as type-writer instructor, began by preparing the lessons for her pupils on the machine as she needed them. Subsequently these were graded and arranged in progressive order; and to enable the learner to practice correctly, in the absence of the teacher, the proper fingering of the words was indicated by figures. Finding these exercises exceedingly useful to herself, as teacher, as well as to her pupils, she has concluded to put them in print for the benefit essially, of those having machines who are out of reach of personal instruction, and for the use of such instructors as may have nothing better of their own.

This most useful little work is endorsed by the leading professors of Stenography in the U. S. and Canada. Prof. Cross says, "Mrs. Longley's instruction book is invaluable." Brown & Holland, (*Shorthand News*) say, "The lessons are clear, concise and well arranged. We heartily recommend them to everyone who wishes to learn the use of the type-writer."

Mrs. Abigail Scott Dunniway, a favorite at the Convention, has delivered 1,750 speeches during the last thirteen years, in Oregon; has edited a weekly paper which ranks second to none on the Pacific Slope, and has raised to manhood six sons, all of whom are educated, non-drinking, non-tobacco using. One daughter, who is pronounced the "handsomest woman in Oregan," is the wife of a true husband. Mr. Duinniway is a gentleman of influence, and ably seconds his wife's efforts. Who will say Mrs. Dunniway ought not to vote?—[X.

I have a belief of my own, and it comforts me, that by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is and cannot do what we would, we are part of a divine power against evil, widening the skirts of a light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower.—*George Elliot.*

The best friend is Knowledge.

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ELMINA'S
ADVERTISEMENT.

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Specimens of *Herald of Health, Health monthly Herald of Industry, Alpha, Truth Seeker, Iconoclast, Thinker, Liberal, Queen Bee, Lucifer, Blade, Investigator* and *Matrimonial Review*, 6c each, or six specimen copies 25c. Six tracts 7c. Photos of noted Liberals 15c, each, and any books you may desire at publisher's prices. ☞ Postage stamps taken.

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MADAME BROWNJOHN

Court Milliner and Dressmaker

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Agents Wanted.

TO NEWSPAPER AGENTS.

To persons getting up clubs for the HERALD, we will allow them to retain 50 per cent. of the subscription price of the paper in the way of a commission. Newspaper agents and others throughout the United States and Canada will please take notice of the above offer and send us the names of new subscribers.

AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE AND THE SCIENCE COSTUME.

Outline of Women's Sanitary Efforts Thro' Dres Reform, in the U. S., Commencing in 1850.

No. 8.

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.

For the Herald.

He said he had no license to supply transients, and was limited there. I said he had a right to keep friends, and friends had a right to pay for keeping so he would lose nothing in means, and gain much in self justification, for to increase the cruelties of that vilely eventful night would lodge a memory hard to carry. He seemed not to note any obligation, and no one offered a word. Continuing, I said "please consider that I am a stranger here; you must hav learned it is a strange city even among its acquaintances, and how difficult it is to find accomodations by day, how next to impossible, by a moonles night. There are many proper ways to shelter me here, I cannot go forth til light." He stil dissented, and I asked if there was a Mrs. R. He said yes, and pointing her out at another table, said "she can keep you if she please." Turning to a table of women, I said to her, "if labor and trouble ar in the way, I need make very little, am so healthy, can sleep in a chair, lock me in if you choose, you wil be rewarded." She said he could act his choice, and if he would not comply, should throw nothing on her. Bandying the case between them showed me it was lost, and I appealed to the women boarders—told them their rooms were at their disposal, and single women could treat me as a friend, and sel me the protection of their room ten hours, be in no way incommoded, but bles themselves.

At that point a person asked to see the costume pamphlet he had heard of, and many examined and purchased it. Rising from table they were loquacious and curious, and with the seeming that some woman would shelter me, my cheery mood was responsiv to questions, but the clock struck nine and reminded of uncertainties, when I said the woman who wil befriend me please manifest the fact; then if you wish to urge quries, I wil reply an hour. No one responded, and I said, "Is it possible that no one wil harbor my head to-night?" They said, "we cannot." To Mrs. R. I said "must I leave this house before day break?" "You must," was decisiv; I flashed good by, and flew. The clerk, indignant at such callousnes, went with me down the rocky steps to the road, and directed me the best he could. By dim lamps I walked a mile, may be two, calling at every house, all were ful, and no one knew of any other. Finaly I said to a man, "this course has got to change, I am not going to travel all night begging for a few feet of floor and roof. I know there ar whole souls in this fungus of wealth and heartlesnes, and wil leave the mansions for the markets; but is there only one hotel in this town four miles long?" He said there was a new and good one on the R. R. it was a long way off, but a short way if I dare cross to another street down a gorge-like ally, at the foot of which the Morgan House lamp was in near view. He could not accompany, but gave clear directions.

He tho't nothing would alarm me, the dogs being at home. I met only darknes in the woody narrows, and when on the Morgan House steps the clock struck ten. The woman was gone to revival meeting, and the man gave me a clean room with all comforts. I had not wept or trembled in those three *immortal* hours, but after contemplations had tears of self-pity. The day had bin warm—I washed the dust from my flesh, took an apple and cracker as the wisest supper, and was soon in a sleep that did not break til the breakfast call was rapped on my door. Did not see the host again, but the hostes said I could stop there. That day I went to explore the state of mind on the main busines street. Found the same average intelligence that I did the day before among residents not over pretentious. But among children the discipline was so loose they trampled on each other. A smart policeman told me they so blockaded the street that some Indians recently calling there could not pass. He urged me to write for the town papers, and show parents and ignorant policemen their duties. While on that street Mrs. W. who saw me passing invited me in, caled the tenants in her building who had expresed a wish to see me. They had their talk, took the pamphlet and retired. Mrs. W. was noble and true; natural frankes soon made us familiar, and I related my last nights story. She much regretted we had not met the day before and made the understanding that would hav spared the evening's agonies. On going to the Morgan house at night, the woman said she had concluded not to let me stay. I asked her to "be frank and inform me about the emissaries sent after me, and before, for they reached the Peabody house before me; it had become evident that there was a demon, or a clan of them, who resolved I should find no lodgings there, and the people were slavish enuf to be their dupes. I then read in clear characters the mysteries looming in the clouds monday morning, and whether the imps were superstition's or fashion's panders, they could not pres me to the depot. I would go when I'd learned more about *them*." She neither confesed nor denied that a scheme was operating, but eyes ar truer than tongues and I tho,t hers betrayed knowledge of the secret when she said, "some say you ar a man in woman's clothes, some that you ar a woman in man's clothes, which am I to believe?" I answered, "neither, for you know both falsify, and realy believe, as you do, that I am a clean, true woman in my own clothes; they both refute and convict each other; and if you can discern a little farther, you wil see their duplicity and hidden opposition to me, points to my justification—the diffused knowledge of the scientific call for this reform, is justification. But you need only keep me to-night." She roused as if with effort, saying "I wil not keep you this night." "What, after your morning agrement prevented my securing any other place?" I said in surprise. "Yes" she snarled, "after every thing, your reason, complacence, and plots or no plots, darknes or no darknes."

In reply to her increasing rabidness, I said, "Fortunatrly I have met a true sister here, and can go to her welcome door any time; but it is vicious and shameful under the circumstances, to oblige me to go alone this dark evening:" and I said good night, and started. She called me back, and said I could stay. I told her because I had no spite to vent, and because of my deep dread of dogs and strange streets at night, I could stay. She did not give me the room the man gave, but charged much more for a poor one. When day light showed its filthiness, I exclaimed, "These human depravities stimulate philanthropy, and loudly call for my work!" Let it be noted that she did not call me back because she relented, but because I knew where to go, and would not be exposed to awful trial. After two such evenings, Wednesday morning found me early at Mrs. W's relating how clearly circumstances had revealed a plot to force me immediately from the city. It was most likely laid by those pecuniarily interested in fashion and its adjuncts; yet all the tyranies ar based in woman's bondage, and all tyrants oppose all phases of her liberty. When wil women knowing this, put on the nobility of truth? Mrs. W could see this and stand faithfully by me, but had not the power to remold her life. She took me to a pleasant room, and told me to make it my home as long as I pleased; to go to her parlor and table at my pleasure, feel wholly unrestrained, and when ready to travel, pay her what seemed to me right. Staid ten days, investigated minds and motives among the *elite* and the lowly; was invited to dinner by the wealthy; appeared pleasant, tho smiles may have covered instigated hatred and usage-instiled prejudices. No further effort to prevent my stay was apparent; I left many copies of the hygienic essay and preaching enuf to last until fashion is known to be obscene; and stil think courage to resist evil, and take the right to be good, is better than to be tamely driven by hidden mobs or reckles vanity, allowing vice unquestioned sway.

In 1878 I attended a large convention at Watkins Glen, N. Y. At the first session the chairman announced that a man had complained to him that a woman was present arrayed in men's clothes. He wished it understood that fre thot and speech were invited there, and that fre action, if good, would certainly be tolerated. If any woman present were fre to cloth themselves more naturaly and comfortably than in the sickly fashion of the majorities, that convention was fre and just enuf to sustain them. That authoritativ remark by a man to a large audience was explosiv freedom, and did more good than many long speeches, perhaps more than all that were made there: a thousand women's faces were immediately transformed and transfused as with the light of new hope and joy; and brave men's features glowed their thanks for the timely expression. Only four women were there in reformed attire, but hundreds with reformed ideas, who anxiously inquired of dres reform prospects.

With the doors of our churches closed six-sevenths of the time, with our church parlors too well furnished to afford hospitable entertainment to women's clubs, temperance meetings, etc., etc., who can wonder that "the little ones," whom the Master confided to our care, continue to seek the protection of the saloon, where light, warmth, music, and a "free lunch" are provided. Woman's voice is hushed in church councils, woman's method not included in practical reforms of the church, woman's spiritual insight and rich spiritual experience not recoginized, and woman, the church and humanity—our poor, motherless, half-orphaned humanity-wanders on in spiritual darkness, and much that hurts and destroys remains "in all God's holy mountain."

Women, the question is not, "Have you all the rights you want?" The question of vital importance to the peace, purity, temperance, and morality of the world is, "Have you all the rights you could use and consecrate to the sinning, suffering world?"

ELIZABETH BOYNTON HARBERT.

Woman's proper place is whatever and wherever she can make it. Liberty, that crown and flower of civilization, is as good for woman as for man. It is as safe, too, though you don't know it. If she have it she will learn how to use it. In industrial and professional avocations women ought to be free to do what they like, with no body's interference. They will never do what they cannot do, rest assured. Ought women to preach? They ought to do exactly as they please about it.—*Eliza Archard.*

We oppose woman suffrage everywhere and always; for when woman has the ballot, she will vote solid for prohibition: and the women's vote is the last hope of the prohibitionist.—The liquor dealers national convention in 1880.

To be like others is to be unlike yourself. Nothing is more degrading than servile imitation.

MARY E. TILLOTSON'S SCIENCE COSTUME.

INTERNATIONAL DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY.

MARY E. TILLOTSON. Vineland, N. J. "Have worn the Science Costume for more than 30 years, everywhere."

ABBIE KNAPP, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich. "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, Bloomfield, N. J. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home for several years."

MRS. E. M. KING, Hon. Secritary of the Rational Dress Association, London, Eng., wears the "Divided Skirt" and short overdress and jacket.

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

EMELINE A. PRESCOT, Hollowell, Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

ALEXIS LE BEUF, SAN JACINTO, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. DOANE, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Washington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I a lopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

CAROLINE B. KEESE, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29 years of age, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

MARTHA S. SEVERANCE, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 30 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

MARIETTA LIZZIE BEERS BELL-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S costume: Trousers and kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

MARY DODDS, M. D., St. Louis, Mo., has worn a Trouser-dress for years, everywhere.

MARY E. LUCAS, M. D., Newfield, N. J., "Have worn the Short Dress (as a work dress) for 20 years."

RITA BELL, Painesville, O. "Have worn a short dress for several years, everywhere, and made my living in it.

ALMEDIA B. GRAY, Schofield, Wis., wears the Tripple S costume.

S. GERTIE SMYTH, Oakland, Cal. wears a short Trouser-dress, at home.

MRS. C. H. WEBB, San Francisco, Cal., has adopted the Tripple S costume for home wear and country outings.

MRS. DR. STRONBRIDGE, Cortland, N. Y., has worn the Science costume, in her infirmary, for many years.

SUSAN P. FOWLER, Vineland, N. J., has worn the Science costume, everywhere, for the last eighteen years.

FRANK A. M. COOK, M. D. Columbus, Ks.: Have worn the Science costume, everywhere, since 1853.

$66 a week at home. $5 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

A VOICE FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

EMMA R. SCHEPER.

For the Herald.

Many are the laudable efforts being made for women, though none appear to succeed. The cause is the ignorance of woman's true position, to the masses, the uneducated rabble, the whip-my-wife-and-get-drunk-every-Saturday-night class. The masses are afraid to give women their just dues, for fear that they, the women, would serve them as they have served the women, maltreated and oppressed them, this they have ever done and will always do, unless opposed.

The era has arrived when women will have to exert themselves, not a few more liberal than the rest but all, the majority, as a whole, as a unit. Women must enforce the enactment of the rights which they deserve, the rights they have ever been deprived of; but what we lack are leaders, a competent woman in every county to take charge and promote the good work. Women have been ground down and made slaves of for centuries past and they will be for centuries to come, unless we arise in our might and show the more timid that freedom for women still exists and that all that prevents their obtaining it is their want of unity.

Women to accomplish anything, to alleviate their present position *must* be united, they must form societies and co-operate; by uniting in hearty co-operation they will obtain the help of high minded men. Men alone can do nothing. The few, more liberal than the throng, who would help women in any great movement that would be of real benefit, cannot do so because of the uneducated classes, who are the drawbacks of liberality and freedom, the world over.

Women in their present position can not accomplish anything; while they follow Society's wand, they will be slaves; and now that the time for reform is rife, begin with a will; the will we have and there are various ways to accomplish the end sought. Why observe the laws of etiquette when they are the causes of your present misery? Why wait for fashion,s fickle goddess to sanction an act which true womanhood tells you will be beneficial? While you wait for help from some man less liberal and noble perhaps than yourselves, just so long will the present relations between the sexes continue; just so long will husband and wife really mean, liberty for the one and servitude for the other.

Oh! my friends, if you wish to make a name and gain fame as the alleviator of woman's thralldom or the innovator of dress-reform and emancipation of women, do not wait for the staff of life to be given them by the perfidious breath of "fashion," but go to work, and go about spreading by speech, pen and example, the light of your goodness upon those who have as yet never had a thought other than to obey husbands and parents and follow the beaten track indicated by Fashion's sceptred sway; a track followed by thousands, yes! millions, and the majority of those millions had once, and still have, the spark of liberty within them. That spark of nobility and freedom is not yet extinguished, many who now depend upon man instead of upon themselves, and many who are tottering on the verge of dead-falls and a life of shame, might be saved and mustered into the ranks of our Army of Freedom.

It will not take a great effort to fan this spark into flame, but it must be an untiring effort, and when once this unquenchable spark of universal liberty has ignited, then victory is ours. Simultaneously with the success of one of our innovations must begin other reforms adapted to the exalted position women must immediately occupy; as the superior, that is, the most delicate mind of the unit of the coming era and the unit of the great civilization of the future will be, man and woman united in a happy, harmonious marriage, with equal rights.

Without physical liberty there can be no mental liberty. When once the bond of 'fashion' have been severed and Common Sense rules the mind, then may we hope to obtain the goal—*equal rights with men.*

When women once obtain a proper knowledge of human physiology, and adopt some style of dress reform, there will be less deformity; then will the blush of shame be seen mantling the cheek of the women seen wearing a corset, the bane of the fashionable woman's life.

The contour of the body and limbs is as legitimate as that of the head and face, then why not dress for comfort, dress so as to be able to compete with all in all avocations? Do not ridicule this, 'tis stern reality. What is sweeter than mental and physical liberty? Every woman may sometime have to support herself and a family, perhaps, consequently she should be allowed to enter other avocations than dress-making or millinery. Let *men* manufacture the dresses and bonnets. Few women are able to compete with man in the physical scale, and but very few have had the chance to compete with him intellectually; those that have have equalled and even surpassed him. Most men place the value of their wives and daughters upon the amount of labor they are able to perform. Women should not allow themselves to be so judged.

I beleave in universal liberty, give all an equal chance, give all perfect freedom. but only let those that are able and trustworthy have positions of trust. where honesty, ability and trustworthiness are necessary. My friends and sisters, dare to take this step, hold back no longer, do not think you are going to sea in a frail boat, it may be small at first 'twil be mighty at last and the sea is as safe as the land; remember these truthful lines—that more precious souls have been wrecked on the shore than ever were lost at sea.

San Diego. Cal.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

"We live by deeds, not years."

Events mark the progress of the race, and an event which occurred June 20th, 1881, in Taylorville, Ill,. and another event, the sequel of the first, occurring in January, 1884–have indicated the progress our Christian civilization has made in the direction of righteousness in law, and the protection of women.

The event June 29th was an outrage on the person ot Emma Bond, surpassing the cruelty of the Inquisition, consummate in its diabolical features. It was premeditated, arranged to the extent of conveying lumber into the loft of a school house and constructing it into a platform. It was accomplished by several different persons. The details, which I have from Miss Bond's hands, are sickening. For months the victim was subject to paroxysms of neuralgia of the heart, threatening her life. For months she could not stand on her feet. The citizens of Taylorville were so satisfied of the guilt of three parties, who were arrested, that only the intercession of Mr Bond. saved their necks from the rope.

The second event, proclaiming the extent to which laws, lawyers and juries may be relied upon to punish the violators of women, and save them,and even female children, from male fiends more to be dreaded than wild beasts—transpired in the court room of Hillsboro, Ill, during the month of December, 1883, and closed by a plea for the defence by Judge Thornton, of Decatur, Ill., which should disbar him in the legal profession and fsom the respect of all women in the land.

We send missionaries to heathen lands, and to savages in our own, who were not born of civilized parents under the shadow of churches, and in ona school houses—"the bulwarks of civilization"—devils incarnate in the form of men commit a worse crime upon an unoffending, honest woman than the savages of western wilds inflict upon foes who match them in strength.

This tragedy is an event of supreme significance, a picture illustrating the boldest strokes—the demoralization resulting from well defined causes. First: the inferior, dependent, unequal position of women, involving the underlying injustice of man-made and one-sided institutions—political, judicial and social.

Second: The accepted submission of women and motherhood to the dominion of the devilish, inhering in the merely physical, sensual and animal quality of many marriage relations.

Third: the unequal standard of rectidude for the sexes.

Fourth: the corruption and perversion of intellectual capacity to the practice of legal infamy, whereby the law dose more to protect scoundrels than to defend innocent and suffering citizens.

The weakest part of a machine determines the strength of the machine. The weakest and most defective portion of social structure determines the moral strength an integrity of society. The Emma Bond case has revealed the rottenness of law, so far as the defenseless portion of the community are concerned. It tells every woman that she is liable to be outraged with impunity. The testimony of the prosecuting witness must not be allowed to convict devils; it would be "danger"-ous.

As if eternal retribution was alert, the echo or Judge Thorton's plea had not died away before the "danger" to the daughters of the land was demonstrated in the assault and murder of Amelia Olsen, in Chicago—like Emma Bond, an honest girl in the pursuit of honest industry. Also, a girl but eleven years old was set upon by a negro fiend in one of the school houses of this city.

This "danger" is one of the defects in our social structure that will work devastation and ruin. True men, and even long-suffering, silent women, will not always submit to such second outrages as the one perpetrated in the court room at Hillsboro on January 2, 1884. The record of last year was 107 legal executions, and 135 lynchings. The power that works for righteousness has waited long in submissive womanhood.

Till man had developed through the stages of savagery and force, women submitted to the infernal practices connected with war and slavery. To-day she is the victim of intellectual barbarism. The fertile ingenuity of intellect, minus moral consideration, justice, or even decency, smothers womanhood and makes it a lost moral force.

If a woman does not possess the right in law and in fact, to have her testimony counted against a fiend who assaults her person, in the name of humanity of what use are any other rights she may possess? If a woman has no right to be tried by a jury of her peers, and to have a case of assault upon her person tried before a jury of her peers, what is her position better than that of a slave?

In Emma Bond unavenged by law, every woman in the land has been outraged.

In Emma Bond tortured by fiends, every woman has been insulted, and made acquainted with the product of an iniquitous social, legal and political system. Will the dumb womanhood find voice—and speak?

Emma Bond was crucified for the sins of generations. Will you; my sister country-women, make her crucifixion avail to deliver us from social and legal iniquity, by demanding political rights, personal rights, legal rights, and human rights; or, will you slumber on, satisfied like the fool, to to eat, to drink and die?

The nation needs sterling, vigorous womanhood to erase this scorching plague-spot from her records. If such double outrages as this does not serve to set the soul of every woman afire with determination to provide safety for women and children, and purge law and court of iniquity, there is no hope. Our civilization must go to wreck; for wrong, and sin, and injustice contain the elements of dissolution in themselves.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

THE NEEDS OF THE HOUR.

ELLEN BEARD HARMON, M. D.

I have been noting the work of Mrs Stow, with the deep interest of an old worker. She has struck the key-note. To elevate humanity, it is necessary that women be lifted out of their helplessness in regard to dress, pecuniary dependence, and especially ill-health; and the last depends so much on the other two that they are by no means of minor importance. Men could not endure to wear long skirts and maintain health, but, as I have often said in lecturing upon the subject, they would better do it of the two, for it is ever more important to preserve intact the *other* half of the race, which more certainly hands the weakness down to those of the next generation, men as well as women.

Apropos to this subject the *St. Louis Republican*, very truly says:

A man, big and stout, with lung power and a spinal robustness never allotted to the best made woman on earth, would scream to have the torture removed in an hour, or less if he were clothed as the frailest women are. His trousers are loose in the waistbands, and suspended from his shoulders; his shoes large and generally low-heeled, and his hair is not pressing on his brain, tied with a string, stuck full of hair-pins, with a bonnet driving them wellnigh into his brain.

The man does not live who could waddle about in tied back, leaden skirts, corsets with whalebones piercing his vitals, French heels, hoopskirts to trip him up every few moments and hats screwed down on a wig or switch, his hands encased in kid gloves a full size too small, and running a race to catch the street car in a high gale of wind. He would simply fall down, roll over in the mud, scream Thieves! Murder! and lie there until some Samaritan dragged him out of his misery. The wonder is that women can be as handsome, graceful and supple as they are with the disadvantages they labor under at present. They could never endure such a martyrdom themselves unless inured to it from the cradle, like Chinese ladies whose tiny feet are stuck into infintesimally small wooden shoes at birth and kept form growing with the freed body ever after.

"I don't see what the wages women get has to do with their health," objected a gentleman to the writer. It was in Pennsylvania—he was hiring Dutch girls for seven dollars a mounth. "Just you try it," was replied, and see. Feel that you can never have any more, that you must finally marry for a living—would you not be depressed and lose in vigor under it? Your forty or fifty a month gives cheer, you know where your bread is coming from, and you grow strong in the consciousness of the fact." He acknolewdged, as all must, that there was truth in it. Men would sicken at the thought of doing work for half what others were paid. This question of wages alone, if it were turned about, would make a set of invalids of them.

If there is any thing in law—and there is—women ought to be sick with these disadvantages in addition, to, too many bad habits of living in the way of diet, etc., they share in common with men. The wonder is, that they endure so well. It only shows what a power they would be for good if their energies were conserved instead of being wasted. That a few have come forward to the important work of educating society up to something better, when it will utilize this power, we may feel truly thankful.

A College of Industry for women is an important move, and it is to be hoped it will not fail for want of means to put it well under way. Who will help with the necsarry funds to consummate so practical a step? There are many generous, large-hearted men and women who bestow wealth for popular benevolence. Now who will look in this direction, and aid the worthy project of helping women to help themselves? The work is to be done, *will be done*—it is only a question of time. Whoever will aid it now in the early struggle will make the world greatly their debtor.

Fineland, N. J.

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

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S. S. S.

CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

PRESIDENT—Mrs. J. W. Stow, 1921 Sac'to-s t., S. F.
HON. SECRETARY—S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal.
MEMBERSHIP.—Life, $25. Annual, $1.

THE ANNUAL Summer School for instruction in Shorthand and Accounts will open June 23d at Bloomington, Ill. Circulars can be obtained by addressing Prof. Cross.

THE NINETEENTH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION of the Mechanics Institute, San Francisco, opens Aug. 5th, and closes Sep. 6th. The exhibition will be inaugurated with new and increased attractions, taken from the world of Art, Invention, Mechanical Progress, and the Natural Products of the Pacific Coast. Premium list, rules and regulations, and blank application for space will be furnisheb dy the Sec., J. H. Culver, 31 Post-st, S. F.

SINCE *Joyful News* became a co-operative part of the HERALD there has been much of what never has appeared before, namely religious discussion. We are not a religionist. Never have been since we read the Bible thru and memorized 60 verses a week till we knew the New Testament all by heart. Since Reason asserted her sway in our minds the "Atonement" and "Immaculate Conception" have been rejected. We have always believed that a "Heavenly Father" would be as tender, loving, and *forgiving* as our earthly father who would have *loved* us, and stretched forth a hand to save had we been steeped in pollution, and trailed in the gutter of public scorn and contempt.

We are not a spiritualist, therefore have shown no favoritism in reviewing the "Bible, Oahspe," and "Bottom Facts of Spiritualism." We respect all religions and freethot doctrines and stand tip-toe on our mole-hill of thot with strand vision, groping for light.

Recently a dear friend, Mrs. Kedzie, of Harlem, N.Y. has gone, whither, I know not, but she often spoke of her only son, whose bright young life of promise went out in the Ashtabula disaster, saying, "He comes to me almost daily, and urges me to join him, and his little sister in the better land." Could we question the veracity of this saintly "mother in Israel," with the snowdrifts of 70 winters above her beautiful brow? These things are passing strange. Our own grandmother always knew when one of her children was dying. She heard their groans and death-rattle when they were hundreds of miles distant. She could not tell which one of her scattered lambs it was, but would walk the floor wringing her hands and weeping bitterly, utter ing the agonized cry "O Father in Heaven be merciful to my child who is crossing the dread river!"

International Dress Reform Exhibition.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE SISTERHOOD offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

CHANCE, in her diamond set, for the most beautiful dress for a woman, that clears the ground 12 inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The Prize Exhibition will be held during the session of the

FOURTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in Ixora Hall San Francisco, the first week in September, 1884.

All NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 1921 Sacramento-st., by the 1st of Aug.

☞ OTHER PRIZES OFFERED.

Mrs. J. H. Holt, San Francisco, large oil painting: Landscape of California scenery.

S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal., a beautiful bracelet valued at $25.

No dress will receive more than ONE prize.

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THE MARCH and April Nos. of the *American Journalist* contain a finely written and exhaus tive article upon "Woman Journalists," by the accomplished writer Madame Charlton Edholm. The *Journalist* is a valuable and timely publication, and the great army of "professional writers" will welcome it as such. Those who desire to keep abreast of men, women and current events will find this elegant monthly well worth $2 a year. It is ably edited by K. P. Yorkston, and published by the A. J. Publishing Co., St Louis, Mo.

THE CALIFORNIA W. S. A. held a revival meeting at Irvy Hall on the 16th of May, when the president, Clara S. Foltz, made some pertinent remarks upon the rascalities of men-made laws, which tell so disastrously upon women. We are glad that new life is being infused into the old body, which has hibernated for so many years. It has the HERALD'S cordial and co-operative right hand of good-speed, in its onward march to political freedom.

"THE FRONT RANK Vapor STOVE" is one of the most useful and economical inventions of the age. It does away with dust and smoke in the kitchen. All that is needed to make the fire is a match. Coal-hod, kindling-wood, ash-bucket and bin, are all done away with. Everything roastable, boilable, bakable, and broilable can be done to a turn on this admirable stove, which stands high enough on its own ornamental legs, not to require to be hoisted on a platform of old boxes, to enable one to cook for a family and preserve the integrity of the back. To people who live in flats or suits we would say "Buy a Front Rank of the A. V. S. C., 6, Champlain-st, Cleveland, O." We use one and would not part with it for its weight in gold, if we could not replace it.

THE LADY LEADERS of the woman suffrage movement have learned that fine feathers make fine birds; that royal robes, diamonds and brains should not be divorced; that statesmen bend the supple knee to a befeathered, befurbelowed, bediamond intellect—a knee that would preserve a vice like stiffness before an intellect that should clothe it's body in calico and its brain in a last years bonnet.

Never again will the "calico woman" entrance a Washington audience, when the long tried host goes up to battle. It was an oversight in the *Alpha* that it did not describe the gorgeous apparel of the eloquent pleaders. It is comforting to chronicle, however, that the sinc-tilations of wit eclipsed the diamonds lustre, and that the logical deductions were firmer, and will be more enduring than Lyons velvet and point lace. How will the Grundies feel to have such an invasion of brains, which will win and wear the brush—in fashions headlong chase.

Emma K. Schefer, a youug girl of El Cajon, has homesteaded a ranch of a 160 acres, and owns and takes care of 140 stands of bees in a "mountain retreat." Be sure and read her "voice"ing in the May issue of the HERALD. Another young girl writes from Southern California, that she is 16 years of age and has never worn corsets, high heels or long skirts and never intends to; that she is the housekeeper for her parents and their large family. Our native born California girls are sure to impress their mark upon both mind and matter. They are born to *freedom* in this grand woman's State, and will carve out a healthful highway for the timid to walk in. Here's my hand and heart, brave girls. Push onward and upward to victory and wear the *oak* and laural crown. Show to the world that the hand, brain and heart of a true woman is never divorced.

GEO. NALL'S CLOAK HOUSE, Phelan Building, Market-st, is one of the largest and best appointed Suit Houses in the city. The latest designs in ladies' and children's wraps, dresses etc., will always be found there, and a courteous attention which makes it a pleasure to purchase.

ANTISELL'S piano warerooms and manufactory (all under one roof) on Ellis-st., is one of the features and pride of the city. There are no finer instruments made, that find there way into the homes of culture and refinement, than are turned out of this mammoth establishment at the rate of 60 a week.

BACK AND BRAIN.—How many women in calculating how far their monthly or annual allowance will go, put aside a stated amount for clothing the brains in new and beautiful garments? In the majority of cases every thot is for the back—the poor burdened back—while the brain is fed upon husks, or set down in the pauper list. Matter is queen while mind kicks the beam.

THE California Woman's Social Science Asociation has reason to be proud of the progress made by it's Silk Culture Section, since it became an independent organization. It appears to be in a prosperous condition, and California has again caried off two prizes for her exhibits of cocoons made at the Philadelphia National Exhibition. This year the second prize of $75 was awarded to Mrs. Rienzo, of Berkeley, and Mr. Mantz, of San Jose, under whose joint care the cocoons were produced, at the latter place.

THE TRIPPLE S COSTUME.—No country in the world offers a more varied and delightful climate, scenery, and healthgiving resorts, for summer outings than California. Women who want to have a good time in the mountains, vallies, and at the various watering places should provide themselves with one sensible dress—the Tripple S. It is healthful, handsome, and fetterless. Just the thing to climb mountains and scale cliffs in; to row and sail in. Try it.

A New York letter says that a number of girls earn from $20 to $30 a week doing decorative work for the large stores, such as painting pincushions, cologne-bottles and other trifles. Women are making good wages, too, at brass-work. A number of these artistic young working women live together in one house, and lead a happy, merry existence. Half the pleasure of life comes from earning your own money and spending it as you please.

Among the Chilian vivandieres in the late war with Pern was one named Dolores Rodriquez. Her husband was a sergeant. In a charge on the enemy's ranks he was slain. Dolores saw him fall, ran to him, gave him a last embrace, then buckled his cartridge-belt around her own slender waist, snatched his rifle and rushed into the hottest of the fight with the bravest and the best, and after the battle was over she was given the rank of sergeant.

There are upwards of 200 public-houses in different parts of London used almost exclusively by beggars, prostitutes and their bullies, hawkers of matches, rotten fruit and vegatables, bootlaces, papers of pins and other unconsidered articles, and the very dregs of the thieving fraternity.

SCISSORS.

The cynics say that when the world began,
A woman came to make it warm for man;
While poets, ranging brighter fields of thought,
Sing only of the blessings that she brought.
Wherein is truth? The misery of doubt
Has sapped my soul, and compassed me about.
For if, as sweet-voiced poets oft recite,
She shares our griefs and doubles our delight,
Coming in angel's form to soothe our pain——
Why should she plead for equity in vain?
Is great-souled woman — tender, thoughtful just
Unworthy of the rights we now entrust
To meanest man? — In very sooth, 'twould seem
There's something faulty in our poet's theme;
For if there's truth in any song they've sung,
Man stands the blackest ingrate yet unhung.

In the Salem, Mass., Normal School there is a class of girls learning carpentry.

Twenty-one of the twenty-eight ward school principals in Indianapolis are women.

Elizabeth G. Harley, of Philadelphia, has a patent for a suspending hook for safety attachment.

Susan Fennimore Cooper is educating orphan children in industrial occupations, in Cooperstown, New York.

Helen M. Gougar addressed both branches of the New York Legislature on the 10th inst., by special invitation of that body.

The best reporter in Kansas City is a woman, Mrs. Rees. She is connected with the Journal and speaks four laugunges.

Whitney, the agent of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, reports that there are about 50,000 fallen women in New York city.

In Minnesota, several young girls are acting as railroad station agents, and give good satisfaction to the companies employing them.

The best farmer at Snow Springs, Ga., is said to be a woman 72 years of age, who has been a widow for 35 years, and has managed her own business successfully. Last season she raised more cotton than any of her neighbors.

Mrs. Dr. Lambert refused to testify in the Kennedy-Bohen case at San Jose on the ground that she was not a citizen. She was committed to jail for contempt of court.

The New York and Sea Beach Railroad Company has extended an invitation to 2,000 of the women employed in the various stores in New York for a trip to Coney Island.

Women, it is said, are conductors on the horse cars in Valparaiso, and they are in all respects satisfactory to the managers of the company as well as the general public. They are honest, polite, capable and in every way attentive to business.

The Misses Van Gelderen, sisters, of Holland, passedt heir examination as dentists a few weeks ago. They are the first Dutch ladies who have ever presented themselves for this examination. It is not yet known where they intend to practise.

After much persevering effort and long resistence from idiotic prejudices, Carrie Burnham Kilgore has at last been admitted to practice law in the Court of Common Pleas No. 4, in Philadelphia.

Three young women named Purdy are successfully conducting a farm in Long Valley, Washoe county, Nev. They will seed 120 acres of wheat and 40 acres of barley this year in addition to hay and vegetables.

Our Yankee girls, with clear heads and steady hands, will mount the engine of some one of 200 independent callings, pull out the throttle, and, shouting to the masculine drones, who are lumbering up the way, "Clear the track!" drive on to the dignity of a useful life.

Laura White, an American girl, has been admitted to the Special School of Architecture in Paris, directed by M. Trelat. She is receiving lessons from M. Thierry Ladrange. The *Citoyenne* says that several Frenchwomen have already distinguished themselves as builders and house decorators. The exquisite carpenter's and cabinet-maker's work in the Mayor's house at Passy was executed by a lady.

Queen Ranavalona III., of Madagascar, is a true Maria Theresa. On ascending the throne she said: "I shall prove myself a soldier, ever ready to defend, with you, the land of our ancestors."

Children's Corner.

IN A SUNBEAM.

In a sunbeam—eyelids white
Hiding merry, sparkling eyes,
Curls half brown, half turned to gold—
Fast asleep the baby lies;
But a little gurgling laugh
From the parted lips steals out.
What do babies, fast asleep
In a sunbeam, dream about?
Buds and flowers,
Rainbows, showers,
Butterflies and honey-bees;
Peaches, cherries,
Apples, berries,
Birdies singing in the trees;
Grass all over,
Fragrant clover,
Dandelions golden bright;
Chickens peeping,
Squirrels leaping
In the rosy light;
Big-eyed cows in daisied meadows,
Sweet warm milk and yellow cream—
Of all these, when in a sunbeam
Babies fall asleep, they dream.—X.

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIEL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

Etta had nearly starved the rabbit, so that the girls could see him eat the sweet white clover-tops and chew just like a sheep. They all gathered their hands full of blossoms and tossing them into his pen, screamed with laughter, to see him nibble away so fast, and wink so funnily with his little round eyes. But they soon tired of seeing him munching his dinner and ran one after the other down to the play-house, which was made out of a huge hollow stump, with a piece cut out on one side that answered for a door. It stood at the bottom of the west door-yard, nearly down to the creek, and the slope was so abrupt that they tumbled over each other and rolled down, choking with laughter, against the fence, which was all that prevented their going into the water. The quaint play-house was nicely covered over the top with maple-bark and a piece of an old, red shawl carpeted the floor. Ranged on shelves, on either side of the wall, were, not only "mud pies" baked in the sun, but whole regiments of soldiers; Napoleon and his grand army, gallant knights and fair ladies; and dishes by the set; pots, pans and kettles; cups for tea and mugs for milk.

The walls above the shelves were adorned with paintings. Milly was a natural artist and could paint anything, from a bird to a crocadile. She made pigments from pig-weed, poke-berries, golden rod, scarlet-top, and everything, in fact, that would not fade by standing. Her charcoal and and chalk sketches kicked up their heels on every wall and leered, in the gathering twilight, from every barkless stump and post. Such dyspeptic whales plunging through phantom seas, with imaginary Jonahs in their distended stomachs. Such Jacks climbing bean-stalks that resembled enraged pumpkin-vines. Such cows with crumpled horns and wild Indians with bended bows, all went to prove that Milly was a born genius. How delighted they were, all excepting Hilda, the strange little girl. She looked on in a matter of fact way and said—

"Don't you knit garters? I do!" So she produced one from her pocket, a yard long, ribbed with red and white in alternate rows like a zebra. She had already entered upon the practicalities of life, and could see only folly and waste of time in play. She turned her earnest face towards Etta and enquired "who put the cover on the play-house?"

"Pap" replied Etta, wondering why she did not think it *grew* there of it's own accord.

"Pap, pap!" queried Hilda, what,s that? I have pap every night for my supper, but it is made out of milk and bread, *warmed*, but it never *works*!"

It makes *you* work though, which is just the same!" put in Milly archly. But Etta blazed up with a flushed face and blurted out—

"I des '*our* pap aint *my* pap!" Here the controversy was brought to an abrupt close by Mrs. Breeze, who called from the open door—

"Come in children, the table is waiting."

There had been left standing close by the eaves of the house a beautiful young maple tree, and under it's ample branches, two tables had been lengthened into one, where all could be comfortably seated, and whereon was placed the tempting feast consisting of delicious cold ham, raised biscuit, which Mrs. Breeze excelled in making; golden rolls of fresh butter; a lovely piece of honey in the comb; wild plum preserves, clear as amber; blackberry tarts, cookies, doughnuts, and one huge plum-cake—iced all over and decorated with fancy sugar-sand—adorned the center of the table. And, O joy for ever! a whole basket of nuts, "store-candy" and raisins.

The boys were there, already, looking on with longing eyes and watering mouths, impatiently waiting the coming of the girls, who were quickly seated, boys on one side, and girls on the other. Etta, blushing, at the post of honor, was required to pour the *water* or *milk*, whichever her guests preferred, into the polished tumblers. Little folks didn't spoil the healthy coating of their stomachs, by drinking hot tea and coffee, in those good old fashioned, non-dyspeptic days." Her thotful mother and gallant Mr. Stone were the efficient waiters, and usually happened along just as the pitchers were to be lifted.

How the good things melted away like morning dew, before the sunshine of bright faces and the keen edge of youthful appetites. When the last stick of candy disapeared from the basket, they went into the house and played, "puss in the corner" and "blind man's buff" for an hour. Mr. Breeze and Bill had come in from their work and were watching the ingenions devices of the expert gamesters to elude detection. Milly had her hair unbound, which floated in rippling waves, over her shoulders. Ben was in his shirt sleeves, while rollicking Court, dodged every where with Bill's coon-skin cap on his head, the tail hanging down his back; which appendage, Terry, who happened to be "the blind man" just then, caught hold of, exclaiming—

"Whoa! I've got you now *Kuneskin duncy*! go in the corner and snuff ashes till the cows come!"

But Court had darted from under the cap, and was rolling in the grass outside, to prevent bursting with laughter, as he thot how badly Terry was sold. Etta made an unwary sortie just then and the "blind-man" caught her up and swinging her over his shoulder began to caper round the room singing,—"This is the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn, corn, forlorn!" As soon as Etta could speak, she said with flashing eyes—Put me *down* Tay! or—

Here her father came to the rescue and taking her from off her awkward perch, reprimanded Terry sharply, for his want of courtesy toward his hostess, and care for her feelings. Then he partially soothed her ruffled temper by telling her that he had a present for her, which she should have as soon as the "*party*" had gone. When he had done speaking Mr. Stone poked his genial face into the doorway and said,—

Come chicks, git ready; put on your things! Bill's hitched up and it's time to be moving—you can come an other day and play tag if you want ter."

"Not by a jug-full!" chimed in Court, "gals dont play *tag*."

These chronic presidential campaigns are downright demoralising. They stir up the worst passions of the people, and all to no other purpose than to secure to some man the coveted prize of the White House.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY S. GERTIE SMYTH.

FRIENDS AND SISTERS OF THE ORDER recipes for hygienic cooking, how to be well, etc., will be cordially welcome, for this department. Let us exchange views upon all things pertaining to the improvement of homes.

Address all communications for this department to Mrs. J. H. Smyth, 623 Montgomery-st, S. F., Cal.

Simple diet is best, for
Many dishes bring many diseases.
—Pliny.

As reform in dress and food are among the leading questions in Social Science today, we give the following digest of a week's *menu* in a vegitarian family—prepared by a sixteen years old daughter, who is the efficient housekeeper.

Noticing that the question of diet is under discussion, and believing it to be a very important question with regard to health, I will contribute a list of articles of food used by our family, during the month of March, which I think enjoys as good health as *diet* can produce:

Sunday: Breakfast, wheat meal mush and syrup, stewed peaches, oranges, bread peanuts and raisins, dinner: blancmange and canned apricots, walnuts, figs, apples and fruit cake.

Supper; (always very light,) soda crackers and canned peaches; Monday: Breakfast, mush, stewed malvoise raisins, sea biscuit, oranges, peanuts and raisins; dinner, boiled peas (dry or green.), lettuce, olives, stewed raisins, figs, peanuts and apples; supper, rice, canned peas and plain cake.

Tuesday: Breakfast, mush, canned peaches, plain cake, walnuts, figs and oranges; dinner, boiled peas, squash, potatoes, olives, walnuts, apples and pears; supper, rice, canned pears, figs peaches and raisins.

Wednesday: Breakfast, mush, stewed peaches, oranges, peanuts and raisins; dinner, lima beans, celery, olives, stewed apricots and figs; supper, rice, apricots, canned peaches and raisins.

Thursday: Breakfast, mush, stewed peaches, oranges, figs and raisins; dinner; soup, potatoes, olives, canned peas, walnuts, figs and raisins; supper, rice, stewed raisins, peanuts and figs.

Friday: Breakfast; mush, canned peaches, stewsd apricots, raisins and peanuts; dinner, vegatable stew, figs, pears, peaches, raisins and walnuts; supper, mush, olives, lettuce, stewed raisins, sea biscuit, canned peaches, raw, or roasted peanuts.

Saturday: Breakfast; rice, stewed raisins, oranges, figs and walnuts; dinner, string beans, celery, olives, figs, stewed apricots, canned crabapples and raisins; supper, rice, raisins, figs, canned pears and walnuts.

—ALICE.

This family eats no flesh, fish, eggs, milk or butter.—[ED.

SALT FOR THE THROAT.—In these days when diseases of the throat prevail, I would advise those thus afflicted to try my remedy—common salt. For the past two years I have suffered more or less with a very disagreable pricking sensation in my throat as though it had splinters in it, and fancied at some time or other I had swallowed a pin—or a lawyer's fish story, and one of the bones had remained sticking in my throat. Determined to ascertain, if possible, the cause of my trouble, I called to my aid my medical works, which are by no means limited and under the head of throat diseases in "Homeopathic Mentor," found it to be laryngitis which alarmed me not a little. A friend advised me to use strong salt water as a gargle, which I have done the past two months and my throat is well. I put a heaping teaspoonful of coarse salt (Liverpool) in a tumbler of water and gargled my throat thoroughly three times a day before each meal and the last thing on going to bed, and in addition to that double a linen handkerchief twice, four thicknesses, wet it with the salt water pin around my throat, over which use two thicknesses of dry flannel. A friend told me that she always broke up a cold in that way, and in sniffing a little up her nose. The gargle is not unpleasant to the taste. I also use it diluted to bathe my eyes. It is very strengthening, and if it is good for the throat it must be good for the eyes also. For the benefit of those who have not a medical work in their library I will copy in brief from mine the symptoms of chronic laryngitis. "It often commences with a slight hoarseness and irritation of the throat, frequent hemming or raising of scanty mucus and a slight cough. As the disease progresses these symptoms increase. In the earlier stages, the voice is uncertain and often breaks in singing or loud speaking. As the disease progresses, ulceration takes place, generally marked by pain in the throat as from a sharp-pointed body. As ulceration progresses, the discharge becomes offensive; portions of lymph cartilage and even ossific matter are discharged. There is usually soreness of the larynx on pressure and from inhalation of cold air. It forms the so-called ministers sore throat, and presents every grade of severity, down to the most inveterate forms of laryngeal consumption."—S. G. S.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.—It seems that the old human body, like the old kitchen boiler, is full of incrustations: hence rheumatism and senilty. Science teaches that the way to avoid this deplorable state of things is to observe, the laws of life; to eschew all foods, as much as possible, rich in earth salts, bread cerials, etc., and live upon fruits (chiefly owing to their lack of nitrogen,), fish, poultry, young mutton and veal. Old mutton and beaf, from age, contain a large quantity of earthy matter. Two or three tumblerfulls of distilled water, should be taken daily, with about fifteen drops of diluted phosphoric acid in each glassfull. Thus are the inimical salts held in solution and their excretion daily effected—without any harmful results.

SEED PLANTING.

The ground should be a sandy loam with some fine old manure at least two years old well spaded in, and be well pulverized with a fine rake and made perfectly free from lumps and the surface in the finest condition for a seed bed. If the seed is very fine, mix with a little fine sand or earth to increase the bulk and make the sowing more equal. After sowing, scatter, evenly by the hand fine dirt or what is preferable, use a garden seive and sift from quarter to half an inch of dirt, afterwards pat the dirt with the back of a spade, or place a board over the seed bed and step your weight on it; this will press the dirt down evenly around the seed, and if the weather is dry at the time of sowing, water in the evening, using a fine sprinkler so as not to disturb the surface or wash away the dirt from the seed. The first root the seed puts forth does not furnish the plant with food, it simply holds the plant in place till the true root is formed by which the plant is fed. The feeding roots of plants and shrubs are delicate white fibres, so fine that they are seldom seen with the naked eye; after these roots are formed if the soil is not pressed firmly around the main root, these feeders have nothing to live upon, they must have moisture, or the warm dry air will destroy them, and their growth be retarded until new roots are formed, if they do not in the meantime perish. Young plants like young babies need proper care and protection, none but the strongest and sturdiest outlive neglect and improper exposure. Very many plants grow better for transplanting from the seed bed, as it checks too luxuriant growth of the plant, while it increases its tendency to flower. Balsams, asters, petunia Zinnias, do better when transplanted. Either transplant soon after a warm rain or saturate the soil with the hose or watering pot before attempting to thin or transplant. Select the best, remove them carefully with your trowel, with a lump of dirt so as not to break or expose the tender rootlets, place them in the holes you have already prepared for them, fill in the spaces with the soft earth and press down with the feet. Thin out all the small weakly plants and throw them away, replace the dirt around the remaining plants, and press it down about the roots you have disturbed in thinning and you will have luxuriant growth from this generous thinning out, and seed saved from the strongest and earliest blooming plants are the best and surest, while the seed from small, sickly, spindling plants are almost worthless. The law of "the survival of the fittest" seems to hold good in plant life as much as in animal life. Peter Henderson the veteran seedsman, gives some valuable suggestions on planting garden seed. He says: "Plant Lima beans and all flat seed edgeways, and there will scarcely ever be a failure of their coming up and growing vigorously. In testing Boston marrow squash, he planted six in the usual manner and but three came up; by their side he planted six edgeways and they all came up; again he planted the same number upright with the germ down; these also came up and in a much less time than either of the other tests." From the experiments made he became convinced it was economy to plant all vine seed in the manner last stated, that the difference in the time and labor required in doing the work would be doubly compensated in the success attained. He also experimented with flower seed; sowed a quantity of hybrid Amarylis seed in the usual manner; not one germinated. Afterwards he prepared three boxes of soil precisely alike; in two of them, he planted the seed in regular rows, placing them edgeways, leaving the edge barely covered; in the other box he scattered the seed in the usual manner, covering a half inch deep with the same soil with which the other boxes were filled, and the result was that every seed planted egdeways germinated, while of the seed planted in the last box only one seed germinated. He says, "by this experiment we could understand why one customer will claim damages from a seedsman because of poor seed, and another will thank him for seed from the same stock. "That there is not a seedsman in the land but what has been accused of selling poor seed, and that the truth is that 95 per cent of the cases, poor seed means poor gardeners."

—*Cal. Patron.*

Be briskly, not languidly, joyous if you would be well. This is the converse of the doctrine that happiness is an affair of the heart and stomach. A comfortable, as contrasted with an austere, mode of life is the most natural, and therefore the healthiest and the best. We sometimes wonder why those who live by rule, and tremble as they live, laboring to eat and drink precisely what is "good for them," and nothing else, are so weakly and miserable. The cause of failure is that such persons are over careful; life is a burden to them. They have no "go" in their mode of extstence. One-half of the "dyspeptics" we see, and whose sufferings we are asked to relieve, would be *well* if they were only *happy*. Everything in life and nature acts and reacts in a circle. Be happy, and your sympathetic ganglia will have the blood coursing through them with the bound of health; and this quickening of the pulse, if it be produced by "good cheer," whether at the table or on the mountain side, will, in its turn, produce happiness. Felicity is the outcome of a physical state, and that state is itself enhanced by the sort of cheerfulness which often consists in being happy in spite of circumstances.—*Lancet.*

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This property, Mrs. Stow's "Homestead," and the only thing which she saved from the jaws of the Probate Court, is a modern built mansion, which has 14 rooms: Lot 30x127½, situated in one of the choicest blocks in San Francisco, and is valued at $ 10,000. The improvements alone cost that amount.

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FORM OF BEQUEST.—I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to the Lady Managers of of the "S. S. S. College of Industry," in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California the sum of.....dollars, or real or personal property, to be applied to the uses thereof.

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THE SIXTEENIH ANNUAL SUFFRAGE CONVENTION

Was inaugurated on the evening of March 3d, by an elegant reception in the parlors of the Riggs House, given by Mr. and Mrs. Spofford to Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony, and the officers of the association. There was a large gathering of distinguished people who are known to be friends of the cause, and some who hope to become friends. An elegant supper was served in the private dining room, at which about two hundred persons partook. About six hundred persons attended the reception.

Tuesday, March 4th, at ten A. M., the convention opened at Lincoln Hall. There were present representatives and delegates from all parts of the country, and some from Europe. The morning sessions were held with closed doors; during the afternoon and evening sessions the doors were open to the public. The first public session was opened by Rev. Florence Kallock with a fervent prayer for the blessings of greater wisdom. Miss Anthony who made the opening address gave cheering indications of the advancement of the cause in this and other countries; much vantage ground having been gained during the past. Mary B. Clay, of Kentuckey, followed, with an interesting paper showing the disadvantage and injustice inflicted in the courts of different States upon women. Mrs. H. R. Shattuck made a report of work done in Massachusetts; Mrs. Adigail Scott Duniway and Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, likewise, made reports from their States.

During the evening session Mrs. E. B. Harbert read a paper on "The States manship of Woman." Lillie Devereux Blake was listened to with attention on the "Unknowon Quantity In Politics." She spoke with ease and made some very fine points. Mrs. Martha McClelland Brown spoke on "Disabilities," and urged the importance of political liberty and equality for the poor and unfortunate women who struggled agaist great odds for self-support—making a good point for political economy.

At the executive session Wednesday morning it was decided to render to Oregon what financial aid they could. The afternoon session was not so large, becouse a severe snow and rain storm was raging. Reports were read from St. Louis, Iowa, Maryland, Michigan, and New York. At the evening session the house was filled with an appreciative audience. Miss Anthony spoke of letters of sympathy from eminent persons in this country and Europe. "What Answer?" an able paper by Phœbe Cousins, Mrs. Lockwood's paper on the "Proposed Disfranchisement of the Women of Utah." Mrs. Helen M. Gougar on "Women Before the Law," was bright and refreshing, bubbling over with humorous sallies. She has a voice of melody and a manner, before an audience, which is assuring.

Thursday, at noon, the officers and delegates called on President Authur, and were introduced, separately. Miss Anthony asked the President to declare then and there for impartial suffrage, and thus ensure his re-election. With a slight flush, he replied that "he had observed that women generally got what they ought to have." At the afternoon session of the Convention Miss Anthony gave a rather humorous account of this interview. Reports of progress in England and Scotland were given by Mrs. Jessie M. Wellstood, of Edenburgh, Mrs. Bertha H. Ellsworth, of Kansas, and Mrs. Nelson. of Minnesota.

At the evening session of the third day Mary Wright Sewell spoke on "The Forgotten Woman," Rev. Phœbe A. Hanaford spoke on "New Jersey as a Leader," equal suffrage having been established by law until 1853. when the statute wes abolished.

Mrs. Mary E. Haggart spoke on "Why Do Women Not Vote?" Mrs. H. spoke with her usual clearness and warmed into a strain of eloquence that took the audience by surprise and won the hearts of all, Miss Anthony took the sense of the audience on suffrage and had an overwhelming vote for the ballot for women.

All the addresses at this session were more carefully prepared or more plausably received. The speakers were not unaccustomed to an audience, and having the force of convictions coupled with oratorical and argumentative ability, carried their listeners with them in sympathy and confidence.

On Friday the officers and delegates of the Convention called upon the Senate special committee and obtained a hearing. Miss Anthony, Mrs. Shattuck, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Sewell, and Mrs. Howell plead the cause of women before that body. At the afternoon session Mrs. Lizzie W. Tyler, from Arkansas, made a report from her State, and showed that Arkansas took precedence in woman's liberty and justice before the law.

May Wright Sewell, chairman of the executive commitee, reported that the work had been as progressive as possiblle during the absence of their leaders, Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton, and that resolutions had been introduced into five legislatures instructing Senators and Representatives of those States to give their vote and influence for the sixteenth amendment, giving woman the right to vote. Mrs. Gougar, chairman of the committee on plan of work, reported resolutions, which were adopted as read, the entire audience voting.

Mrs. Ellen J. Foster, the favorite female temperance orator, was introduced to the audience and paid a beautiful tribute to Miss Anthony and her fidelity to her work. Other reports and resolutions were offered and the meeting adjourned until evening. At night the hall was more than full, and the interest was at its height. After some excellent short discourses from Rev. Florence Kallack and Mrs. Shattuck, the audience listened with wrapt attention to an address from Mrs, Abigail Scott Duniway, of Oregon, who is certainly at home on the platform. She knows well how to convince, amuse, and instruct. No speaker received as hearty, persistent, and repeated applause.

One noticable feature of the convention was the presence of so many gentlemen. If their presence indicates acquiescence, certainly the ladies have many champions in the opposite side of the house, for at each afternoon meeting their presence was by no means wanting, and at the night session at least half the audience was composed of men.

Thus closed one of the most interesting, important, and most dignified conventions ever held in Washington. Surely the workers in this cause have much reason to feel encouraged, for they are evidently gaining ground with the law-makers and with the public.

Saturday morning a hearing was granted the association before the House Judiciary Committee. Mrs. Haggarts's burst of logic and eloquence was irresistable. One of the committee declared if she could address the House when the bill for equal suffrage was presented it would undoubtedly pass.

Monday morning a hearing was given before the Territorial Committee. Saturday noon the delegates separated, some returning to their homes, but many going to Albany to attend the New York State convention.—*The Alpha*. D. C.

AGENTS

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CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D., says "I have read 'For Girls,' and wish togive it my hearty sanction. Girls of to-day are the 'coming women'; with them rests,to a large extent, the futnre health and well-being of our families and the race."

In America all the newspapers teem with slang and vile taunts about woman. The silliness, the wickedness, and the folly falsely attributed to woman, form the everlasting staple of the so-called "fun" in the so-called humorous papers; and even the papers published specially for woman abound in this vile and cowardly slander. If every woman would set her face like a flint against every public print that comes to her eyes laden with these shameful estimates of her sex, there would be a tremendous collapse of worthless publications, and the few which would be left would find it to their interest to be civil to their best-paying subscribers. For even papers which depend on women for their ,'witty" department, admit that they rarely lose money on a woman's subscription.—X.

The U. S. Supreme Court has decided that "women" are citizens of the United States and of the State in which they reside, and as such may be made voters by appropriate State legislation. In other words, it is decided, 1, that citizenship does not necessarily confer suffrage; and, 2, that suffrage is at present a matter of State jurisdiction, limited only by the constitutional prohibition of disfranchisement on account of race, color or previous conddtion of servitude." Each State, therefore, may restrict the suffrage by sex, age, residence, nativity, property, education, religion, or any other requirement not specified above. A colored woman may be excluded as a woman, but not as a negro. A colored man may be excluded for illiteracy, but not for color.

I do not wish to promulgate the idea that women could do without men altogether, but they should be equal, depending upon each other, and not pull in opposite directions, working against each other's welfare, as it were. Before women can hope to obtain the right of suffrage she must free herself of her entangling dress. Freedom of the legs, hands and all other parts of the body are as neccesary to liberty and reform as freedom of thought.

Ah, Journalism! Literature! a world of untold wealth lies for you locked up in the brains and encased in the hands of educated women; and at last, since the bars are giving way, and woman as well as man can choose her life work, what a wonderous burst of sunshine will flood, with its golden light, the vast arena of American Journalism.—MADAME CHARLTON EDHOLM, in *American Journalist*.

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BE BRAVE.

Be brave. In the battle of life
You may win if you will;
If not, then the fact that you tried
Will be comforting still.
Despair is the daughter of fear;
When the conflict is past,
Success can be wrested, perhaps,
From defeat at the last.

Admit not that failure can be
If you battle for right,
For courage possesses at times
An omnipotent might.
Be brave. 'tis to be what the good
In all ages have been;
To fear is to yield up the fort
To the legions of sin.

And, facing the foe undismayed,
'Tis far better to fall,
And die, if need be, on the field,
Than to falter at all.
A vantage once given in war
Is so hard to regain,
And cowardice leaves on the soul
An indelible stain.

Then never give up in despair,
For to yield is to die.
We know that bright stars shall be set
In a crown, by-and-by—
A crown that the brave ones shall wear,
When the rapture they know
Of rest in the gardens of Peace,
Where the asphodels grow.

—Selected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: Communications over a FOURTH of a column long put in the form of articles, NOT letters.

ABBIE KNAPP, Dowagiac, Mich.:—I see so much waiting to be done for our sex, that I am almost discouraged! Many, *many* women are so indifferent, so utterly *dead* to all else but fashion and folly, that I am disgusted with them, so have concluded "Ephraim is joined to his Idols," let him alone! I often wonder what *you* are made of? Am sure *I* should give up and cast my "pack" under such pressure. You may be "old and tough," as the boy said of his father, and so can stand it. But this snail progress kills me. I like the *hurricane* and *cyclone* style of doing things.

MRS. E. E. B., Stockton, Cala.:—I was much interested in a most sensible item in the April HERALD, called "The Cook of the Future." How very necessary that we should have "trained Cooks." "Dress Reform" is a splendid departure from old-time corset-bondage and petticoat-thraldom. Did I not shrink from insults, and perhaps being pelted with stones and grass, by prospective law-and-order-makers, I would like to wear the Tripple S to cure my weak back. But I am too old (nearly 40,). I believe the Costume will be adopted by the majority of *sensible* women in the near future. Am a staunch advocate of "Human Rights," which knows no sex. Enclosed please find renewal of my subscription to the HERALD.

ELLEN BREAD HARMON, M. D., Vineland, N. J.:—Girls must learn to do boy's work. Woman's work is over crowded. Shoe-shops and stores, Chairs and cap manufactories (there is a Scotch Cap manufactory here where no *machinery* is used,) cabinet-work upholstery and decorating, for indoors. For outdoors, Silk Culture, General farming, fruiting, gardening, canning, drying, shipping, etc. This will make them the most independent and healthy. It must come to this. There is little use in "loping off the branches," trying to *compel* a living from so called "Woman's Work." I want something *new* started for women, something entirely un-"feminine."

SUSAN F. COOPER, Cooperstown N. Y.;—*Dear Madam:* You ask me if I know of any handicrafts by which young girls may make a small amount per day. There is fancy cake making, (entables always sell well.). Artificial flowers, if well done, pay pretty well, I believe. And beading hats, and fancy trimmings, what is called *passmenterie* is also suitable work for girls. *Folding*, for book publishers; copying for lawers, these are carried out very respectably. I agree with you that entirely too many girls are educated for *Teachers*, at the present hour. There is a sort of fashion in this, they think it is *aristocratic* to learn Greek and Latin. We have some female compositors in this town. The Orphanage under my charge educates many girls for house work. I honestly believe that house-work is a safer occupation for young girls—proveded they are placed in good Christian families—than many more ambitious occupations. They earn high wages have comfortable homes, healthy food, and the occupation itself is natural, and healthy for women. We educate our girls, at this Orphanage, in different ways: *all* are taught cooking, baking, washing, ironing, and sewing—as all these are needed by every American woman. If one girl shows especial faculty in learning, we fit her for teaching: we have three now preparing for these tasks. If another girl shows especial quickness, and neatness with her needle, we send her to learn dressmaking. Another perhaps has good tast in trimming, and become a milliner. We do not believe in educating all girls alike. In large cities, like San Francisco, women earn a respectable livelihood by drawing prtterns for carpets, calico, wall-papers, etc. It is indeed important to qualify every girl for an honest respectable support.

LITERARY NOTICES.

DR FOOT'S HAND-BOOK of Health-Hints and Ready Recipies.—Murry Hill Publishing Co., N. Y., Price 25 cents.

This little book contains the extract of much that should be well understood, but is not, by every father and mother. Here is what the Doctor says about the "nasty" habit of kissing: "Syphilis and other blood poisoning is often traceable to *lip contagion*. The practice of indiscriminate kissing is unsafe, because a slight abrasion of the mucus membrane will infect the person kissed." A perambulating India ink decorator inoculated thirty people, in Philadelphia, with syphilis, by simply putting the end of the pen in his mouth before puncturing the skin. That proves beyond a doubt that saliva inoculates when there is an abrasion. People with diseased or tobacco breath should never be guilty of kissihg anybody (but each other,) especially poor little, long-suffering babes.

WORK FOR WOMEN. By Geo. J Manson. G. P. Putman's Sons, Publishers. Price 75 cents.

Now that women everywhere are pressing into new fields of labor, and doing well what men have formally done, this manual will be a valuable guide to many women and girls who are casting about for an opening that will bring *quid pro quo* for the labor of hand and brain. Industrial arts are being mastered by women, in various ways; prominent among them is tecnical designing; which means designing for wall-papers, lace, silk, chintz, calico, oil-cloth, linoleum, book-covers, embroidery, wood-carving, silverware, jewelry, handkerchiefs, upholstery goods and carpets of all grades, from ingrane to moquetts. These designs are constantly changing which secures the *good* designers constant employment. Mr. Manson says: that a good carpet designer gets from $20 to $30 for a design which costs him, or her, but two and a half days labor. Foreigners do most of the designing in the U. S. which women could do equally well, if they had the proper training.

The following are some of the wages paid to women: Shorthand and type-writing $12 to $25 a week; telegraphy $60 a month; photography $12 to $25 a week; Compositors from $10 to $15 a week: Bookbinders the same as Compositors; Canvassing for books, etc., from barely meeting expenses up to $10,000 a year; Commercial travelers from $1,000 to $3,000 a year.

The author strongly recommends house decorating for women. He says: A good artist taking the house where the artisans leave it with bare walls, goes on with the work of decorating and furnishing, putting the artistic touches to everything in the interior, selecting all the furniture, carpets, curtains and so on. In London a number of young women have devoted themselves to this department of art, and have made excellent reputations. Something has been done in the same way in New York.

Mr. Manson confines himself largely to indoor occupations, but farming in all its varied departments is being well done (and well paid, too,) by women. There is no sex in the labor—which pays best.

BOTTOM FACTS OF THE SCIENCE OF SPIRITUALISM, derived from careful investigations during a period of twenty-five years. By John W. Truesdell. G. W. Carleton & Co., Publishers. Price $1,50.

The author of this expose of spiritualism claims that mediums are intent upon keeping the world in ignorance as regards the *real* phenomena, as the Romish Church is in keeping the mass in ignorance; "that universal knowledge of the hidden mysteries of Spiritualism would soon destroy the whole fabric; that at the moment when every man becomes his own medium, the cause must waste and perish, as surely as an army would be shorn of its power should every common soldier suddenly become a commissioned officer. Among the fundamental and inevitable requirements of a first-class medium is an unlimited assurance, a talent for subtlety, absolute dexterity and an easy conscience."

In speaking of the "why" departed spirits prefer darkness to light he says: "There is a power in the physical eye which wholly nutrilizes the force of the spirit, when upon visible things—just as one chemical will destroy anothe; just as water will quench fire."

Weired seances, cabinet spectors, independent slate-writing, etc, etc., pass under the calcium light of this iconoclast in rapid and merciless review. Here is what he say supon the subject of investigation:

The truely conservative spiritualists of to-day have no fear of investigation, but heartily welcome the most searching inquisitions of every candid scientist, no matter how firmly he may be intrenched in his materialistic opinions. They court a thorough study of all spirit phenomena, from all quarters, and seek for light in every direction where they have reason to hope it may be found. They believe that the scientist, when fully conversant with the laws that govern spirit phenomena, and the methods by which they are produced, will be an advantage to the cause, for *Science is really the friend and not the enemy of Spiritualism, since truth must eventually be triumphant.*

It is only the illiterate, the new-fledged, half-converted, semi-orthodox, "crank" of a spiritualist, who opposes scientific research. It is this class which hangs its dead weight upon the cause of Spiritualism, clogging the wheels of progress by continually demanding of the spirits apparent impossibilities, thereby shutting out of the spirit-circle hosts of honest investigators.

OAHSPE a new Bible in the Words of Jehovih and his Angel Embassadors. A Sacred History of the Dominions of the Higher and lower Heavens on the Earth for the Past *Twenty-Four Thousand Years*, Together with a Synopsis of the Cosmogony of the Universe; the Creation of Planets; the Creation of Man and Woman; the Unseen Worlds; the labor and Glory of Gods and Goddesses in the Etherian Heavens; with the New Commandments of Jehovih to Men and Women of the Present Day; with Revelations from the Second Resurrection formed in words the thirty-third year of the KOSMON ERA. Illustrated. Oahspe Publishing Association, New York and London. Price $5,00.

The mythological, bibical and spiritual student will find in this new Bible a storehouse of inspiration and quickening impulse to search out the truth and the whole truth in the great, and almost unexplored, realm of the "Unknowable." Infidels, Positivists and Christians (All peoples who believe in Christ and a future existance, are "Christians."), will relish this quaint and luminous book.

The publishers explanitory note says:

The object of OAHSPE is not to supplant the former Bibles, nor Vedas nor other sacred books; nor is OAHSPE a revision or compilation of any of them; nor is it a NEW BIBLE. It is rather a Bible comprising the causes of all other Bibles, with revelations of the heavens also. Other Bibles have been for a tribe or race of people only; this one is for all the races and peoples on the earth, showing how the former sacred books were parts of the one stupendous plan of our Father for bestowing light upon mortals. Through OAHSPE we learn why the Chinese became Confucians, why the Hindoos became Brahmins and Buddhists, and why the western migratory people became Jews and Christians. In OAHSPE we find the necessity for this Revelation, which provides for the fellowship of all peoples. It is also the only Bible that reveals the affairs of the angels of heaven, what they do, how they live and travel, and the parts that many of them play with mortals; in fact it reveals to us a heaven worth living for.

"Oahspe is not a destroyer of old systems of religions. It reveals a new one, adapted to this age." "Hints to Readers," on a fly leaf, contains: "Who is Jehovih? Who is God? The New Religion; Infidelity; What is Inspiration? The Father's Kingdom on Earth; Advent of Kosman; History since the time of Moses; New Psalms. The four Books, Ben, Cosmogny, Saphah and Praise, are not historical, and are called the Books of Interlude."

Definitions found in the Glossary. "Foods: Food for sacrament; Spiritual food; Unseen food; Unseen sustinence that passes from one to another—*improperly called magnetism.* Kosmon Era: Kosman, universal knowledge, Corpos and spirit; Universal fellowship in all nations; Pharoh's daughter, Moses' protector."

On page 748 there is an illustrated "Arc of Kosman" showing the earth in the 32d year of the Kosmon Era. Jehovih said:

When the world approacheth dan'ha in Sabea, the nations shall be quickened with new light; for Kosmon cometh out of the midst. And many etherian hosts shall pass upon the understanding of men, and they shall fill the nations and kingdoms with new discoveries and inventions and books of learning. And men shall be conceited of themselves above all the ages past, and they shall deny Me and quarrel with my name, and cast Me out. But I will come upon them as a Father, in love and mercy; and My hosts of heaven shall come as babes and fools to confound the wise, by signs and miracles. My hosts from heaven shall cause the chairs to speak; and inanimate things to walk and dance. The dead shall re-appear to the living, and talk with them face to face, and eat and drink, and prove themselves to the children of the earth, and make My Kingdom known. Yea, they shall encompass the whole earth around about with signs and wonders, and set at naught the philosophy of men and the idolatries of the ancients. For both, the living and the dead, shall know that I, Jehovih, live and reign over heaven and earth. This shall be a new era, and it shall be called Kosmon, because it embraceth the present and the past. Then will I reveal Myself; and they that deny Me shall accept Me; of their own accord will they put away their Lords and their Gods and their Saviors; nor shall they more have idols of Me, either on earth or in heaven, for I am sufficient unto all."

A bill has been introduced into the British Parliament to amend the law relating to the guardianship of children. The bill provides that parents of any infant, shall during the continuance of the marriage be its joint guardians. On the death of either of its parents, the survivor shall be its guardian. Where any question shall arise as to the custody of an infant, whose parents are living separately, or as to the religion in which a child shall be brought up, the court shall have the power to make such order as it may think fit.

A reporter of the Philadelphia press claims to have found a tailor on Chestnut street who has quite a little business in the line of making men's suits for ladies—both full suits and trousers, and it is therefore suspected that some of the ladies of that city are in private indulging in the luxury of occasionly "wearing the breeches." A few are bold enough already to appear in public in a sort of compromise suit and as fashion is now cutting ladies' coats and vests so that they resemble very closely the garments of men, we may yet see fashion carried to the general adoption of trousers—hope we shall see it.—X.

Madame Modjeska, the talented actress, is much interested in art and industrial education,—the education of poor children so that they can earn a livelihood. In her own country she has established and maintains a lace school for girls and a school of wood-carving for boys. In Chicago she has started a little school for needy Polish children, to teach them something, and especially to preserve in them the knowledge of their own language.

Nova Scotia has followed the example of Ontario, and enacted a law giving municipal suffrage to unmarried women and widows on the same terms as men.

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Agents Wanted.

TO NEWSPAPER AGENTS.

To persons getting up clubs for the HERALD, we will allow them to retain 50 per cent. of the subscription price of the paper in the way of a commission. Newspaper agents and others throughout the United States and Canada will please take notice of the above offer and send us the names of new subscribers.

AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE AND THE SCIENCE COSTUME.

Outline of Women's Sanitary Efforts Thro' Dres Reform, in the U. S., Commencing in 1850.

No. 8.

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.

For the Herald.

They asked if men were growing more favorable, for they were weary with waiting and sick of wearing weights. These facts show how ready women will be for lives of use when men encourage them—the chairman's remarks show how ready men will be to admit such lives, when women assume them, all but the speculators in lives and goods wasted. I dont believe it necessary to evolve so sloly. At that meeting there was much talk by men on the principles of progres, and somewhat on the methods; and both were carried til they touched woman's influence, and no farther.

When their rasearch extends to central causes, and woman's abnormal state is seen to correspond with the entire sicklines of sentiment respecting her, and man's unreliablenes—a natural consequence—it will be seen that human, physical condition needs more revolutionizing than politics and theology, and needs it first, that these may have requisite elements. Action to this end wil robe women for the fre exercise of every organ.

That meeting had another memorable featnre, and my journey from it stil another that belongs to the public as wel as dres reform. Spies were there watching the books and sale, and specimens of the recent persecutions of liberal people were enacted. A judge from Albany was there aiding the persecutors, who arrested four innocent persons. My excurtion ticket returned me thro' Albany, my train and day boat not connecting, gave me an afternoon and night there. My hotel was on a good street, and I took a handful of the ever present pamphlets on health, as affected by use, and went out to elicit thot on the subject. Spent a few hours pleasantly and usefully. with bright thinkers of both sexes, and chanced to go into the Y. M. C. A., where a close council was being held, and I thot the old judge who had bin at Watkins was earnestly engaged in it. A man turned from the circle and said, "We dont want to see you here." With a ready "Good evening!" I stepped out, and found at the door the tal young policeman who had passed me several times, silently watching me; and being noticed by me as little as possible. The sun was setting and I went direct to the hotel, where I found the same officer, who demanded, in forbiding tones, "Who are you?" I surveyed his boyish form, from top to toe, and said, low and pleasantly, "One who takes care of herself, and makes it no concern of strangers." With more emphasis in gruffnes he continued, "Wel, are you man or womas?" Quietly I replied, "Thats wholly my personal affair, that should not concern another, especially a stranger." "Tm a policeman," he said, touching his badge. "I see you are badged," I said, "but you reached the office before you did the ability, you lack the requisite knowledge when you insult a quiet, orderly person." "What books are those in your hand?" he demanded, glad to change the subject.

I knew I was under no obligation to answer theboy, but felt he had left his mother too soon, and needed kind friends and instructors. Having no thot of his laying hands on me, I answered, "Those books teach the injury done the human family by the false, disease-breeding dres worn by women, and the health and comfort gained in an easy natural dres, like this I have on." He then grasped me by the shoulder, saying, "You must go with me." I camly advised him to release me, assured him that he was violating his trust, was liable to prosecution and already in my power. He was deaf to reason, pushed me and said, "Go on." I said, "You are wrong, I wil not obey and abet your vilainy." He then puled me and said, "Come along." I did not stir, but said, "I do not take wrong steps knowingly." He put his other hand under my shoulder, and carried me, with the assistance of a young man, acros the street. Cording my arms with their hold was most painful. I asked him to stop and let me rest, but he paid no heed til he saw I was going to faint when he lowered me to the flagging a few moments. A gentleman tried to convince him of his error and my innocence but failed. The public guardian was evidently acting from orders he was bound to obey. He took me to the station and put me on a chair. Half a dozen officers were present, and as soon as my circulation was natural I said, "If any of you understand the duties of your position, I have something to say." My assaulter interposed, and as an apology for his act, began relating our conversation on tha hotel steps. He falsified so grosely, I interupted, saying, "He misstates our words, our tones stil more; he puts my good nature in his words, his gruffnes in mine. Look on my calm face, then on his scarlet excitement, and judge whose memory is clear." He proceeded, but so falsely that I again interrupted, and he left the room.

A gentleman came in and offering me his hand, said, "I am Mr. W., a citizen of Albany; have known you, Mrs. Tillotson, thru your work, for twenty years, and know you have done only good. Be not concerned, you are in the midst of friends; if a charge is made we shal bail you, and defend to the last." I said, "This is most kind, but I shal not need you; a "charge" would be too flat to be ludicrous. I have al the rights to work a dres for liberty that any have for slavery: these men know they ar liable and dare not increase the malfeasance by holding me til dark, but wil convey me to my lodgings in good order. One of them, anxious to convict me said he was sorry I resisted. I said, "I refused to obey because it was my right, and would be wrong to aid a wrong; but when he used compulsion, I chose to let him take his own course, and the responsibility, tho I had the right, if I had had the strength, to refuse there, for he was outside of law and duty." But he did not see clearly, and I continued, "this wil illustrate: Socrates was not compeled to drink the hemlock—that was a false sense of honor. He should have said: If the State is bound to murder me, it wil have to do the deed. I wil take no part of it on my heart. Do you see the principle?" "I do, you are right," he replied.

An officer then opened the door and deferentialy said a carriage awaited me. I was politely handed into an elegant coach—another moment and a stately groom handed me into my hotel. The host, clerks and ladies were eager to hear particulars. Told them I had only time to say: *Truth has triumphed!* til the report is ready for morning papers, for the police report wil be false. Went to my room and wrote rapidly, but before the account was penned, editors were calling me to the parlor for facts. I recited the drama, with an almost tragic scene and asked them to state that I would not leave the city til there was a true understanding of the case. They said the whole city would commend me, and be thankful that I had triumphed alone. The one whose paper was issued earliest waited for my report, others copied from it.

Many citizens wrote the editors and desired them to use their influence to have me prosecute the police; they were ashamed to have such an outrage go unpunished. To my report I annexed the reasons for not prosecuting, which were these: The youth and ignorance of the offender, and the conviction, in my mind, that he was instigated by old heads in the Christian hall, where they did not want to see me. The insolent questions he confronted me with, were doubtles prepared for him, in the hope that their provocation would wring from me some word or act to which an indictment might be forced to adhere: or, failing in that the court would at least make a scare for women, in clinging to independent action. But instead of that the schemers got their papers filled with reform principles, for some time. While resting my muscles from the wrench of that short journey by hand, I sent out ten articles, which I trust fortified minds with the fact reforming evil habits, customs, and opinions, does not lesson the rights of any clas. The second day I spoke to large audiences, which the event was the means of bringing together.

In 1881, while visiting various places in Mass., it was quite noticable that the keepers of the streets assumed unusual oversight of my dres and doings. The dres reformation is largly understood in Boston, and for several years previous, I had traveled its avenues comfortably, and found accomodating policemen, but now there was marked uneasines among the badges, which seemed to say: Something wil occur, we must keep in view of it. I convinced them my writings were pure by showing them my books, but my presence troubled them like a lurking fear. One of them was so abusive that I wrote the Police Commissioners, describing his conduct, which was duly noticed. Two sources form the basis of public opinion on dres reform. The first, financial interist which includes fancy goods, millinery, dresmaking, etc.; its missils ar scandal, prejudice, ridicule. The second is voiced in the recent tyranic raid upon physical science and culture, showing that its secret councils understand how cumberous and enervating women's dreses ar, for al phases of liberty; and how naturally adapted garments vitalize, poise and inspire with mental fredom and moral bravery. Hence the assistance of policemen is sought to suppres practical advance, by transcending law and perverting the functions of office, causing the ignorant to suppose they rightly interfere. while the informed know they violate law and ar amenable for its infractions. This device is growing transparent, and, with its related persecutions, wil be in operation when courts ar compeled to abide by law.

WORKING WOMEN.—The woman who works, strong in her selfrespect of all who toil that they may live: strong in the favor of all who may have known what it is to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, strong in the spirit of personal independence, needs no protection from the "pitying patronage" of anybody. If she is at times disposed to regard any slight put upon her by those who have no business in life save to amuse themselves, she may however, enjoy a revenge every day, for the ravens of misfortune fly in at all windows. And there are, doubtless, among women who have found it necessary to go out into the world and battle for existence, those who find stings in the "pitying patronage" of the fortune favored, and who sit back in sackcloth amid the ennobling inspiration of their work-a day lives. To them is commended the words of Carlyle: "All true work is sacred. In all true work, were it but true hand labor there is something of Divineness." Therefore, "hats of" to the women who work! It would be idle to urge them to lift up their heads, for their heads are already uplifted.—X.

Let us have the maxim fixed in our minds that every one should, from youth up, provide and fence, by industry and thrift, as well as a virtuous life against poverty and friendlessness in old age. The way to "take no thot for the morrow," is to have the morrow provided for. There is no other way.

MARY E. TILLOTSON'S SCIENCE COSTUME.

INTERNATIONAL DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY.

MARY E. TILLOTSON. Vineland, N. J. "Have worn the Science Costume for more than 30 years, everywhere."

ADDIE KNAPP, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich. "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, Bloomfield, N. J. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home for several years."

MRS. E. M. KING, Hon. Secritary of the Rational Dress Association, London, Eng., wears the "Divided Skirt" and short overdress and jacket.

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

EMELINE A. PRESCOT, Hollowell, Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

ALEXIS LE BEUF, SAN JACINTO, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. DOANE, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Washington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I adopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

CAROLINE B. KEESE, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29 years of age, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

MARTHA S. SEVERANCE, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 30 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

MARIETTA LIZZIE BEERS BELL-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S costume: Trousers and kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

MARY DODDS, M. D., St. Louis, Mo., has worn a Trouser-dress for years, everywhere.

MARY E. LUCAS, M. D., Newfield, N. J., "Have worn the Short Dress (as a work dress) for 20 years."

RITA BELL, Painesville, O. "Have worn a short dress for several years, everywhere, and made my living in it.

ALMEDIA B. GRAY, Schofield, Wis., wears the Tripple S costume.

S. GERTIE SMYTH, Oakland, Cal. wears a short Trouser-dress, at home.

MRS. C. H. WEBB, San Francisco, Cal., has adopted the Tripple S costume for home wear and country outings.

MRS. DR. STROBRIDGE, Cortland, N. Y., has worn the Science costume, in her infirmary, for many years.

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OPEN WINDOWS.

ELMINA D. SLINKER.

Throw open the window and fasten it there,
Fling the curtain aside and the blind;
Give free entrance to heaven's pure air,
'Tis the life, health and joy of mankind.
Are you fond of coughs, colds, dyspepsias and rheums
And headaches and fevers and chills
Then shut yourselves up like a monk in his cave
T'ill Nature grows weary and sad.
And imagine yourselves on the brink of the grave
Where there's nothing that ever was glad."

As I read Ella Gibson,s article in last "H. of I." the above lines came to my mind and I was inspired to give the other side of the story.

I think if we had all the testimony for and against, we would find that more people were made sick from want of good, clean night air than from too much cold or damp night air. The Indian rolls himself in his blanket and sleeps in the "damp night air" and rises full of vigor vim and strength, and so does the soldier in the tented field. The cattle on a thousand hills sleep well on the lee side of a bank or in almost any sheltered situation, and so do all fowls and creeping things.

We have slept in a garret all the past Winter. Not only was a window up but clear out, and wind and "damp night air" blowing in all around the roof and we have not only been comfortable and warm but have been more free from colds than in any previous winter of our lives. Only a thin sheet hung up to keep the wind from blowing directly upon our heads. Go to bed warm, have blankets and sufficient cover for comfort (too much will enervate) and if there is "damp night air" all around you it will do no harm.

It is best to begin in Summer and then keep it up all Winter. A few very cold and very windy nights we put the window in as the open garret let in plenty of air anyhow. In a room well ventilated there is but little "carbonic acid" to be condensed by the cold.

Of course, a broken pane of glass through which the wind blows directly on one when the whole of the rest of the room is nearly air tight will be injurious. It destroys the equilibrium of temperature, just as wearing a low-necked dress or going with bare arms does. For those who do not have much vitality it is best to have the bed warmed in Winter and to be themselves prepared to jump in as quickly as possible after leaving a warm room. I am not so *sure* about "miasmatic localities." But I am inclined to think clean, pure air better even then. Colds are more often produced by close, heated atmospheres han by frigid, damp night-airs. You will often notice that after a cold snap during which we have been carefully housed up in hot stove-rooms and slept in closed bed-chambers trying to keep warm, we are apt to take cold as soon as the mild weather sets in. While fenced up the system was being clogged, the pores of the skin closed and all preparations made for the cold, and indeed the cold really generated; the warm air and future out door exercise only developing the external symptoms.

Very few people take cold by being in the cold. You may literally freeze and sink into a death stupor from cold, and yet if you come to you will not have a cold. Many a consumptive has been permanently cured by sleeping in a garret or wood-shed where there was plenty of "damp night air", or, by camping in a pine woods. Dont be afraid of night air friends, for so long as you can keep your system in a condition to use good, clean, dry, day air it will not be injured by your inhaling clean damp night air. If trying is knowing, then I know this because I have tried it. I have tried "up stairs and down stairs and in my ladies' chamber" and I prefer the open garret to them all.

WASHINGTON'S VISION.

The following narrative was related by Anthony Sherman, an octo genarian, who heard the account from Washington's own lips.

The darkest period of our Revolution was the year 1777, when Washington, after experiencing many reverses, went into winter-quarters at Valley Forge. Often I observed tears course down the cheeks of our beloved commander, when he was considering the sufferings of his brave soldiers. Washington was in the habit of praying in secret, and calling upon God for assistance; and it was only by the help of God we passed safely through those days of adversity.

One day Washington spent the whole afternoon alone in his room. When he came out I observed that he was much paler than usual, when he related to me the following:

"Whilst I was sitting at my table this afternoon, engaged in writing, and my mind heavy with sorrow, I suddenly observed directly opposite me a most beautiful woman. I was so much surprised, for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed, that I could not find words at the moment to inquire the object of this unexpected visit. I now experienced a most curious sensation spread over my whole body; I wished to rise from my seat, but the steady gaze of my mysterious visitor kept me spell-bound. I tried to speak to her but my tongue was tied. An unknown, mysterious, irresistable power had taken me prisoner. I could do nothing else but steadily gaze at the apparition. Gradually the room filled with light and the form grew more clear and bright. My feelings were those of a dying man; I could neither think nor act. My steady gaze at the figure was all that I was aware of.

"I now heard a voice which said: 'Son of the Republic, behold and learn!' At the same time the figure stretched out its arm and pointed with the finger towards the East. Light clouds arose in the distance, which dispersed and revealed to my eyes a most astonishing picture. Before me all the countries of the earth were spread, Europe, Asia, Africa and America. Between Europe and America I saw the waves of the Atlantic ocean toss backward and forward, and between America and Asia the Pacific ocean. Again I heard the voice, 'Son of the Republic, behold and learn!'

"Immediately a dark form, like that of an angel, appeared over the ocean between Europe and America. It then dipped water from the ocean with both hands, and with its right hand sprinkled it over America and with its left hand over Europe. Immediately dark clouds arose from both these countries, which met in the mid dle of the ocean; here they remained stationary for a short while, then moved westward and wrapped America in darkness. Lightning flashed through the clouds, and I heard the groaning and shrieking of the American people.

"Again, the angel dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it as before. The black clouds withdrew and sunk into the sea. For the third time I heard the voice, 'Son of the Republic, behold and learn;'

"I looked toward America and saw populous villages and cities spread out from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific ocean. Again I heard the mysterious voice, 'Son of the Republic, the end of the century is near at hand; behold and learn!'

"The dark form of the angel then turned towards the South, and coming from Africa I observed a horrible phantom make its way to our country. It floated slowly and heavily over our towns and the country; the inhabitants arose to make war on each other, and formed in battle array. As I looked at this scene, I observed an angel surrounded with light; on his head he wore a beautiful crown, on which was inscribed the word 'Union.' In his hand he held the American Star Spangled Banner; this he planted between the contending armies, crying out: 'Remember you are brothers!'

"Immediately the nations threw away their arms, became friends again and gathered around the Star-Spangled Banner. Again I heard the mysterious voice: 'Son of the Republic, the second danger is pased; behold and learn!'

"And I saw villages and cities steadily increase in size and number, until the whole country was covered with them—the whole extent from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and the nation had multiplied in as countless numbers as the stars in Heaven, or the sands by the sea-shore. Again I heard the voice: 'Son of the Republic, the end of a century is at hand; behold and learn!'

"The dark angel then put a trumpet to his mouth and blew upon it three times; then dipped water from the sea with his hand and sprinkled it over Europe, Asia and Africa.

"My eyes now beheld a most terrible scene. From each of these countries dark heavy clouds arose and united in one mass; through this mass dark-red lightning played. I saw troops of armed men marching, and then sail across the sea to America, which was immediately covered by the black cloud. And I saw how these immense armies desolated the land, and laid towns and villages in ashes. I heard the roar of cannons, the clashing of swords, the cry of the victorious and vanquished millions engaged in deadly strife, when again I heard the mysterious voice proclaim: 'Son of the Republic, behold and learn!'

"The dark angel then again took up the trumpet and blew one long and terrible blast. Suddenly a light burst-ed forth and drove away the dark cloud hovering over America. At the same time I saw the angel with the beautiful crown, on which was inscribed the word 'Union,' descend from heaven, holding in one hand the Star-Spangled Banner and in the other a sword, and accompanied by legions of heavenly spirits. These united with the American people, when the latter were almost overpowered, who then took fresh courage and formed in battle array. Again, amid the horrible noise of war, I heard the mysterious voice: 'Son of the Republic', behold and learn!'

"After this voice, the dark angel dipped water for the last time, from the sea, and sprinkled it over America, and immediately the dark cloud retreated with its armies which it had brought along, leaving the victory to the Americans. I then again saw towns and villages rise in the same places where they had stood before, whilst the heavenly angel planted the Star-Spangled Banner among the people, and cried out with a loud voice: 'As long as the stars are in heaven, and as long as the dew descends from heaven to earth, so long shall this Republic exist.' At the same time he took the beautiful crown from his head, on which was inscribed the word 'Union,' placed it on the Star-Spangled Banner, and the people, kneeling down, cried out 'Amen.'

"The apparition then gradually be gan to dissolve, and at last the mysterious woman was all that remained before me in my room, and again I heard the voice: 'Son of the Republic, what you have seen is explained as follows; *three dangers will come over this Republic; the third is the most to be dreaded; when this one is passed, the whole world cannot conquor her. Let every child of the Republic learn to serve his God, his country and the Union.*' With these words, the form vanished.

"I arose from my chair with the conviction that the birth, progress, and fate of the Republic of the United States of America had been revealed to me."

"These words," said Mr. Sherman, "I heard from General Washington's own lips."—[Selected.

THE BABY AND POLITICS.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

For the Herald.

I am not now refering to the "Rag Baby" which the two *old* parties have tried so hard to prove illigitimate, but which the Supreme court has declarred to be the legitimate child of the Constitution. I mean the jenuine baby that laughs, cries, hiccoughs, cuts teeth and keeps you awake nights—if you don't feed, wash and dress it properly, there will be trouble in the family.

"But what has this kind of a baby to do with politics?" you ask. I don't know; there's a mystery about it that I can't fathom. Babies don't interfere with churches, Sunday schools, church fairs, picnics, lawn parties, sewing circles, church sociables, balls, concerts, theatres, European tours, drygoods stores, markets, nor cook stoves and wash tubs.

Women join churches, and are entreated to teach in the Sunday school; they attend sewing circles; they are invited to concerts and theatres; they are exhorted to go marketing; they go after bonnets and drygoods, and nobody seems to think of the baby—unless it may be the blessed babies themselves.

I have often wondered, when hearing a minister announce from the pulpit, "The ladies Sewing Society will meet in the church parlors on Wednesday, from 10 o'clock till 4," what do these women do with their babies? I've seen long lists of women's names upon "Committees" for church fairs, and wondered, again, what do these women do with their babies?

Of course, all women *have* babies. Who ever heard of one, young or old, maiden or widow, who didn't have a baby? and babies never grow up. O, no!—babies are always babies. Now what do these women who go around begging for church fairs and missionary boxes do with their babies? I notice when there is any first-class begging to be done women are always the ones to do it. I wonder if it is because they are accostomed to begging for all they have to spend.

But women do go around begging for fairs; they attend tables there till late at night; they trim up churches; they go everywhere, to churches, theatres, etc., that men go and no one says "Baby," or "Home is woman's sphere." But let a woman speak of voting and "Bapy! baby!! baby!!!" is shouted in her ears till she is stunned with the din, unless she stops to collect her thoughts and asks herself the meaning of tnis outcry; then she sees there is really no cause for fear.

To hear the wail in behalf of "the babies" that is borne on the anxious breeze, from doleful breeches-wearers, whenever there is any mention made of "women in politics," one would think that from the creation till now mothers had been a cruel, heartless set, who had taken care of the babies only at the bidding of their loving and watchful fathers; and that unless restrained by masculine superiority, they would, one and all, throw their babies aside, as carelessly as a little girl does her rag baby, and rush into politics.

We sympathize with you, dear, gentle papas. You solicitude for the baby is pathetic. But we entreat you to calm yourselves and take a quiet, unflinching view of the situation. Counsel with experience, observation, history, with the animal kingdom, with your own heart, with the mothers of your own children—if you are so fortunate as to have any—and then call yourself a sneak and a sham, as you are, for acting as though the mothers of the race had less interest in their offspring than the fathers. You well know that, as a rule, a mother's care and love for her children are the strongest forces in woman's nature, and that there is little danger that babies of the future (with voting mothers) will not be as tenderly cared for as those of the past.

Honestly, sires, I think the trouble you fear is not that mothers will not care for what children they have but that they will refuse to have any more. There is danger here; but you are responsible for it, therefore "repent, and bring forth works meet for repentance." You have, in many cases, forced your wives, through their mistaken sense of duty, or great love for you, or passion-power, to bear undesired children. When these children have grown up you have taken them to die on the battle-field; you have licenced liquor saloons and made them drunkards; you have kept up an inequality between the sexes that has made harlots of their daughters; you have enacted laws that have put the wealth of the country into a few hands and made the lot of workers so hard as to make honesty seem almost a crime,

You have done these things and when the mothers would put forth their hands, to help undo some of these wrongs to their children, you have rudely thrust them aside and said, practically: These children do not belong to you now that they have ceased to be babies. You must take care of the babies, bring them up to be men and women and then your interest in them ceases, you have no further business with them. Hand them over now to male supervision, exclusively. Will you please look at this injustice from a mother's standpoint, and try to understand that the mother of a *man* or *woman* is still a mother, as truly as when a man or woman was a baby. A mother cares for her children, whether little or big.

You cannot convince women that they will have to give up having babies when they become politicians. If you want to clean the rubbish out of the political field bring in the women, babies and all, to aid you. Change your curriculum and instruct them in the science of goverament—if you are capable. This is wiser and more manly than keeping up thes enseless cry of "Baby! baby!!" thus making women feel that motherhood is a disgrace, hinderance and sorrow, instead of an honor, help and joy.

Seeing, as all who observe the signs ef the times must see, that women are *coming* into politics, the question to be settled is: Shall they come with the babies or shall they be forced to give up the babies?

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Could we but find the neck of this monster which sucks the life-blood of Labor, making poverty inevitable, it were easily beheaded.—*Carlyle.*

Albert E. Kent' the San Francisco millionaire, has added $25,000 to his recent gift of $50,000 to Yale College for the purpose of erecting a chemical laboratory for the academical department.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

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Equal Rights Party.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY.

FOR GOVERNOR OF CAFIFORNIA
CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ.

THE TRIPPLE CROWN.

M. L. S.

Look! the day is breaking, a light is in the sky,
The eagles of Freedom are mounting up on high.
Hark! a ringing footfall, 'mong the nothern pines,
Echoes stirring heart-throbs all along the lines.

A score of years, undaunted, a woman brave and true
Has marched and countermarched, a tireless review,
'Twixt ranks of venomed hate, and scorn of "Woman's Rights,"
She's swerved not from her course, but scaled the mountain heights

Of human prejudice, and there unfurled the blue,
The blue and red and white which shelters me and you
The banner of the Free,—toss high your hats in air
And make the welkin ring the brazen connons blare.

The pearls of eloquence, broadcast among the herd,
With matchless power she cast. With flame of pen and word,
And queenly presence, she won her crown in Washington,
And etched the daring deed on its escutcheon.

Girt with new strength and zeal, among a faithful band
She moves, the center-head, a scroll within her hand,
And calls to every voter throught the web-foot state
"Vote for the 'Amendment!' *vote!* VOTE!! the hour is late."

Huzzah! the victory's won! and nations bend the knee,
While noble men and women are jubilant with glee,
As a *doulbe* crown descends and rests upon the brow
Of her whose heart has ransom'd an unrecord'd vow.

A vow to right the wrong by Multnomah's feather'd spray,
By Scappoose and Tillamook, and charming Frondosa;
Upon the cottage hearth, within the templ'd shrine,
Beside the "sturdy oak" and the tender "clinging vine."

November! November! will *tripple* that fair crown,
If men will wisely vote, in every ward and town,
Just this, *and only this*, will compensate the one
Whose deeds so richly merit the guerdon "well done."

Weigh and record *her* deeds, then balance in the scale
The deeds of many men, who have *high* seats for *sale*.

International Dress Reform Exhibition.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE SISTERHOOD offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

CHANCE, in her diamond set, for the most beautiful dress for a woman, that clears the ground 12 inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The Prize Exhibition will be held during the session of the

FOURTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in Ixora Hall San Francisco, the first week in September, 1884.

All NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 1921 Sacramento-st., by the 1st of Aug.

☞ OTHER PRIZES OFFERED.

Mrs. J. H. Holt. San Francisco, large oil painting. Landscape of California scenery.

S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal., a beau iful bracelet valued at $25.

No dress will receive more than ONE prize.

Then mark which kicks the beam, and wisely make your choice,
Vote *independently*—and make us all rejoice.

A woman President of the Sisterhood of States!
O Nation doubly bless'd, fling wide your massive gates!
Ring all your golden bells, and banner all your hights
While cheer on cheer resounds, "All hail to 'Woman's Rights!'"
A woman in the White House,
A woman on the throne,
A woman for governor.
And "Nature" makes no moan.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 2-84.

IN nominating Abigail Scott Duniway for President of the United States the HERALD feels that it has chosen the woman, above all others, who has shown herself the most worthy of the high position, by her long years of tireless labor for woman's political emancipation. It believes that she has traveled more miles, spoken more eloquent words and given more *gratuitous* services to the Cause, in the last decade, than any other woman in the world—hence the choice.

In nominating our fair townswoman and able attorney, Clara Shortridge Foltz, for Governor of California, it shows its good taste, judgment and the eternal fitness of things.

Let women handle the ribbons of government for a few years, O ye chivalrous voters! then judge, by comparison, which are the wisest purest and most uncoruptable rulers.

COMPARISON.—It is said that comparisons are odious, nevertheless we will compare. The National Greenback Convention held in Indianapolis in May, was a very different affair—as far as women are concerned—from the Stag Party which represented the Republican jubilee in Chicago, recently, where no woman's voice was heard. Were women allowed to look and listen? The Nationals recognize that it takes women as well as men to run the great household of the Nation. Numbers of women delegates were honored membars of this Convention, and Mrs. Dr. Hagartt, Agusta Cooper Bristol and Marian Todd made ringing speaches, which were applanded to the echo and published, entire, in the *wide-awake-up-early-in-the-morning* papers. Other ladies took part by reading original poems and offering well received resolutions.

Let all woman suffragists join the "Greenback Labor Party," and march with it, and plucky old Ben, to victory; or, *better* still vote the E. R. ticket.

These straigt-laced temperance shriekers who are too pious to be practical joined hands with the whisky mob in voting out of the hands of their wives and mothers the opportunity to make the world better by the ballot, the only way of reaching and curing the evils they complain of while hypocritically singing and praying for the power that when placed within their reach they are too wicked and selfish to accept and utilize.—*New Northwest.*

It is not surprising that the really earnest, self-sacrifising women of the land are begining to be surfeted with talk that lacks the ingredient of action. We heard J. Ellen Foster speak (once) before the Y. M. C. A., but the eloquent pleader never so much as mentioned the sure highway, woman suffrage, to success. She only spoke of what we drink. Rich foods which rob us of voice health, cumliness, and create an insatiable appetite for intoxicants, was never broached. Flesh-pots and pot-houses travel the same road. Rich food intemperance ultimates in gout or tremens—one as reprehensible, to a *practical* temperance advocate, as the other.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.—This year's commencement exercises were interesting,—as usual; the lady graduates being quite up to the mental status of their brother classmates.

Some members of the faculty complained of the want of interest taken in the State institution by the public at large. Listening to the "whys" and "wherefores," and noting the double line of men—*all men*—seated on the platform, we marveled that they could not comprehend that if there were two or three, even, and no more, bright women professors to relieve the coat-tail monopoly, and one sided dismalness of the collective head, how it would straiten out the knotty question and thicken up the thin ranks. Women would festoon the walls with flowrs and trophies of peace instead of muskets and trophies of war; women professors would see that people from a distance had physical refreshment furnished them, at a reasonable price, within some one of the ample buildings. If the faculty was composed of half men and half women there would be enrolled a thousand students, instead of less than half that number. When our governor elect confers degrees, she will make a "little speach" of thrilling eloquence, instead of mumbling over something from a written page that no one could understand.

WHAT WILL SOCIETY DO?—Here is a man of wealth, and lately of commanding position, who confesses, under oath, that he took upon his arm a woman he swears was his kept mistress, and introduced her into society as a pure woman. He took her to his daughter's wedding; he placed her upon an equality with his guests; he smirched the daughter of his loins by bringing her into contact with a person he declares was a prostitute for pay—an infamous woman. He admits that he gave this woman the shield of his name in social gatherings, at public assemblages, and in popular hostelries. He made her the associate of the wives and daughters of his friends, and in public held her before the gaze of youth, maidenhood, womanly propriety and manly honor, as chaste. In short, he slapped society in the face boldly. It is now society's turn. Will it condone the offense to which he confesses, cover the shamelessness of his conduct with the mantle of his wealth, admit him still to its circle, sit with him in social gatherings and solicit his favor at select receptions? We shall see—we shall see if society has respect enough for itself to rebuke an insult to itself. It had been more manly, when cornered to this confession, had the witness laid down half his fortune as the price of his denial, however unjust the exaction.—*Sac'to Union.*

What of the *moral* status of "society" which gives entrée to men steeped in vice, if they possess large wealth? which lavishes every public gift of state or nation upon them, creating them lawgivers and oracles within the gates, while their debauched and ruined victims are spit upon and kicked into the gutter, by "society."

Was William Sharon any cleaner when you made him U. S. Senator then he is today? "Society" demands vice in men and virtue in women—and gets it. Why complain?

ATTENTION is called to Mrs. Orr's article on "The Future of English Women," which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* more than a decade since, and was republished, at the time, in *Woman's Journal* and other progressive papers. It seems as apropos, now as then, since the defeat of the Suffrage bill in Parliament. The average Britisher, like his American cousin, wears the jewel of consistency in his nose (out of his own visual range,), when he is contented and submissive under the ruling power of *one* woman, and is contented and happy in the exercise of his despotic ruling power over all other English women.

SCISSORS.

De ole pollytishuns am a grindin' ob de tools,
Purparin' fur de cumin' ob de fite,
An' de smart men hab 'gun fur ter tok ter de fools,
A pintin' out de wa' whut am rite.

De Demikrat is pullin' an' is tokin' orful soft—
Oh, he lubs de ole nigah in his soul!—
In de celah durin' de off yeah, now he's in de loft,
But ter me, sah, de game is mity ole.

De 'Publican am skin fur ter hug de nigah now,
An' his lovin' wurds da fol as tick as hail;
Pas 'im on de sidewok, he makes a putty bow,
But ter me, sah, it's gittin' myty stale.

Defeated (feminine) Oregon is marching bravely on.

The Woman's Congress will be held in Indianapin October.

The International Association of Shorthand Writirs will hold their fourth annual Congress in Harrisburgh, Pa., Aug. 21st.

The fourth annual Conference of the California Social Science Association, and International Dress Reform Exhibition, will be held in San Francisco Sep. 3d.

Women voted for School Trustees at Victoria, B. C., last week, for the first time in the province.

Hannah Simon, of Newark, waltzed ten minutes at the celebration of her 97th birthday.

A Parisian Ladies' Rowing Club has challenged a gentlemen's club for a six-cared barge race.

In a school, near Manchester, Eng., 200 pupils, are expert swimmers—especially the girls. In the last competition the first girl swam 600 times round the tank, a distance equal to eight miles. The first boy was 96 times behind her.

The question of admitting women, upon the same terms as men, at Oxford, Eng., has been carried.

"I live for my divine art. I have had cruel things said about me by the people and the papers, but I care not. I am Patti, and I am the first prima donna in the world. With that I am satisfied."

At the town election at Greensboro, Pa., a ballot was cast for five ladies, this platform being written across the face: "God and cleanliness."

Mrs Logan in a very facinating and dangerous politician in petticoats.—Boston *Herald.*

The voters of Westmoreland, Pa., nominated Ada Read for Justice of the Peace, as a joke. The "joke" is gall and wormwood now, for Ada metes out justice to "voters."

Men, composing the General Conference of the M. E. Church, have decided that woman is not qualified to preach the gospel. The Church will not licence or crdain her. And yet, were it not for faithful, earnest, devoted women, there would be fewer churches and fewer believers for men to preach to.
—Boston *Herald.*

Patents recently taken out by women: Mary E. Guirey, San Francisco, a figure map and chart, for educational purposes: Catherine May, Cleveland, O., bottle-capper; Emma Seligman, Irvington, N. Y., mechanical telephone; Ellen S. Getchell, Boston, improved book-coves; Mary Bartlett, Detroit, Mich., clothes-line pole; Abbie A. Jackson, New York, game-board, dice-box, etc.

The Empress of Austria has ordered that her stables in England be dismantled, as her physician has forbidden her to hunt. She is now devoting herself to literary work, poetry being her specialty. She, has a printing department at the imperial palace at the Godollo, and has learned the art of typesetting.

Miss Fitzgerald recently graduated in the art course at Queen's University, Kingston, Ca. She took the Prince of Wales gold medal for proficiency in Greek, passing the best examination in that language of any student, of either sex, who has graduated from that university.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Renssalaer, of New York, has a series of articles in the *Century* on American architecture, from which the most masculine architects in the country may gain great information. One of these days women architects will be making their own fortunes out of the houses they shall plan and build—and they will not contain sewer death-traps.

It was a study of historic value to witness the bearing of the women in the National Greenback Convention, and their influence upon the confusion and turmoil.—MAY WRIGHT SEWALL.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY S. GERTIE SMYTH, M. A.

FRIENDS AND SISTERS OF THE ORDER receipes for hygienic cooking, how to be well, etc., will be cordially welcome, for this department. Let us exchange views upon all things pertaining to the improvement of homes.

Address all communications for this department to Mrs. J. H. Smyth, 623 Montgomery-st. S. F., Cal.

"We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial."

VOICE CULTURE:—Our highly cultured and able elocutionist, Mrs. Tavener-Graham, says, in her admirable work, "Reasonable Elocution," the speaking or reading voice is capable of improvement in the same proportion as the singing voice. To cultivate the voice we must acquire—first flexibility, which consists of a smooth and easy gliding from one note to another; second, a good range or compass; third an improved quality of voice, which can only be obtained though culture. In point of fact elocution is both a science and an art—resting on positive laws, founded in the nature of things; and as in the case of any other art or science, these laws never come by nature, but must be mastered by study and practice. Systematic training and rigid practice develope and strengthen the voice, and render it flexible and melodious, just as athletic exercises give strength and elasticity of muscle, and grace of movement. The gladiators of old, exercised thin muscles until the "strength of brass was in their sinews." And that old oratorical gladiator, Demosthenes, practiced vocal gymnastics by the murmuring sea, climbed up hills with pebbles in his mouth; he is also said to have shut himself up at times in a cave under ground for study's sake, and this for months together. He was naturally of a weak constitution and he had a feeble voice, an indistinct articulation, and a shortness of breath. Finding that these defects impaired the effect of his speechs, he set resolutely to work to overcome them. The great orator Cicero was not naturally robust; his figure was tall and spare, his neck long and slender. When he was twenty-eight years of age he made the tour of Greece and Asia minor, where for two years he persued his studies in rhetoric and philosophy under eminent masters. Stuttering Jack Curran cultivated his voice so perseveringly that he not only overcame the great defect, but was noted for the clearness and perfection of his articulation. He practised before a mirror, and debated questions as if he were in a lyceum.

"METHODS FOR SELF-CULTURE.—1. Breathing deeply and slowly, rapidly and explosively.

2. Reading in a whisper so distinctly as to be readily heard throughout a large room.

3. Reading loudly indoors, outdoors, and when running up a hill.

4. Reading slowly and rapidly alternately.

5. Read high and low alternately.

6. Read heavy and gentle alternately.

7. Read up and down the musical scale alternately.

8. Increase and diminish in force alternately.

SPECIFICS.—1. For stress of voice loud explosive exercises.

2. For distinct enunciation the whisper or an aspirated voice.

3. For smoothness the medium stress with slow time.

4. For flexibility as rapidly as possible.

5. For meeting with any measure of success, keep the eyes and ears open and *practice, practice, practice.*"

SENSIBLE TRAINING FOR GIRLS.—The Lasell Female Seminary has just begun its seventh annual course of "object lessons in cookery," under the direction of Mrs. O. C. Daniell. The dishes on the programme for the day are prepared and cooked before the class, and in a supplementary course the pupils prepare with their own hands each article in the day's bill of fare, set their table, and then dine from the results. The mothers testify that the plan works well, the girls not only becoming good cooks, but getting heartily interested in the practical exercise at home.—X.

HOW A GIRL EARNED MONEY.—She says, "An uncle of mine, who is a manufacturer of plated ware, made, while visiting at our house, a plating machine and replated our knives, forks, spoons and castors. I quickly masterd the art, myself, and have cleared in 22 days $94,50. I took orders at almost every house, while soliciting, and such work is almost all profit.

To any one who will send (for my "*New* Curiosity Shop"), any small bits of ores, shells, leaves, old coins, quilt patches, anything that will make an attractive variety, I will forward full directions for making a plating machine that will plate gold, silver and nickel. Miss M. F. Cassey, Oberlin, O."

HEALTH REFORM.—English people are going almost wild over health reform. At the annual Health Exhibition, which is now in progress in London, every variety of sanitary invention is exhibited. The Vegetarian Society has a dining-room where a dinner of three courses is served for 6d. Vegetarianism is making rapid strides in England. Over 3,000 people are fed, daily, at the vegetarian restaurants of London, alone.—*Herald of Health.*

Why dont Drs. Holbrook, Lozier and Foote inaugerate such a yearly exhibit in the American metropolis? It is needed there as much as it is in London.—[ED.

Keep a lump of charcoal in the meat safe.

When carpets are taken up and shaken they can be much renovated by scattering coarse cornmeal and salt over them, and then sweeping it all off.

It is said that cold tea is a good fertilizer for house-plants, and that occasionally it is a good plan to put some tea grounds or leaves in the earth around the plant roots.

Delicious filling for a layer cake is made of bananas, sliced thin, with powdered sugar sprinkled over them. The bananas should not be prepared until almost tea-time for they become discolored if they are perfectly ripe and allowed to stand long. Another way to prepare a filling is to chop some pineapple very fine, and put half pineapple and half banana together; put a layer of banana on the cake, then cover this with the chopped pineapple and sugar.

The carcasses of cows and sheep which have died of contagious diseases in France are dissolved in sulphuric acid and the resulting solution is then treated chemically for the recovery of salts, which can be used as manure. Actual trial has shown that there is a profit of 4 francs on every dead sheep.

Australia carries off the palm in the production of useful trees. One furnishes a good substitute for butter, another has seeds from which a meal is ground which is good for food, and another from its pods produces a mass of fibers which, like cotton, can be used to stuff mattresses and cushions.

Manual labor is conducive to health; no one can think or reason clearly when the blood is crowded to the head. In order to prevent this and draw the blood from the head, some kind of bodily activity is necessary. Dress is very important; the love of dress leads our young people into all manner of dissipation; let us not cultivate in them, this love for dress. Dress the children plainly and comfortably in simple garments suited to their years, that they may feel unrestrained. Do not dress them in silk and velvets.

AIR AND SUN BATHS.—The air-bath is a means of recuperation which needs to be inteligently and carefully adopted. There are hundreds of thousands of people, in this country, who lead miserable lives. They suffer from nervous prostration, imperfect assimilation, worry, overwork, household care, etc. A vast number of invalids, in the mighty army, are not to blame for their physical weaknesses; their idiosyncrasies of organization come by inheritance. Heredity is the cause of one-half of all the misery in the world. Now the air-bath comes to the feeble and physically impoverished as a kind and good friend; and let us see how we can obtain from it the highest good. Nearly all semi-invalids are inclined to sedentary habits, and as the circulation is languid the body, in winter, is under a persistent chill. In the morning upon getting out of bed, the clothing can not be too quickly adjusted as the body is in a shiver, and the air of a cool room is a thing to be dreaded.

The morning is the time for the air-bath, and all that is required is a hair-cloth mitten, and a moderately cool room. When the invalid steps from the bed to the floor in the morning, let the hair-glove or mitten be seized, and without removing the night-clothes proceed to rub gently all parts of the body, at the same time walking about in the room until a feeling of fatigue is experienced; then drop the glove, and gently pass the hand over all the parts of the body, before resuming the clothing. Unless the nude body is extremely sensitive to cold, a portion may be exposed to the air for a few moments while in motion, even on the first morning. The next morning jump out of bed, in a moderately cool room, and go over the same process as before, remaining a little longer exposed to the air after the rubbing. The third morning repeat this treatment; and on the fourth, or at the end of a week, take off all the night-clothing, and briskly apply the hair-glove, first with the right hand and then with the left, all the time walking about. Follow up this as the degree of strength permits, morning after morning, until the body is so rejuvinated and the blood so attracted to the surface, that the cool air is felt to be a luxury. Let the body be entirely nude,—no socks upon the feet, no scarf about the chest. At first, or after the first week, perhaps, the exposure to the pure, cool air may be three or four minutes; soon increase the exposure, until, after a month or two, the air-bath may continue for twenty minutes or half an hour. Do not fail to walk about during the first month, using the hands in polishing the skin. After the first month the patient may sit in the air of the room part of the time; but constant, gentle exercise is best.

Now, another most important curative agent connected with the air-bath is *sunlight.* In summer sunlight is accessible, but in winter only the late risers can secure its benefits. If possible, sit and walk in the sunlight during the bath. It is astonishing what the direct actinic rays of the morning sun can do for an invalid when the whole nude body is brought under its influence.—*Journal of Chemistry*

An ingenious English manufacturer has, by a simple and workable invention of coiled springs, succeeded in dispensing with the need of driving sewing machines by hand or foot. A few turns of a handle wind up sufficient power to keep a machine going at full speed over an hour. It is completely under control as to the rate of stitching and stopping, and can be applied to any existing machine at moderate cost.

Robert Wilkinson, of Brooklyn, superintendent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to children, has discovered that a kind of rock-and rye candy sold in that city contains fusel oil in such proportions that two pounds of the candy would constitute a fatal dose.

An olive orchard near Santa Barbara paid $20 a tree last year.

EDENIC (*UNCOORED*) DIET.

Will every Edenic send to the Edenic "Home Department" the recipe of every new and palatable dish manufactured from pure, undevitalized by fire, food.

CHEEP LIVING.—Dr. T. L. Nichols has lived week in and week out, in London, at a cost for food of 60 or 80 cents a week, on the two meal system, and maintained full vigor and weight, while performing arduous literary labor, combined with a somewhat active mode of life. Dr. C. E. Page, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says he was never more vigerous or better fitted for hard work, in short better nourished, than when living for several months on the one meal plan, and on a diet of unleaven Graham gems and fruit, the total cost of which was less than 10 cents a day.

S. N. Silver, of Auburn, Me., a hard working mechanic, has, for more than three years, lived entirely on the one-meal a day system. He eats at night after resting sufficiently from his days work and takes nothing between meals not even an apple. Sundays he eats only fruit. He enjoys perfect health and has gained in weight, during his bread and fruit regimen.

Dr. Jackaon, of Dansville, N. Y., who has lived in the same way for a score of years, says, "My food is very simple, and I do not eat more at one meal than most persons eat, at one sitting, who take three meals a day. I keep my body well built up in flesh and in vigor of muscle, and I have reached my 74th year."

Hearty feeders, on the three meal system, will usually eat no more at one meal than they formerly consumed at dinner; some, indeed, find much less than this suffices to sustain them in the very best manner. This is largely due, however, to the superior quality of their diet, for they are practical vegitarians, or fruitarians, who use a large proportion of bread—a pure nutrient when properly made—instead of flesh, a nutro-stimulent.

In the cure of dyspeptics, who never know the comfort of eating a full meal, the one meal system would banish their nausia and lack of appetite. It would enable them to eat more food and be better nourished, than they are now on their three-meal forcing system. There would, also, result a corresponding improvement in the general health, especially if this reform was accompanied by other hygienic principles, as regards dress, fresh air and exercise.

"Live on a sixpence a day and earn it," was the favorite prescription of a famous London doctor.

The vitality stored up in uncooked plants and fruits is greatly impared by culinary process. Uncooked fruits, especially, excite the mind to its highest activity. After eating them we experience an inclination to vigorous exercise, an increased capacity for study and all mental work; while cooked food causes a satiety and sluggishness. Raw grain will keep indefinately, but cook it and it spoils directly.

At the world-famed "Grape Cures" (for dyspepsia and its sequel, consumption), the diet during "the season," consists almost exclusively of ripe grapes: The patients stroll about the vineyards, and pick and eat. "Out of season" the diet is composed of fruit, and cooked cerials.

Dr. Nagel, a German physician, in 1871 lived 41 winter days upon uncooked sweet roots and fruits, alone, maintaining perfect health while working hard as a practioner and writer. If his patients had followed his example they could have dispensed with his services. People dont need physic on the natural diet.

The above items are taken, largely, from Dr. Page's admirable work, Natural Food. Send $1,50 to Fowler & Wells, N. Y., publishers, and you will find it worth many times the price, if you are a diet reformer.

MRS. STOW.

Attention is called to the valuable books revewed in this No. of the HERALD. We are at a loss what to eat, now that Dr. Dodds has cut off all flesh foods, salt, sugar, butter, etc. What shall we eat on the uncondemned "potato"? You leave us that but are uncertain about the fragrant and relishable "onion."

THE ADULTERATION OF COFFEE.—Superintendent Day, in a report to the Health Commissioners on Friday, on the adulteration of coffee, stated that in coloring the coffee bean from Guatemala and Marcaibo to imitate government Java, chromate of lead or chrome yellow, Prussian blue, known to chemists as ferro-cyanide of iron, yellow ochre, arsenic, Venetian red, lamp-black or drop-black, gum Arabic, soap-stone and charcoal were the ingredients used.

The superintendent further states that he has learned that the coffee is colored in two mills in Brooklyn, and that an analysis shows that every cup of the coffee made from the dyed beans contains one-sixtieth of a grain of arsenious acid, a poison, the one-twentieth of a grain of which is considered in medicine a heavy dose. As soon as the necessary evidence has been procured the proprieters of the Brooklyn mills will be prosecuted.—*American Sentry.*

With a system of finance, transportation and general business which feeds the spirit of greed to its fullest, we cannot expect men to be other than brutes, regarding not the right of liberty or life of their fellow men.

Any man can pick up courage enough to be heroic for an hour; to be patiently heroic daily is the test of character.

One Isaac McLain of Hillsboro, Ill., who recently secured a divorce from his young wife, has married her mother, now fity-six years of age.

There is a young man in Chico, Cal., who has almost entirely lost his speach from the excessive use of cigarettes.

All wasps, hornets, bees, ants, and mosquitoes that either sting or bite are female. The male can do neither.

TO PUBLISHERS.

Books upon Dress Reform, Physical Culture, Stirpiculture (Race Culture), Heredity, The Industrial Education of Women and Girls, and general reform, Equal Suffrage, Temperance, etc., will be carefully reviewed in these columns. Please remember 1921 Sacramento-st., S. F. Cal.

Books for review can be sent either to Bancroft's or Roman's publishing houses, or to the office of the HERALD.

1. Omit a in words like hed, helth, brest, plesure, etc.

2. Omit silent e in words like hav, liv, giv, definit, etc.

3. Write f for ph in words like fantom, filosofy, alfabet, camfor, telegraf, etc.

4. Omit one of the donble consonants in words like shal, clif, ad, eg, etc.

5. Change ed final into t in words like fixt, capt, chopt, prest, etc. Also, tho and thru.

The Five Rules, as given above, were proposed and adopted by the American Spelling Reform Association in 1878. The English Spelling Reform Association adopt the same rules, thus making a common basis of action.

WANTED TO BORROW
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS
To open in San Francisco, or Oakland, an establishment for the sale of LADIES' FANCY GOODS and first-class DRESS MAKING.
Address Miss G. Morton, Sacramento, California.

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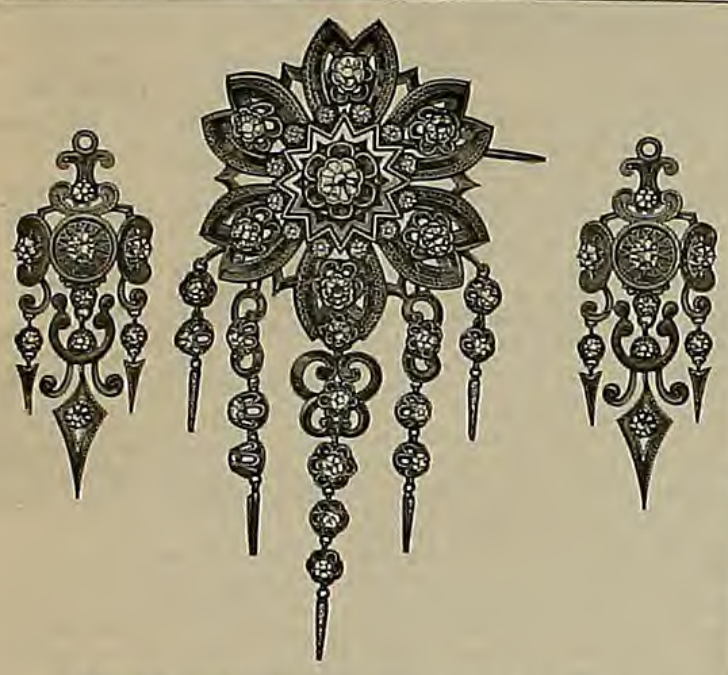


MRS. STOW'S DIAMONDS.

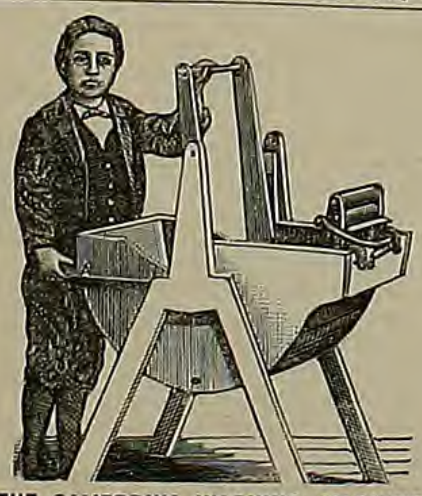
The above beautiful set of jewels Marietta Lizzie Beers Bell-Stow puts up for $1,000, at $1 a ticket, to cancel the mortgage on the S. S. S. College of Industry .Pin 1st prize, earrings 2d. The founder of this College, for women and girls, makes it *national* for reasons which will be explained in the future. As soon as the mortgage, which was made to raise money to pay for the outfit of the HERALD office, is canceled, she will make a trust deed of the property "IN PERPETUITY TO INDUSTRY." Whoever, from this date, until all the tikets are sold, sends $1,50 for a single ticket shall have a copy of the H. OF I. for one year, also, and whoever sends $5 for five tickets, at one time will have the paper for a year, and for ten tickets three copies. Ten per cent commission will be allowed for the sale of tickets. There are no *choice* of numbers. Every name, No. of ticket and residence will be continuously published in the HERALD, and the raffle will be held at a special public meeting of the S. S. S.

This property, Mrs. Stow's "Homestead," and the only thing which she saved from the jaws of the Probate Court, is a modern built mansion, which has 14 rooms: Lot 30x127½, situated in one of the choicest blocks in San Francisco, and is valued at $ 10,000. The improvements alone cost that amount.

The pin has 34 stones and the earrings 9, each, making 52 brilliants, exquisitely mounted in enamel and gold. The object is such a commendable one that all scruples, in regard to raffling, should be thrown aside, and 1, 5, or 25 tickets secured immediately. Registered letters and money orders, with No. of ticket, will be promptly acknowledged. The jewels were on exhibition at the *first* Grand Triennial Conclave of the Social Science Sisterhood of America and International Dress Reform Exhibition, held at Ixora Hall, San Francisco, Sep. 4th 1883. The beautiful set was greatly admired by the large audience, especially the pin which cost $600 in Paris.

FORM OF BEQUEST.—I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to the Lady Managers of of the "S. S. S. College of Industry," in the city and county of San Francisco, state of California the sum of.....dollars, or real or personal property, to be applied to the uses thereof.

☞ MRS. STOW'S PHOTO'S.—Boudoir (full length) in Tripple S costume, 50c. cabinet 35c.—*post paid*. Remember, friends, that these are sold for the benefit of the S. S. S. College of Industry, where women and girls are taught self-help—made independent of the world's scorn or pity.



THE CALIFORNIA WASHING MACHINE.

☞ LADIES ATTENTION. *The California Washer* is guaranteed to last an ordinary family *five* years. and it will save *half* the time and labor of putting the wash on the line, and the price is only

TWELVE DOLLARS.

Now suppose it takes four hours to do your washing each week for five years—which is 104 days, or, 1040 hours. Mind you: The California Washer saves HALF that time—and only costs the *small* sum of $12.

Address G, M. PURSELL,
431 Fourth-st, San Francisco, Cal.

THE FUTURE OE ENGLISH WOMEN.

BY MRS. A. ORR.

The Nineteenth Century.

After a struggle of twenty years, the movement for female emancipation bids fair to become a self-sustaining agent and possibly, a portentous power in the history of the human race. It has as yet barely reached it's ostensible goal, but it has conquered a position from which in the nature of things it cannot recede, and from which it is almost as impossible that it should not advance. The defenders of Woman Suffrage are still only a minority in Parliament, but they are a large minority, and an energetic one. The facilities granted during the last session to female students of medicine are neutralized by the closing of all our hospitals against them; but this obstruction cannot logically be maintained, becense women already assist in their capacity as nurses in every process of hospital treatment, and sex therefore, cannot justify the exclusion. The opponents of female competition in the practice of medicine have entrenched themselves in a position which is inherently weak, and although such weakness may be of little account whilst the strength of a large principle, and collective will is behind it, it means a great deal in the present case, in which the will is subjected to continued pressure, and the principle to continued attack, in which, above all, the principle is obscure and the will not indisputably one with it. It is difficult to doubt that sooner or later an obstacle* will be overcome in which professional jealousy and old world ideas of "protection" play apparently so large a part; and when one of the medical proffession has been thrown open to women, the question of sexual disabilities is at an end. The line which may still be drawn between the female doctor, whose functions are exercised in the sick room, and the woman whose proffessional arena would be the church, the law courts, or the chamber of legislation, holds good in theory, but will be found non existent in practice. The suffrage may be withheld, and if it is withheld there will be no female members of Parliament, and what is more to the immediate point, no direct female influence in political life. But whether politically represented or not, the destiny of women will be the same. They will triumph by reason of the social independence, which will be an indirect, political power. Directly or indirectly, actually or potentially, for good or evil the battle for female emancipation will have been won.

For good or for evil? That is the question which must obtrude itself on every impartial mind, in presence of a movement of which the avowed object is nothing less than a remodelling of the aims, and the interests, and the activities of a whole sex. Whilst the answers which greet us from either side of the struggle, contribute very little to it's solution. If any party declared the movement to be ill-judged and unnecessary, the other pronounces it both necessary and good. They point to the crying evil which is destined to remedy; to the thousands of solitary women for whom it claims only the means of living; who are starving in body or languishing in soul because the fiction of a protecting sex interposes itself between them and the means of self-preservation. They tell us this state of things must be abolished, and if results less obviously desirable should ultimately ensue from the measures essential to it's abolition; those results will be justified by their necessity. They will rather need no justification, because the law of nature will have brought them about; because, according to all rational religion, and all true philosophy, the law of nature is progress; and because, therefore, every great social change takes place under this law, and must prove conformable to it. They are not content with saying that the changes they are striving to effect may lead to greater evils, or evils as great, though of a different kind, as those which we desire to remedy, but that the necessity is strong enough to justify the risk, or indeed, to compel it. They deduce the necessity of the change from it's present goodness, and it's ultimate goodness from it's present necessity; and thus locking up premise and conclusion in a circle, in which, according to a time-honered method, they are made to prove eachother: they present a case for discussion which it is difficult even clearly to state. We are everywhere on slippery ground. We scarcely even gain a footing by accepting the proposition that all change is progress, and therefore, for the best; because every class of mind has it's peculiar way of conceiving what is best, and according to the various shades of religious and philosopic rationalism which are respectively present in the movement, the object of progress will be the individual or the race, a moral existence not limited by the visible life, or the organic mode of being which begins and ends there; the perfecting of the existing social order, or it's destruction; which conflicting opinions may even alternate in a single mind. These uncertainties of theory do not affect our estimate of the (primarily material) sufferings to which "superfluous women" are exposed to, but they must essentially affect our judgment of the manner in which these sufferings should be met. They preclude the possibility of any but an empirical treatment of the social disease of which we all perceive the symptoms, leaving only the choice between cautious empiricism and bold quackery; between watching the case patiently, applying palliatives whereever possible, and leaving time and nature to do what they can—and frankly blunting or destroying whatever part of the organism has become cause of pain. There can be little doubt that our patient, more demonstrative friends are adopting the latter course.

We have, nevertheless, in dealing with the nature and history of the "Woman's Rights" movement, an advantage which is wanting to the study of almost every other known problem of social or political life. Social and political difficulties, as a rule, have their beginning in the beginning of society itself. They represent facts and influences of such gradual growth, of such organic interdependence, that we cannot even immagine a remedy less destructive than the disease, or that would not, by some natural reaction, increase it. We can scarcely think away any social evil without mentally renouncing a corresponding good. But we can think away the "Woman" question and it's intricacies by simply immagining the proportion of our marrying men to be as great as it once was. This may seem at first sight only to postpone the difficulty because the falling off in the number of possible English husbands is itself a complex fact deeply rooted in the conditions of our modern, national life; but it represents a special development of that life, and we can immagine, as indeed we see, national existences, analogous to our own, in which this particular phase has been avoided. The existence of a large class of supernumerary women is an accomplished fact, but it is a comparatively recent fact; it is a fact which may be judged by contrast and which therefore, supplies the materials for a public opinion so far distinct, and so far unanimous as might at least insure a more consistent caution in the handling of it.

(To be continud.)

The readiness displayed at the present moment by many educated women to undertake the work of servants must be considered as the natural reaction against this fact, in no sense disproving it.

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EQUAL SUFFRAGE NOTES.

The Lagislature of Iowa has refused to submit a woman suffrage amendment to the people.

God pity the woman who cannot see that she must take one more st-p to be free.—HELEN M. GOUGAR.

The committee on woman suffrage in the United States Senate has reported a joint resolution proposing to amend the Constitution as follows:—

"Section 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State on account of sex."

"Section 2. The Congress shall have the power, by appropriate Legislation, to enforce this act."

It may be several years before the hopes of the ladies are realized, but it is safe to say they will not abandon their purpose if it takes a century to reach victory.—*Ind. Sentiel.*

The ladies have made good progress recently, and they should be able to gain their liberty in this very struggle. Why not? They are your mothers your wives, your sisters and daughters. Shame on the man who would help to keep them degraded below the negro.—*Lafayette Dispatch.*

Word comes from New York that by a vote of 27 to 92, the women of that State must wait a little longer before they are on a par before the law with foreigners and negroes. The men of New York must see a few more thousands go down to destruction through male-made licensed dens, before they use the only power on earth—woman's vote—to close them. They witness the wrongs upon the army of working women crowded into their large cities, and deny these women the privilege of self-protection from the grasping hands and grinding heels of corporation monopoly. In short, the men need a little more light in New York before they can comprehend the scope and purpose of human freedom.

Cycling grows apace in England. A cycle track, 45 miles long, 18 feet wide, paved with asphalt, and of easy gradients, is to be built between London and Brighton, and owned by the bicyclists and tricyclists.

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MY LADY DOCTOR.

JESSIE SCOTT.

She never comes with pompous stride,
Strong of cigars, head to one side,
A brief call makes,a question asks,
And loftily talks of mighty tasks.
Not so my lady doctor.

She feels your pulse, looks at your tongue,
Discerns the very nerve unstrung,
Then holds your hand with kindly look,
And reads you through like open book.
Thus does my lady doctor.

With gentle voice, quite calm and still,
She then doles out the little pill,
The while she notes with hasty glance
The air, the food, the nurse, perchance,
Naught 'scapes the lady doctor.

And then she knows what she's about;
Has piles of books, all read throughout.
She studied with a learned man,
And practiced twenty years his plan.
She's wise, my Lady doctor.

Should sickness seize the nursery elf,
Whose life is but your truer self,
She's such a woman's coaxing way,
The child will soon from day to day
Cry for the "yady docca."

If danger comes to man or wife,
She'll watch and nurse the dick'ring life
Until, by patient care and skill,
She'll bid each anxious fear be still;
As could no other doctor.

When comes your time to convalesce,
She'll even deign to talk of dress
And cheer you up with bits of news,
And so keep off the dolorous blues,
My cheery lady doctor.

But if no human skill avail,
And death o'er life at last prevail,
With honest tear and honest heart,
Comfort and strength she will impart,
God bless my lady doctor!

And should your sick soul cry in grief,
To which no potion gives releif,
she'll speak such sympathetic word
As surely never can be heard
But from a lady doctor.

I know their be good, true M. Ds.,
Who blessings strew and patients please!
But I am sure no one could be
In all respects the same to me
As my dear lady doctor.

And think how brave shemust have been
To dare to study medicine,
In those old days when doctors wise
Made no attempt to scorn disguise
Of any lady doctor.

But now, through years of patient toil,
She's reached a place that wont recoil.
Doctors of standing her advise,
Nor shake their heads, nor roll their eyes
To meet my lady doctor

CORRESPONDENCE.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: Communications over a FOURTH of a column long put in the form of articles, NOT letters.

MARY E. TILLOTSON, Vineland, N. J. I send a $4 money order to aid the spoken word of Dress Reform. The only paper in the world specially devoted to this most vital question, of how to clothe the feminine body in healthful raiment, should be ably supported. Wil friends realize this fact and remit financial aid at once, to the one at the helm, who is in pressing need of *acts* not *words*. Words never faut a battle or won a victory, unless backed by the sinews of war—money and muscle.

F. ELLEN BURR, Hartford, Ct., Please find renewal of my subscription to the HERALD. Success to it in all its variety of reforms! Am interested in "raw food diet" and glad to see that a department of the paper is devoted to the subject. One thing in the bill of fare I was a little surprised to see—raisins—which, I believe are pretty generally acknowledge to be rather hard to digest, but the grape in its *natural* state is one of the most delicious of fruits.

I hope the time will come when fruit will be as common as meat is now—as easy to obtain; when fruit will be the the rule, and meat the exception. The case now is *vice versa*. I dream of cooling, refreshing fruits, and long for them all the time; but the flesh of animals, blood-heating, and bile-provoking, is served up *ad nauseum* and sinks fruit out of sight.

Murders, suicides, insanity, licentiousness and disease in its thousand forms, will never be wiped from our records, nor out of the blood, till people look elsewhere for their food than to the brute creation—which is all right in its own place, which place is not in the human stomach.

MARY C. BISHOP, Howard, Col., How rejoiced I am that your zeal and courage do not flag in the noble work you are doing for woman. When I think of our thraldom, and of how tamely the majority of women submit to it, I am heartily ashamed of the weakness of the sex. Many of the minority who are held in fetters would give their lives, if they could, for the glorious cause of Woman Emuancipation.

Will renew my subscription soon.

J. GEO. CROSS, M. A., Bloomington, Ill. Our Miss Parham is full of good womanly courage. She left us for a position at $100 a month, but has since, such is her independence of character, arranged to work for the firm half a day at half price that she may have the remainder to devote to an office of her *own* where *she* should be *queen* and earn more money by reporting. She will make *more* than a "shorthand mark."

W. V. HEARY, East Concord. Vt. When labor is independent it will be honored, and a laborer's costume, also. Now the laborer is half a slave and labor and its suitable costume dishonored. Industrial independence is, to me, the shortest road to short skirts.

LITERARY NOTICES.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING. How not to do it and how to do it. A study in sociology, by Melusina Fay Pierce. Osgood & Co., Publishers. Price $1. There is much food for thot in this little book. Its author claims that organization and association are the real watch-words of the hour; that women must bring domestic life up into the relm of scientific business relations after the way and manner that men transact business. This women must learn how to do by themselves for she pertinently says:

Men cannot do these things for women. That is as certain as that men cannot walk for them. They must use their own minds and their own energies to solve their own problems, just as they use their own limbs for their own locomotion. To expect men to think out and wisely shape the destinies of women is to expect too much. No matter how much stronger, intellectually, they may be than we, they are not strong enough for that. They can take care of their own side of the house, as the saying is, and that is all they can take care of. Magnificently have they done, and are they doing this—and to the shame and disgrace of the contrasting feminine inertia. It is the highest time that women, too, were up and doing. But they can do nothing single-minded, single-handed. To accomplish an adequate womenly work in the world, they must employ the Method of Civilization. They must first consult, then act together. If the Co-operative Housekeeping which I advocate be not the best way, let them look until they find a better way. But let them look, and let them look in company, as when men seek in the forest a missing child.

In innumerating the vapid and nimless occupations of our bright American girls, after they are "finished" and enter society Mrs. Pierce says:

Now what is a life like this but the most absolute loafing—and is it not a shame and a scandal that while as a rule the sons of an American gentleman spend their days in their stores and offices at their respective employments from eight until six o'clock, his daughters dawdle about at home or in the streets in such aimless, valueless occupations as the above? Such idle human beings would be obstructive barnacles on our eager civilization even if they were penniless paupers—but when they demand and receive besides, all the luxuries of life, they become positive Parasites,—active consumers of its vitality—a deadly disease in its blood! In asking one of these girls to marry him, let her be as lovely as she may, in case she have no fortune, a young man must feel perfectly sure beforehand that he is hanging round his neck a weight nearly as heavy as he is himself, which he will have to carry for the rest of his life, and it is no wonder if the weak and the selfish among unmarried men think—"Rather than such a life-long burden I will have my club for comfort and a mistress for passion and put marriage out of my thoughts entirely."

She recommends co-operative stores, to occupy their idle hands and brains as well as co-operative housekeeping, and shows in the following extract the importance of organization:

In the city of New York there are only about thirty thousand servants to its more than two hundred and seventy thousand families. That tells the tale! Even in the richest of our cities, the wives of nine families in ten must "do all their own work" as unremittingly as do the farmer's wives in the country. In truth housekeeping now covers the surface of society like a universal iron grating, and is upheld from crushing it, not by stone caryatids, but by living women, each standing apart until she sinks into her grave. But if housekeepers, or even the daughters of housekeepers, were united among themselves—housekeeping would rise on the two great forces of combined capital and organized labor as on two mighty wings, and bear up all women with it!

HEALTH IN THE HOUSEHOLD; or Hygienic Cooking. By Susanna W. Dodds, M. D. Fowler & Wells, publishers. Price $2. This admirable work of over 600 pages is the outcome of upwards of 20 years experience in the field of investigation and practical demmonstration. It is divided into three parts. The first "Reason Why" is replete with subject matter in extract. Under "Constituents of Foods" are tables giving the composition of the various grains, together with that of beans, peas, lentils, potatoes, beef, mutton, eggs, milk, and cream, taken from Pavy, that well-known authority on Food and Dietetics. All recipes are given in detail, so that no one can blunder as to quantity or just how to arrive at the desired results. The author says:

Foods, as ordinarily cooked, are robbed of their own luscious flavors and rich juices by all manner of wasteful or injudicious processes; by soaking, by parboiling, by evaporation, by under-cooking, and by burning; after which one tries in vain to compensate for these defects, by adding butter, pepper, sugar, salt, and other seasings *ad infinitum*. Nature is prodigal of her very fine flavors, furnishing them in infinite variety and choice abundance. How to prepare these products for the table getting all the good there is in them, and adding nothing harmful thereto is the thing sought after in this book.

For the benefit of those who are beginning to try hygienic cookery, but whose families and friends are not thoroughly converted to the system, Part III has been written, with directions for preparing foods, not strictly in the hygienic way, but in such a manner as to render them relatively plain and healthful. An urgent call having been made for a work of this kind the suggestion has been acted upon to bind it and the hygienic cook-book in the some volume.

The idea of binding both together will be appreciated by progressive housekeepers. There is no problem before the civilized world to-day of such magnitude as the food we eat. Soap-fat butter, fusil oil candy and chalk-white bread should give us pause, and women (they have the time) should organize cooking schools every where, and there should be places where foods could be chemically tested, and the adulterated or impure kinds condemned. Not until this is done—on a large scale—can we hope to escape poisoning by piece meal, and at every meal.

Out of some twenty suggestions, in regard to selection, the first eight are given:

1. Fruits and vegetables should not, as a rule, be eaten together; that is, at the same meal; if they are so eaten, persons with feeble digestive organs will usually suffer.

2. If vegetables are eaten, the noonday meal is the best time to take them, two or three varieties being quite sufficient. Tomatoes do well with vegetables, grains or meat; but they should not, as a rule, be eaten with fruits.

3. The Irish potato seems to be an exception among vegetables; it is so unaggressive in its nature that it seldom quarrels with anything. It may therefore be eaten (by most persons) with *either* fruits or vegetables, and it always does well with grains.

4. Fruits and cereals are particularly suited to the morning and evening meals, and very little other food is required.

5. A good rule, when suppers are eaten, is to make the meal of bread and fruit only, these being taken in limited quantities, and at an early hour.

6. Fruits, if eaten raw, should be ripe and of good quality; and persons with feeble stomachs digest them more easily at the beginning of the meal; this is particularly true when warm foods make a part of the repast.

7. Fruits raw or cooked, may be eaten at dinner, provided no vegetable (unless it be the potato) is taken. But if raw, they should be eaten *first*, particularly, if there are warm foods to follow.

8. Some persons can not digest certain kinds of raw fruits for supper, or late in the day; let them take these on sitting down to the breakfast table; or the first thing at dinner, unless there are *vegetables* at this meal.

DIETETICS, Food and Drink for the sick. By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. Price 25c. Over one hundred choice recipes for both acute and chronic diseases.

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CHANGE OF LIFE, By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. Price 25c.

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SOUND BODIES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS, by William Blaikie. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. Price 75c.

Now that good health is becoming fashionable, even among the *elite* of society, and the odor of invalidism is a stench in the nostrils of refinement, physical culture and various handicrafts are assuming their legitimate place in the world. The very *first* thing to be done with a child is to make her (or him) a fine physical animal—neat of body and clean of limb; every line and curve symetrical and beautiful; the foot, as Nature made it, undistorted by man's savage ingenuity; the body undeformed by man's diabolical cunning and craft. Dont worry about the *mind*. It will take care of itself when it has a clean, strong, well-built tenament, uncontaminated by whisky and tobacco, to dwell in. "Sound bodies" are just what are in active demand at this hour and moment of the world's history. The Author's advice to parents is:

Clothe your children comfortably; give them nourishing food, ample sleep and no stimulants. Make sure of their hour or more of vigorous outdoor work every day, no matter what the weather is, they will come up to manhood or womanhood well-built, hearty, and enduring and hence qualified physically to stand the wear and tear of any calling. Many of the exercises in this manual are familiar to gymnasts and athletes, but are not (nor is the effect of them) known to most boys and girls. Practiced daily, they will aid in building better bodies. Their effect on the mind will also be favorable. For a sensible education of the body causes the blood-making machinery to make good blood instead of poor. This good blood is sent to the brain, and fits that organ to do more and better work, without risk, than it can do when fed by a poor article. The heart, the lungs, and all the other vital organs, are also likely to be kept healthy and vigorous, from being supplied with this good blood, and by a rational use of the muscles daily, yet without overdoing them. One who is trained in this way will safely pass the overwork of the brain and nerves which, to-day breaks down so many useful, but physically untrained, men and women, while they should still be in their prime until nervous exhaustion has become a disorder familiar to almost every physician in the land.

The bright girls in the public schools are to the bright boys as five to three—not quite twice as many, but not far less than that proportion. Yet, what a war of laughter would re-echo from end to end of the State if any one should propose a constitutional amendment admitting women to vote! What a convulsion there would be in the clubs if the voting population of San Francisco were to be increased from 42,000 to 80,000 by the admission of women to the suffrage!

It would never do, of course. Women are so vastly our inferiors. It is true that they don't drink quite as many cocktails as men do, and their intellect is geneally under better control in consequence. But it is such a poor article of intellect. It is true that women are better judges of character than men, and, considering the care we take to exclude them from the political field, much keener politicians. In France they are much smarter salesmen than men, and in England, where hotel clerks usually wear petticoats, they are a marked improvement over the lordly American hotel clerk, with his well brushed hair and his diamond stud.

Gentlemen do well to vote down woman suffrage every time. If they didn't, it wouldn't be long before the poor, inferior creatures bossed the job. —S. F. *Examiner*.

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Invented and paten ted July 12th ,1881, by Emma L. and Mary A. Dietz of Oakland, Cal. supplies a long felt need, and is conceded by all who have used it to be the best invention ever introduced by which carpets may be thoroughly swept without injury, or the annoyance of dust rising. Being simple in construction, it cannot get out of order. It is well made and with care will last for years. Price within reach of all, ranging from $1,00 to $1,50 according to size and quality. Samples will be forwarded on application, with price, to trade. Territory will be sold and the Right to manufacture on Royalty given. This is just the work for earnest women to engage in. Orders addressed to Miss E. L. and M. A. Dietz, Oakland, Cala. will receive prompt attention.

Also, "The Dietz Patent Crum Receiver," a little bijou of neatness and convenience. Price $1,50. When both pans are purchased a deduction of 25 cts is made.

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TO NEWSPAPER AGENTS.

To persons getting up clubs for the HERALD, we will allow them to retain 50 per cent. of the subscription price of the paper in the way of a commission. Newspaper agents and others throughout the United States and Canada will please take notice of the above offer and send us the names of new subscribers.

AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE AND THE SCIENCE COSTUME.

Outline of Women's Sanitary Efforts Thro' Dres Reform, in the U. S., Commencing in 1850.

No. 9.

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.

For the Herald.

I hav one more scene on the modern tyrant's rack to enact; and be it known that, like it's archetypes which kiled, and that the cruelist way. The object of this war is to make me a suffering example, to deter others from a course of individual power. It is the old way of managing cowards and has driven too many women from physical fredom. On returning from my N. E. tour, in which it was apparent that the police force generally had bin charged to crush whatever tended to woman's self assetion, I came thru N. Y city as usual without trouble, tho I did busines at several points. Coming into Jersey City, which I had passed thru so often without calling, I thot it wise to gain some knowledge of woman's status there. I engaged lodgings, and at two o'clock went out and passed round a large, square block, quietly calling at residences, elicting the views of women, and expressing mine on topics embracing our welfare; and reaching my starting corner towards night, felt I had done much good. I was weary enuf to go to my rest, and bent my steps, accordingly. I had seen few men and children; people had not begun to return from labor; the streets were stil empty. A middle aged police man overtook me and asked me to go and see the marshal; I told him I had no occasion for going, if he wished to see me he could find me at the Phila. Hotel, whither I was going. He took hold of my arm firmly, saying I must go to him; I stopped, asked his object, gave him many reasons why he had no right to molest me; I showed him it would afterward be seen a baseless farce to his dishoner. He was stolid, rabid, determined, yet nearly silent; his appearance plainly evincing his knowledge of an evil purpose. He pulled, and told me to walk: I told him I could not obey his vile commands, nor abet vile plots, he must not hope to make me accessory, but allow me to seek my lodgings, for I was faint and weary. He pulled til I fel on my knees, and seeing a man beckoned him, and told him to take my other arm and they carried me, *a la* Albany, but a longer distance. I told him to stop, and let my breath and circulation become regular, but he would not til I told him a blood vessel might rupture any moment, and I should die in his hands. On reaching the station, the Sergeant asked him what he meant, and after an effort he said "Disorderly person." The Sergeant was aged, and looked candid. I gav him a brief account of the abuse, and asked if it was not his duty to release me. He did not reply, but questioned me about my name, vocation, etc. Told him I was under no obligation to answer, he know I was maltreated, it was his duty to end it then. Finally the assaulter commanded me to hand him my watch, purse, and whatever my pockets contained. I spread my hands over them, and asked the Sergeant if he would allow that being to rob me after his horrent abuse. He stood silently and took the the things, while Finlay held both my hands in one of his, and picked off the valuables with the other. He then said I must go to another room—I said "Cannot go where I dont belong." He called help to take my other arm, and they carried me into a cell, dropped me on the floor, and I heard him bolt the door. I sprang to my feet, put my lips to the keyhole and asked how long I was expected to stay there. He said "Til morning, the judge wil be here at eight to morrow." That is the only cel I ever saw; it had one hard chair, but neither bed, pillow or blanket, and the dirt on the floor and ceiling was darker than mud outside. It was past sunset; I stood as if transfixed, and said, "I can not live in this putrid atmosphere twelve hours!" and I sat on the soiled chair to plan measures to escape. The cel had two large windows grated inside; one opened into the Sergeant's large room; thru that, some hope dawned and I aimed to communicate out side the police. Going to it to rap, ask for fresh air, and gaze for a countenance related to a soul. I saw a man without uniform, and motioned to hav the sash raised. He complied, and left it high enuf to converse comfortably; speaking loud enuf for the sergeant's ears, I asked him to look into that crib, judge of the cruelty of confining me there all night, where rest was impossible; and after inflicting such a physical strain that my muscles were swelling and aching, then tel me if he could be prevailed on to take my plea to the judge immediately, if his decision must be had, or apply to some citizen who would see that some action released me. He said he would see. While he was consulting the Sergeant, a reporter came to the window; after gratifying his queries, I appealed to his sympathies for intercession to the powers holding the keys of torture. He said he would do what he could, there was evidently flagrant wrong in the seizure, and said, "good night." Then the old Sergeant came and said they were trying to get the judge, and asked if I had friends there to bail me; I said "Man why further mock yourself in this farce? you know there is nothing to hang a bail on; if my thousand friends over the river in N. Y. were here, I'd scorn to ask such a piece of clown's play of them."

He said" Dont say anything, we'l try to release you" I said "You should have tried before this dungeon bolt made you liable to the charge of false imprisonment. Do not flatter yourself that I will be silent, and let your reports carry falsehoods over the world. I had as lief boast between these grates as not, I assure you that my pen is as long as a reporter's and its truth is better than his expertues; every item of this assault wil go to the public, and expose the false statements." A little longer and the cel was opened, and I was invited out to meet judge Pelourbet. Soon as he saw me, he exclaimed, addressing the men, "Why this is only a reformer, What have you been about?" He was a delicate old scholar, and turning to me said gently, "How have they treated you?" on being told, he sighed and again addressing the men, said, "You ar wholy wrong, there is no law to prevent a woman's wearing any style of clothing she chooses. Sergeant, deliver this lady her things, she is released," He asked if I would accept the marshal's escort to my hotel, for it was past nine o'clock, I said "I wil—but where shall I claim redress for this injury? He asked for my view of it. Told him it was impossible to determine its seriousnes, at that point, but if not permanent, it would take more than a month,s wise care to cure the general wrench of the system; the muscles of my arms were then sweled from shoulders to hands. The literary work of making a clear understanding of the outrage thru the pres would be long, complicated, and tiresome; for before I could get one copy of the truth under the public eyes, twenty spurious accounts wil be out for a hundred sensational papers to copy. These would hav to be refuted—the world should know that persecution fel on me because of good labor for fredom of mind, thru the fre bodies of friends of woman, and I alone, thru a half fre press, had got to work it out. He said if I would come to his office next forenoon he would consider it. I meant to go, and hoped, besides learning much, to induce him to get purifications, made at the stations: but was to tired to write that night and my report had to be made in the morning. When I reached his office, he and the mayor, whom I meant also to see, had gone to the courts, and would not return in some days. The first city papers showed how large was the coming task of corrections; need of my own sweet home was imperative; and I've not yet settled with Jersey City. That the aggressor was bribed, or some way employed, is apparent.

The curiosity of children wil be annoyance to dres reformers travelling where unacquainted, til so many use the costume that it is not a novelty. I hav found their annoyance proportioned to the enlightenment of parents in the vicinity, and only formidable when there was open example of spiteful expression by grown up children in a rowdy state of developement, or secretly planned instigatons. Hav found policemen always succeed in dispersing them when they realy try, but most of them wil shirk the labor if they can. Would like to see them shirk the espionage professed bigotry establishes. They would have hav to, if the majority of both men and women were not cultured in shams til their spirits ar craven. I hav passed many smal trials with the little folks, some that felt too very large, and two consumate mobs. One was on that memorable tour of '81, in the city of Chelsea, a wing of Boston. The discipline of children of all ages was such their that I relinquished the idea of walking among them very soon; but staid a week, wrote for their papers, disputed their falsehoods. I had received the addres of a woman wanting to see me, I took pains to call before the noon recess flowed the streets from school houses. Reached the point, but somedody reported, and the people instead of ramifying to many homes, flooded the street before the house, from side to side. The hired girl was quite nervous; the new scene alarmed her. I went to the street and told the throng that I must complain of then to the city hall if they did not go on. Clear voices rang out, "all right, we'l go where you do." I went toward the hall, they all went, some leading, some following, all jubilant. They did not follow me into the hall, but waited for me to go out. Only clerks were in; told them I had come to stay, if permitted, til the walks were fre for my use. They gave me a seat, and while waiting, went to an alderman's desk and wrote a letter to be given the mayor. They asked if they should telephone for the marshal; told them I had talked with him, and thot him no use to the street. In an hour, urchin control was declared suspended.

The other was at New Brunswick, N. J., in '74. I had two hours to wait for my train; was told by pleasant women near the depo, that the factories close by where children wove the elastic fabrics for hose and underwear, were very interesting to visit, and that one o'clock, then near at hand, was the best hour to examine. While they were looking at my books, a man came up, took one, looked in it, tore it and threw the pieces, saying it was bad doctrine, and they all ought to be destroyed. In due time I went into the factory yard having three large buildings, and was led by a little girl to her work-room to wait for the forewoman. She soon came, children flocked in, with eyes sparkling as if bound for a festival instead of labor. A man clerk came and said they could not show the work that day, I must leave before they began. I started, my little conductor took my hand, all the rest followed with a rustle; as many poured from each building, a few hundred in all, at least. They formed a solid block round me, and slowly moved to the wide gate, the outside boys pushing and rolicking and drowning my voice, if heard. The girl clung to my hand, and tried

(See page 8.)

MARY E. TILLOTSON'S SCIENCE COSTUME.

INTERNATIONAL DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY.

MARY E. TILLOTSON. Vineland, N. J. "Have worn the Science Costume for more than 30 years, everywhere."

ABBIE KNAPP, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich. "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, Bloomfield, N. J. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home for several years."

MRS. E. M. KING, Hon. Secritary of the Rational Dress Association, London, Eng., wears the "Divided Skirt" and short overdress and jacket.

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

EMELINE A. PRESCOT, Hollowell, Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

ALEXIS LE BEUF, San JACINTO, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. DOANE, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Washington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I adopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

CAROLINE B. KEESE, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29 years of age, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

MARTHA S. SEVERANCE, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 30 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

MARIETTA LIZZIE BEERS BELL-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S costume: Trousers and kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

MARY DODDS, M. D., St. Louis, Mo., has worn a Trouser-dress for years, everywhere.

MARY E. LUCAS, M. D., Newfield, N. J., "Have worn the Short Dress (as a work dress) for 20 years."

RITA BELL, Painesville, O. "Have worn a short dress for several years, everywhere, and made my living in it.

ALMEDIA B. GRAY, Schofield, Wis., wears the Tripple S costume.

S. GERTIE SMYTH, Oakland, Cal. wears a short Trouser-dress, at home.

MRS. C. H. WEBB, San Francisco, Cal., has adopted the Tripple S costume for home wear and country outings.

MRS. DR. STRONBRIDGE, Cortland, N. Y., has worn the Science costume, in her infirmary, for many years.

SUSAN P. FOWLER, Vineland, N. J., has worn the Science costume, everywhere, for the last eighteen years.

FRANK A. M. COOK, M. D. Columbus, Ks.: Have worn tde Science costume, everywhere, since 1853.

$66 a week at home. $5 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

Children's Corner.

FIRST STEPS.

Hush! the baby stands alone—
Hold your breath and watch her;
Now she takes a step—just one—
Wavers, stops—quick, catch her!
Courage! life's first step will cost;
Now again she's trying,
One, two, three! she walks, almost,
Trembling, stumbling, crying.

Precious baby! up once more—
Tiny feet advancing,
Little arms stretched out before,
Bright eyes upward glancing,
Where mama, with cheering smile,
To her darling beckons,
Softly coaxing baby, while
Her first steps she reckons.

One, two, three, Oh! she will walk
Now, before we know it;
Hear her sweet-voiced baby-talk,
Little bird, or poet!
Prattling, toddling, there she goes,
Stepping off so proudly,
Turning in her untaught toes,
Pleased, then laughing loudly.

First exploit of self-content;
Now she's growing bolder,
Strength and courage yet unspent,
One can hardly hold her,
She so presses to advance
In her baby-learning,
Pulls so, Ah! by what mischance
Is this overturning?

There lies baby on the floor,
Sprawling, rolling, screaming!
And life's first attempts so poor?
Baby was but dreaming
When she felt so bold and strong;
Gladly now she's clinging
To the one whose soothing song
Back her smile is bringing.

Hurts are cured by mama's kiss,
Brave again as ever,
See, the plucky little miss
Makes her best endeavor;
Walks right off—the darling pet,
Rush now to caress her!
Come what will of first steps yet,
All good angels bless her!

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIEL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

Mrs. Breeze gave each of the oldest girls, a paper parcel, as she kissed them good bye. A thotful provision for the *toddlins* at home, that were not old enough to enter into the joys of entertaining and being entertained, in other words—society.

When they were all ready to start Mr. Stone proposed, and gave, an off hand toast to the heroine of the day, which was follwed by three rousing cheers, with hats swung high in the air. Then "the party" drove away singing and waving their handkerchiefs until they were lost to view in the thick forest. Thus happily ended Etta's first party.

Milly and Terry went down the lane to see Dan and Clara, who carried a package *larger* than the others, part way home, and to shut the lower gate, at the same time. Bill and Caper had gone for the cows and Mr. and Mrs. Breeze were still standing by the gate, when Etta reminded her father of his promised gift. O yes Duckey! said he "I came near forgetting it; but come and see—it's all safe." And beckoning to his wife to follow, he led the way into the "Shop". This building was a kind of winter manufactory, where splint-bottomed chairs were made by the dozen during the coldest weather, when it was unendurable to labor outside—in the snapping cold of a Northern winter. Here was always to be found a roaring fire, the merry hum of the lathe, long pliant splints and chairs and baskets in various stages of completion .The *tops*, round knobs and buttons, that were turned off from chair posts, shining shavings and the whirling chips from the lathe, were an endless delight to the little people.

Standing on the lathe-bench, on this particular occasion, was a box with a beautiful grey squirrel in it, with such bright eyes and a long bushy tail. Etta was overjoyed when she saw him for she had wished, for a long time, that she posessed such a pet.

"O papie!" she exclaimed, "Where did you get de pitty—"

"Remember you are not to say *pitty* for pretty now, darling!" said her father.

"*Peritty*"—broke in Etta before her father could finish what he was saying—"where did he come from?"

"I caught him in a trap on purpose for you. I wanted to give yon something nice, *very nice!* so that every time you see it, you will remember your promise."

"I's goin to allus, papie!"

Mr. Breeze exchanged a look with his wife, who shook her head. He then lifted the box, with it's pretty wheel at one end, for the squirrel to run around in for exercise, and carried it over to the house where he nailed it fast on one of the posts of the piazza.

When Terry and Milly returned from their walk they were delighted to see Etta's cunning present, and gave him some nuts to eat. But he was to much frightened to think of eating, and kept chattering all the time and trying to escape thru the bars of his cage.

A few days after the party, as the family were enjoying the beautiful twilight, after the work of the day was finished—making such a pretty rural picture under the branching arms of the crimsoning maple—an old, *old* woman came ambling up the lane and asked for a drink of milk. Etta hastily tucked Dolly into the crib and ran to a pan, that was standing on the table in the piazza, half filled with fresh butter-milk, and taking a dipper filled it, and gave it to the old crone. Etta thot that new butter-milk was the most delightful drink in the world, therefore, when the empty cup was returned, and the ancient dame proposed to reward her by telling her fortune—she only said—"I tot you'd 'ike it!" As the old crone crossed her hand with her mother's silver thimble in lieu of a half dollar, then Etta looked up into her face and continued—"Is it a *wish* you make in my hand?"

She made no further answer than to turn on her heel and walk quickly away. But Mrs. Breeze called after her, and bade her return her thimble and tell the child's fortune, as she had proposed to do.

Terry ran after her, and secured the thimble; but the woman would not return with him, and she kept repeating, "Bad, very bad! no good, plenty trouble!" Then she disappeared down the lane as silently as she came. Terry said in explanation, that he had seen smoke curling up over by the beaver-dam, and probably there was a band of gypsies, or vagabonds of some sort, camping up there.

The conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of Bill, who came riding along on old Dol., with a letter in his hand for Mrs. Breeze. She took it, and breaking the seal, hastened into the house to read it by lamp-light, it having grown to dark to see, outside.

When she had finished reading it, they all wanted to know how grandma was? Etta chiming in—"An Piggy to." Mrs. Breeze unfolded the letter and looked at the date before she made answer. Folding it again, she said, very quietly, "Grandma was well when this was written! she is going to make us a visit very soon: we may expect her, she writes, in about three weeks." O, O, I'm so glad! they all cried in a breath. And, continued the mother, "That is not all, for cousin Manda is coming with her; Aunt Linda's little girl. You remember my sister, do'nt you? who died of grief last summer, because her husband was murdered in cold blood, while performing his duty as an officer of the law!"

"Yes, mother!" responded Terry, "I remember Aunt and cousin Manda too. She must be quite a big girl now."

Mrs. Breeze looked long into the open fireplace where a bed of coals was glowing against a great, green backlog, that would last all the next day. She was thinking if she could add another to her little flock, for this Manda had been especially commended to her motherly care by the dying lips of a much loved sister. But it was hard times for such an acquisition: one mouth more to be filled, one more back to be clothed, and one more to find room in her heart of hearts. But she put her faith and trust in a higher power, a wiser fulfillment, remembering the promise to those who do not forget the widow and the fatherless.

The beautiful Indian summer days were counted over and over again, as they came and went. The children were all very impatient to see grandma, whom they knew and loved so well, and the dear little stranger cousin whose young, unformed life and character was to be moulded and guided by other than a *mother's* hand.

The night before Mr. Breeze and Bill were to start for Cleveland to meet them at the boat, Etta was trying to get Dolly to sleep—but from appearances was unsuccessful. Several times she had lifted her out of her crib and administered sundry chastisements, which only seemed to make matters worse. At last she said, in explanation of her difficulties—

"I tink dolly mus be dittin teef, se is so deaful tubblesome lately!"

"O fie Etta! what will grandma say, to hear yon murder English in that fashion?" said Terry reprovingly.

"Lemme be, Tay! I haint tilled any Inkisman, an' I aint doin to eider. Hold 'our tung, ou bad boy!" "Well, you're killing Orthography by inches, and torture is worse than a quick death. Besides, the old fellow sprang from patrician blood, and you should have respect for *that* if nothing else."

"I dess Damma knows who se li-kz!" was all the answer Etta deigned to make to the last unintelligible sentence. She knew to well that she was the "apple" of her grandmother's "eye," and therefore, Terry's criticism glanced off like frozen drops of water from a polished surface, without ruffling her temper. No one knew how very dear her grandmother was to her. She could not have expressed the delightful gladness of her heart if she had tried. But it was filled to overflowing, with the subtile joy of childhood. She finally covered up Dolly for the night, and pressing the forgiving kiss upon her lips, crept into her father's arms and nestling her head on his bosom, she thot over for the hundreth time, all the little surprises and pleasures that she had in store for grandma; a kind of prolonged welcome that would last many days.

The *real* rabbit in the pen and the funny *shadow* rabbit on the wall, that Bill made with his hands to please her of an evening. He made the phantom, which was a never ending source of delight—appear to nibble in the grass and then hold up it's head and chew. Mr. Chipmonk, to! who had taken up his permanent abode in the branches of the wide spreading maple at the corner of the house. He had become a retired gentleman of leisure thru Etta's munificence, and dreamed away his useless life in the most aristocratic manner possible. Miss Puss had a thoro contempt for him, and would gladly, had it been in her power, put an end to such folly—by making a square meal of him. To be sure she always accepted and liked good things from her young mistress's hand, yet she didn't feel above soiling her democratic feet and moistening her sleak sides in the wet grass—of the morning—to secure a juicy mole or gopher for her breakfast; nor hesitate to watch for hours, hidden under a golden sea of mustard blossoms, for the coming of the delicious yellow-birds. Then how noiselessly the wily paw would impale them before they had time to think or stir. Etta lectured her, very often, on the enormity of her sins, in pursuing such a course; and tried to persuade her that yellow-birds were not half as nice as tender young mice and sweet milk, and when she purred and looked so innocent after her lecture, Etta hoped that she was determined to reform, and lead a less predatory existence, restricting her diet to rodents and cream. But, alas! appearances can not always be trusted, and Puss did not prove an exception to the general rule; for she persisted in loving to dine on yellow-birds and robbins to, whenever she could catch them. She indulged in piscatorial pleasures ere she left the Empire State. Once she caught a pike in Lake Ontario that weighed a pound and a half, and she was so proud of her success that she brot it to Mrs. Breeze and laying it down at her feet, looked up into her face and said, "Mew-*eu*, mew-eu, pur-ther-mew!" which meant—"what do you think of that, mam?" And Mrs. Breeze demonstrated what she thot of it, by taking the fish and giving it a turn in the frying-pan for her own breakfast. Miss Puss never repeated the proud experiment but discreetly enjoyed her triumph in that line alone. Now there were only insignificent minnows in the creek, and these "small fry" never provoked a wet paw from her catship. She would devour them readily enough after Etta had caught them with a pin, but catch them herself, never!

Etta was awakened, as usual, the next morning by the sweet song of many birds, and the low twittering of the Phebes that had their summer home under the projecting eaves. Every spring, since Etta came, they had returned with the soft, south wind; repaired their nests, laid their eggs and hatched out their downy little ones, that took flight just as soon as their wings were strong enough to bear their weight. The sun and Milly were already up before her. She slipped on her clothes in great haste and ran down stairs and out on the piazza. Then holding her hand over her eyes, to prevent the sun from kissing her blind with his dazzling salutation, she looked into the wagon-shed, but there was no wagon there. Then she ran to the stable, but that to was empty. Dobb and Charley were both gone. Caper came trotting after, wagging his tail and laughing all over at Etta's discomfited face, saying, by his looks, as plainly as possiple, "Why they were up an' off an hour and a half ago my lady!" Then she saw her mother and sister coming towards her, from the spring. Mrs. Breeze was carrying a pitcher of water, and Milly had her hands full of dripping water-cresses, to make a relish for breakfast; her mother was very fond of them.

"Good morning! little daughter" said Mrs. Breeze as soon as she saw Etta's troubled face. But the only responce from Etta was—

"Where's papie an' Tay?" "They have gone with Bill, to fetch grandma!" replied her mother, putting Etta's hair back of her ears and kissing her on her forehead. "O, dea' me *suz!*" sobbed Etta, "I was doin to send a tiss to damma an' now papie has done, O dea' me *suz!*"

"Never mind!" said her mother soothingly, "Grandma would so much rather have it fresh and warm from my little girlie's lips, and you can give her a dozen when she gets here."

What a long day it was. It did seem as tho it would never come night. Mrs. Breeze was almost as impatient as her two little girls. How lazily the long pendulem swung below the gable-faced clock on the wall. Caper stretched himself for a good sound sleep under the table, thinking that it was Sunday, because it was so still. Dolly did not cry once after she was washed and dressed for company. Puss dozed on the window-sill, while Tip, the squirrel, who had chased his tail round and round the wheel, until exhausted at his lack of success, was lying subdued and quiet in his nest of straw. Thus the long, *long* day wore on to the close. Mrs. Breeze hoped that the steamer would be in, so that she should not be disappointed in seeing her dear mother that night. She prayed silently that all might be well—safe from Erie's trecherous winds and waves, and all other mishaps that are liable to overtake the traveler by land or sea. Mrs. Gridley had thotfully sent over Dan, to fetch up the cows and assist in the milking. He had driven them into the pen and fired the smoke-heap to keep away the mosquitoes from the cows, so that they would stand still during the milking; when, as he turned towards the house for the pails, he saw the wagon emerging from the woods. He gave one terrific shout and sped away like the wind to open the lower gate. Mrs. Breeze—who had gazed so long at one point, from the open west-door, that everything swam before her strained vision—rose to her feet and somehow reached the door-yard gate; she could not tell how, she felt so weak and faint. With one hand she clung to the gate-post, and with the other she restrained the eager children from flying into the lane and down the hill to meet the wagon. As they drove over the bridge and up the hill Terry's cheery voice rang out—"All right mother!" Then her pent up feelings found vent in tears, and lifting up her heart in praise and thanksgiving, she fervently exclaimed—"Great God, I thank Thee!"

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MRS. J. W. STOW,
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S. GERTIE SMYTH,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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A Monthly Newspaper, Published in San Francisco, Cal., Devoted to the interests of Woman: To her Dress Reform; Race Culture; Physical Culture; Labor and Political Enfranchisement---thru co-operation and self-help.

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Equal Rights Party.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
A REPRESENTATIVE *WOMAN.*

FOR GOVERNOR OF CAFIFORNIA
A REPRESENTATIVE *WOMAN.*

OVERWORKED.

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dewdrop glows like a precious gem;
Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them.
The men are wanting their breakfast early;
She must not linger, she must not wait;
For words that are sharp, and looks that are surly
Are what men give when the meals are late.

Oh, glorious colors the clouds are turning,
If she would but look over hills and trees:
But here are the dishes, and here is the churning,
Those things always must yield to these.
The world is filled with the wine of beauty,
If she could but pause and drink it in;
But pleasure she says must wait for duty—
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot, and her hands grow weary;
Oh, for an hour to cool her head!
But with the birds and winds so cheery,
But she must get dinner and make her bread.
The busy men in the hay-field working—
If they saw her sitting with idle hand
Would think her lazy, and call it shirking,
And she never could make them understand.

They do not know that the heart within her
Hungers for beauty, and things sublime,
They only know that they want their dinner,
Plenty of it, and "just on time."
And after the sweeping and churning and baking,
And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews though her head is aching,
Till time for supper and "chores" draws nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,
She says, as she patches their frocks and hose,
For the world is quick to censure mothers
For the least neglect to their children's clothes.
Her husband comes from the field of labor.
He gives no praise to his weary wife;
She's done no more than has her neighbor;
'Tis the lot of all in country life.

But after the strife and weary tussle,
When life is done, and she lies at rest;
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—
Her sons and daughters shall call her blest.
And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all, will be given
Unto the way-worn farmer's wife.

—Selected.

International Dress Reform Exhibition.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE
AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE SISTERHOOD
offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

CHANCE, in her diamond set, for the most beautiful dress for a woman, that clears the ground 12 inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The Prize Exhibition will be held during the session of the

FOURTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in Ixora Hall San Francisco, the first week in September, 1884.

All NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 1921 Sacramento-st., by the 1st of Aug.

☞ OTHER PRIZES OFFERED.

Mrs. J. H. Holt, San Francisco, large oil painting. Landscape of California scenery.

S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal., a beautiful bracelet valued at $25.

No dress will receive more than ONE prize.

THE PLUMED LADIES.—At the head of our Independent Equal Rights ticket we place two ladies, and wear two blue (true blue) plumes in their honor, during the campaign months. Why not plume ladies who have never smelt powder or headed a battle column, as well as to plume men who have never smelt powder or headed a battle column? Mrs. Duniway has headed a good many columns and generaled a good a many campaigns. She has faced the maneuvering foe with the shot and shell of eloquence and made it warm for them all along the inconsistent line; and Mrs. Folts has stood by her guns and applied the fuse at the supreme moment.

PLEASE TAKE IT DOWN.—The *Woman's Herald* has done an unwise thing in placing these names at the head of its columns. The NEW NORTHWEST understands full well that flaunting the names of women for official positions serves only to weaken the movement for their rights. It gives them an unpleasant prominence that can in no way help their various movements for reform, and furnishes unscrupulous opponents with new pretexts and excuses for lying about them. It causes the masses to regard them as cranks, and pessimists to hold them up to ridicule and scorn. It lowers them in the estimation of a large part of the public from the plane of earnest reformers to the level of mere seekers after notoriety, and places them in an attitude of defense instead of aggression. While all this, and much more, could be readily borne if it would accomplish anything for the rights of women, yet there is good ground for not enduring it while it will prove of positive disadvantage. A disfranchised candidate of a disfranchised people will make a sorry run for any office.

Under these circumstances, while profoundly grateful for the kind words and good intentions of Mrs. Stow, the NEW NORTHWEST respectfully requests that the name of its senior editor, at least, be taken down from the top of the *Herald's* columns.—*New Northwest.*

With all due and honorable respect for the opinions of others we shall maintain our own in this connection. In placing the above names at the helm of our Equals Rights party we were actuated dy this thot: People will be led to consider the claims of women as eligible for the most exalted public positions which can be bestowed by a free (?) people; they will say, "Let us weigh these several nominees in the balance of public and private opinion and then wisely make our choice." If women are up as independent candidates and nominees they will share and invite scrutiny and comparison.

The U. S. voters have the power to nominate any U. S. citizen (women are citizens) and the U. S. electors must abide by their decision. This law is valid in both state and nation. What is most needed is a

A SIMON PURE WOMAN'S PARTY without the shadow or semblance of a man in it, and such a party we have tried to organize in San Francisco, but failed thru the stunted growth of weak, "clinging vine women." If Mrs. Duniway and Mrs. Foltz (she is the only woman who can successfully general a woman's political party in Cal.) will organize such a party in their respective states, and Miss Anthony a national party, and go to work just as men do, W. S. will have a boom with a practical foundation and tangible superstructure.

THE S. F. *Chronicle* says that Cleveland is a bachelor who keeps a mistress by whom he has several illigitimate children. If this be true no blush can be thick enough to hide the shame of the Democratic party for foisting such an immoral nominee upon a long suffering constituency. The reason debauchee voters and rulers fight W. S. is because they well know that woman will demand purity of life for men. Let her once become independent financially, politically and socially—unchained from Fashion's juggernout, then she will become a new factor in the world; then she will have honors bestowed upon her for services rendered humanity—the same as men have confered honors and degrees upon themselves; then she will sit in high places, at home and abroad, as an honored representative of a jenuine Republican Government.

Women who are eminently qualified for rulers should not shrink from having their names conspicuously before the people, as candidates and nominees, in order to have the strangeness worn off when it becomes possible to elect them. Then the hue and cry, "There was never such a thing heard of," could not be raised. On these premises we differ in toto with our sister confrier. Not having heard from our governor elect, who generally speaks right out when she is pleased, we reluctantly "Take Down" the "Plumed Ladies" from our self-created pedestal of honor and make the high offices general for women. Is the office of Foreign Minister eligible to women of this Republic? If not then the Argentine Republic is more civilized than we are. The Status of a nation is always measured by the way it treats its women.

MRS. E. M. KING, the eminent London Dress Reformer, will visit America, in August. While in Canada and the United States, she will lecture upon the all important subject of comfortable and hygienic clothing for women. We bespeak for this practical English gentlewoman, and represetative of a large and influential association of titled ladies, a cordial welcome in this country. Women's clubs and societies, everywhere, should give entertainment, and prepare the lecture field for Mrs. King. We must do as men do, and fittingly demonstrate our hospitality and appreciation of every representative woman that comes to our doors. Twice, only, has a secular society of California women shown any public spirit in this line. The C. W. S. A. gave a "Breakfast" to Anna E. Dickinson in 1869, and the Ebell Sisterhood, of Oakland, gave a "Reception" to Mrs. Hayes, in 1880. If Mrs. King honors S. F. with a visit she will be tendered a "Reception" by the C. W. S. S. A., and the Metropolitan Temple secured for her lecture or lectures. Will W. S. Societies, women's clubs, and dress reformers exert themselves to make our distinguished guest's visit an event?

See the *Packet's* notice of Mrs. King's "Dress Reform Exhibit," in Hull, Eng., elsewhere in this issue.

Remember the C. W. S. S. annual conference, and International Dress Exhibition, which will be held Sep. 3d., at 1921 Sacremento-st., San Francisco. No exhibition, competitive dress will be worn except by its *owner*. We are already in receipt of prize dresses from London and Paris.

AN ADVANCED CIVILIZATION.—Mrs Langtry was beseiged by such a staring, vulgar croud on Montgomery street, the other day, that she was obliged to make her escape thru a side door of a jewelry store. But a short time before this occurrence Mrs. J. W. Stow was set upon by a mob of school children in Van Ness avenue and pelted with skull caps and tufts of grass because she wore a dress that cleared the ground twelve inches and clothed her legs in trousers.

The two girls who attempted to popularize the Mother Hubbard dress in Collins, Col., recently, thereby excited a mob to hostile demonstrations.

SCISSORS.

The rich and the poor
Are one and the same, inseperable evermore;
And when scant wage or labor fail to give
Food, shelter, raiment wherewithal to live,
Need has its rights, necessity its claim,
Yea, even self-wrought misery and shame
Test well the charity suffering long and kind.
The home-pressed question of the age can find
No answer in the catch-words of the blind
Leaders of blind. Solution there is none,
Except the Golden Rule of Right alone.

In August, a Miss Agnes Benedict will attempt to swim the English channel.

Mrs. Edison, the wife of the English inventor, is the originator of what promises te be a popular arrangement of the electic light in chandeliers.

Mrs. S. E. Smith, of Seattle, Washington Territory, sent a curious basket made by Alaska women, to the Institute Fair, also lovely green moss from that Territory, and a variety of shells.

Miss Elizabeth Hooton, of Healdsburgh, 72 years of age, is noticed by the Ukiah *Dispatch Democrat* for having woven 800 yards of carpet since last January, besides doing all her household work.

MISS ALICE FREEMAN, President of Wellesly College, is slight and girlish in figure, with a youthful face. She is a doctor of Philosophy, and at the head of a college of five hundred strong.

Rosa Bonheur's latest fancy is for painting zebras. She has reached her sixty-first year, is hale and hearty, and indifferent to the world's opinion.

The hotel waiter's costume still remains the standard for the American man's full dress. To prevent mistakes at parties, however, the waiter is directed to carry a towel on his arm instead of a young lady.

Some of the electors in the south of London are said to contemplate bringing forward Miss Helen Taylor as a Parliamentary candidate at the next election. They believe there is no legal obstacle to the election of a woman, although women have not a Parliamentary vote.

Mrs. Southworth, the story writer, still lives in Washington, where she was a school teacher thirty-five years ago. Her home, "Prospect cottage," is embowered in honeysuckles, and occupies a commanding position, overlooking the city.

MRS. MARION L. RENY, of Columbia, Indiana, has invented and patented the "Columbia Ironer." It will iron anything that can be ironed by hand, it saves time, fuel and strength, especially strength, and is durable and easily managed.

The Empress of Austria is getting on in years, but she is still pronounced to be the most beautiful of the royal women of Europe. She is proud of her hair, which is most beautifully abundant, and of her waist, which is girlishly slender, and she maintains her fresh, clear complexion by going to bed betimes and getting up early, and by spending hours every day on horseback.

SALLIE HART MCLEAN has been sent to New York by the Cincinnatti Exposition Board, on important business. The Cincinnatti Exposition is preparing to make an exhibit of household decorations in all forms. Mrs. McLean is sent to secure a loan of rare and artistic articles, such as generous owners are willing to spare temporarily from beautiful New York homes,—decorative tiles, portieres, pottery, clocks, drapery, screens, covers, etc.

Miss Palmer, of Utica, makes $8,000 a year, and Miss Jennie Ballentine, of Rochester, $5,000 by stenography.

Leah Ahborn, die sinker of the Royal Mint, at Stockholm, is said to be one of the first, if not the first, medalist of the present age. She will cut the dies for the medal in commemoration of the erection of the Washington statute, in Wall street, New York.

WOMEN PATENTEES.—Elizabeth Bateson, of Detroit, Mich., an ash-sifter; Marian W. McCan, of Poesy, Ind., a cultivator; Jane Nixon, of New York, a thread-moistening attachment for sewing machines; Sally M. Seibel, of Philadelphis, Pa., has a patent for leggins; Ada H. Kepley, of Effingham, Ill., a traveler's treasure-belt; Fannie S. Smith, of Topeka, Ks. a fence-post; Julia E. Dakley, of Madison, Wis., a bed-pan; Harriet E. Baker, of Springfield, Mass., a scrubbing brush.

MARIETTA L. STOW has founded the new dietetic order, in household economy, "Cold Food."

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY S. GERTIE SMYTH, M. A.

FRIENDS AND SISTERS OF THE ORDER recipes for hygienic cooking, how to be well, etc., will be cordially welcome, for this department. Let us exchange views upon all things pertaining to the improvement of homes.

Address all communications for this department to Mrs. J. H. Smyth, 623 Montgomery-st, S. F., Cal.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

THE USE OF LEMONS.—An eminent physician says.— The excessive heat and frequent injuries from the too frequent use of water in warm weather, make the following suggestions regarding the use of lemons in summer, valuable. Most people know the benefit of a lemonade before breakfast, but few know how it is more than doubled by taking another at night also. The way to get the better of all bilious symptoms without pill or quinine, is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons, as the appetite craves, in as much cold water as makes it pleasant to drink, without sugar, just before going to bed. In the morning on rising, or at least half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clean the system of humors and bile, with mild efficacy, without any weakening effects. People should not irritate their stomachs by eating lemons clear; the powerful acid of the juice, which is almost corrosive infallibly produces inflamation after a while, but properly diluted, so that it does not burn or draw the throat, it does its full medicinal work without harm and taken when the stomach is clear of food has opportunity to work on the system thoroughly.

JAVILLE WATER, for removing stains. Four ounces of chloride of lime, one pound of washing soda and one quart of boiling water, dissolve and bottle for use. Rinse well after using or it will remove the cloth as well as the stains. It will remove ink stains and mildew.

A GOOD IDEA.—Every family should be compelled by the law of the country to consume by fire every thing that has served its purpose and become useless. Nothing can be more detrimental to life and health than old useless stuff laying around the dwellings of either city or country homes, producing all kinds of unhealthy conditions. For economy's sake they should be burned and the ashes, strewn upon the garden. There is more fertilizing power in one spoonful of ashes than in a basket or even a cart-load of garbage. Was this the law and strictly enforced for one year we should soon see that we not only had fewer large fires, but less fevers and other malarial diseases.—*National Farmer.*

THE VIRTUES OF TABLE SALT.—For the violent internal agony termed colic, take a teaspoonful of salt in a glass of water; drink and go to bed. It is one of the speediest remedies known.

The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from a heavy fall.

A SIMPLE CURE FOR CATARRH.—A few days ago a friend said that he had entirely cured himself of that disagreeable disease by snuffing up the nose a few drops of camphorated olive oil, which is made by putting into a small quantity of oil all the gum camphor that it will dissolve. He said that he was under treatment for six months with one of the best specialists in San Francisco, but recieved no lasting benefit.

CHOLERA INFATUM.—The whites of two eggs well-beaten, then mix with pure water, add one tablespoonful of orange-flower water and a little sugar; a tablespoonful every hour. It will cure the worst case of cholera infantum—the eggs coating the bowels.

SMALL FRUITS.—The great mistake made by those who grow both currants and gooseberries, is, in keeping the bushes too much in the "bush" form keeping down the suckers or new shoots and fruiting from the new shoots which grow from the old canes.

The best fruit is produced from the new shoots and, therefore, new shoots should be encouraged to grow from the roots. The old canes being removed regularly each year, as they have outgrown their usefulness.

STRAWBERRIES.—The way to make strawberries digestible to those who are unable to eat them on account of dyspepsia, or any other cause is very simple. Cover them with a generous ammount of sugar, and then squeeze over them the juice of one or more lemons according to the quantity. The lemon juice brings out the strawberry flavor more than anything else, and its acidity is counteracted by a larger quantity of sugar.

EFFECTS OF MOONLIGHT.—The moon acts perniciously upon the mental and physical constitution of people in various ways. No experienced captain will allow his men to sleep on deck during the full moon. It was proved beyond doubt, recently, by a long and careful series of experiments, that no person—even one with remarkably strong nerves—could sit, lie or sleep for any length of time, in a room lit by moonlight without injury to health. Every observing housekeeper or butler knows that provisions of any nature will decay and spoil far more rapidly in moonlight than they would in entire darkness. Charles the VI became a *lunatic* at every new moon and at the beginning of the full moon. The origin of many nervous diseases is found to coincide with certain phases of the moon, especially epilepsy and neuralgia, the only cure for which is the sun.

Recent investigation shows that the rays of the moon shed directly on a fish, even if it be on ice, will cause rapid decay. The test of this in tropical countries, where the moon's influence is supposed to be greatest, was entirely satisfactory, four of the sailors who ate some of the moon-struck fish having nearly died. The natives of Australia will not eat either fish or fowl that has been exposed to the moon's rays, neither will they sleep with their faces where there is a possibility of being struck by them.—X.

DISPOSAL OF KITCHEN REFUSE.—Hardly anything in the whole range of domestic economy needs more attention than this. The dangers that may arise from want of attention fall alike upon rich and poor. In large houses, unless a mistress has some sanitary knowledge, out-of-the-way corners in back kitchens, etc., are left to the mercy of servants, who little know the mischief that may arse from their carelessness. Accumulations of waste animal and vegetable matter should be strictly forbidden; what cannot be used as food even for domestic animals ought to be burnt daily. Where there is a large garden, refuse may be buried; but gardens are the exception and not the rule. The objection fequently raised is the unpleasant smell which may be caused by burning; this may be avoided. Where a Leamington or other close range is used, choose a time when the fire is bright but low; draw out all the dampers and put everything into the fire, close the door in front and a very large amount of rubbish can be got rid of in a quarter of an hour. In open fireplaces this is a little more difficult, but may still be accomplished. Put all the vegetable matter under the grate to dry, then put it on the fire. The oven dampers must be drawn out; the strong draught up the oven flue will carry off the smell. Fish-bones and other scraps may then be burned.

The habit prevalent in many country places of keeping a swill-tub cannot be too strongly condemned. A day or two of damp summer weather is enough to cause a most offensive smell to be given off, which will poison the air of the sweetest country-place in existence. Artisans' dwellings in large towns become dangerous in warm weather from their close proximity to ashpits, which are made the receptacle of all kinds of decaying animal and vegetable matter. The ranges in houses of this kind are not so well adapted for burning refuse as those in larger houses, but the greatest evil that can arise from so doing is a temporary irritation of the eyes and nose for whoever may happen to be at home at the time, which is nothing compared to the illness which may be caused by the slow decay of animal and vegetable matter in ashpits. Much sickness might be preverted during the summer months if it could be made compulsory to have the ashpits, etc., well sprinkled with chloride of lime or some similar disinfectant at least twice a week. It is to woman in households belonging to the working class that we must chiefly look for improvement. Could they be impressed with a sense of the evils which arise from neglect of thorough purification of their homes, how many epidemics might be avoided, how much expense and heartrending trouble asved, There are many home truths, seriously affecting the well, being of whole communities, which might be advantageously dealt with in elementery schools.

Another important thing to be avoided is the stopping of drains from grease. This may be partially prevented by the use of soap-powder which combines with the grease; but at least twice a week there should be poured down kitchen sinks one or two bucketfuls of boiling water, in which common soda has been dissolved. —*Health.*

A HOUSEWORK STORY.

The circumstances were a family of five, three of them school-children, and cook gone home with a lame back. (A lame back, indeed! I wonder now that she has a flexible joint in her body. I should like to write a history of my three weeks in the kitchen. It would bristle with more plans and surprises and conquests and disappointments than a Napoleonic campaign. with this well-fortified conviction at the close, that any woman who has the care of a family and can do her own work need not hesitate, so far as physical strength is concerned, to participate in the command of ships, the digging of canals, the quarrying of stone, the building of bridges, or the carrying of mortar up a five-story ladder. It is not known outside the actual doors of it what the physical demands of housework really are. Try to form some idea by taking an example for a single day.

You rise at five o'clock, a. m., dress stealthily so as not to disturb your loved ones, creep down to the kitchen, and set out the milk-can. You feel a shiver of desolation creep over you as you enter the kitchen. I appeal to anybody who knows any thing about it, if an orderly tomb is not more cheerful, and if the impression receivid upon entering one would not be more conducive to elasticity of spirit, than a kitchen before its machinery is started up in the morning. By the time breakfast is ready, you have lifted a hundred weight in coal, and perhaps another hundred in stove-lids and kettles, besdes much stirring and travelling up and down cellar stairs, and round the breakfast-room.

Breakfast over, you take a hurried look at the locals in your morning paper, get the children ready for school, and wash the dishes, going through four different processes with each one. Now you are planning your dinner and measuring the moments that lie before it, to see if all the work you have in mind can be crowded in to them. While you are scalding the ice chest a ring at the front door-bell causes you to put down your sleeves, wipe the perspiration from your face, and go to the door to learn that soapine is possessed of marvellous cleansing properties, and is for sale by all grocers.

Your chamber-work is progressing pretty well when a ring at the back door takes you down stairs to encounter a bilious-looking individual who wants to know if you have any rags to sell. Then you must lift and steady twenty-five pounds of coal to replenish the fire. (By the way, what is the reason that a man who stoops to secure the merest trifle for the lady to whom he engaged, will see the mother of his children laboring under heavy burdens, without permitting the sweet placidty of his thought to be disturbed in the least?) You get the potatoes and wash them for dinner, prepare the dessert, put away your husband's slippers, and make his smoking-room cosey for post-prandial indulgence. Now the roast needs basting, not once but many times, and each time you must bend to heated oven, which process needs a hinge in the back as much as does the process of pulling weeds. By time dinner is ready, your fingers are smarting, your feet aching, and your mental condition such that the adventures of Claude Duval would hardly hold your attention. Are you cheered at this period by sweet words of praise and sympathy? On the contrary, if your dinner is eaten without adverse criticism, you may think yourself fortunate.

The afternoon is as like as two peas, only not quite so hard, because you know you could not endure so much. Housework is an adroit master; it never kills, or at least but slowly.

When I think of the work my mother (Heaven bless her memory) did and of the grinding, wearing monotonous labor of hundreds of woman everywhere, I want to take their stiffened hands in mine and say, "Don't" Let the groud slip from under your feet a little. Tie a towel round the neck of thirteen-year-old Tom, and see if he can't wash dishes. Ease up. Slow up. Hitch up the horse and take a ride, even if something goes undone. Stop and gossip with your neighbor; it will do you good. All the world loves gossip, only not many people will own it.—BESSIE. B. HUNT, in X.

Manchester, N. H.

THE TEETH.—It is not the frequency of brushing that best preserves the teeth, but the degree of thoroughness with which it is done. The time for performing this duty most effectively is before retiring for the night. During the twelve hours interval from the evening meal to the morning repast, particles of food retained about the teeth, and subjected to the warm, humid condition of the oral cavity, cannot fail to become decomposed or fermented, thus breeding an insidious foe that, night after night, besieges the enamel walls which, unless of extraordinary compactness, will sooner or later give way to its destructive forces.—DR FRANCIS.

MRS. T. L. PLUNKETT, of Pittsfield, has in press a work which is shortly to appear, entitled "Women Doctors and Plumbers." MRS. PLUNKETT has for many years been a close student of domestic sanitary science in all its branches, and is distinguished as the first, if not the only, American woman whose name was honorably mentioned by the British Royal Association of Science. She knows about sewers, which MR. PRENTISS CUMMINGS, of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, considers an essential qualification in a voter.

For the negro, the German, the Irishman, who insists upon recognition because of his race, we have no need. When armed with the power of the ballot, let principles, not blood, be the incentive to recognition and power.—HELEN M. GOUGAR.

"COLD FOOD DIET."

IRRITABILITY OF ANIMAL FOOD.—Our father recently died at the age of 86, with his first *real* sickness. As a farmer, morning, noon, and night, hot pork and pepper found its way into his stomach. He thrived and kept well on pork and pepper. Black pepper and salt covered the generous slices of bacon, ham or pickle, like a garment, ere it was eaten. But if he got a cut, bruise, burn, or abrasion of the skin, in any form, he was in an agony of suffering, and the wound would be a long time in healing—after days and weeks, perhaps, of active suppuration.

Observing, from precedent and example, that pork and pepper heat the blood and corrupt the flesh, we have, for several years, abandoned it. Last January and February no food which had been devitalized by fire, or which came from animals, passed our lips. The bill of fare on the two-meal system was: Grania for bread; honey for stimulation; celery, cabbage, sweet potatoes, onions, lettuce, parsnips, etc., for vegitables; all kinds of nuts, raisins, fruit, fresh and dried (soaked) for dessert; water, only, for drink. One lb. of flesh was lost in two months. Was in perfect health when we commenced the raw food diet, and was in perfect health, baring usual strength, when we went back to flesh-pots.

COLD FOOD DIET.—The first of July we commenced to live exclusively on *cold* food. We cook but twice a week. Our unleavened graham bread is an inch thick, and brown as a nut, and so sweet and delicious that the "superfine" white (with 12 elements out of 15 eliminated) tastes like chips beside it. Boiled rice, and all cereals will keep, in a cool place, a half-week. Hard boiled eggs, milk, butter and cream are used. No salt, excepting what is in the butter. Breakfast at 8, dine at 6. Sometimes (not often) eat a little fruit and grania at noon.

It is pertinently and truthfully said, that we dig our graves with our teeth. Hot food is the headstone of these graves which are shoveled so vigorously three times 365 days in the year. Human ingenuity has been racked to find hot foods that would kill the quickest. Put no hot things into the mouth or stomach. Cold food dieters are never sick. Cold food and cold water will toll the knell of whisky and drugs.

MRS. STOW.

NEW CURES.—There are fashions in medicines and curative agents as well as in dress. The virtues of hot water taken in the early mornings, and at meals is now urged by many health reformers. Raw meat is extensively used in consumption and other chronic diseases. The latest fashion in Paris is the quaffing of hot blood by weakly and anemic young girls and women. They drive daily to the slaughter-house to have a cup of it, just as they would visit a spring at a watering place. Some of them take bath of hot blood once or twice a week. Certain fast young men in New York go to restaurants, where they can procure a steak broiled and served without gravy or vegetables. At some placees machines are in vogue for squeezing out the blood, which can be served with the steak. The hot-water cure, by the way, is as old as Gil Blas, for the treatment of Dr. Sangrado hot water and blood-letting; but the moderns drink blood, whereas the physicians of the seventeenth century let it out of their system.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

Professor Huxley declares that in his travels among barbarians and in his studies of savage life he has found no people so wretched as those who exhist in the poorer quarters of London.

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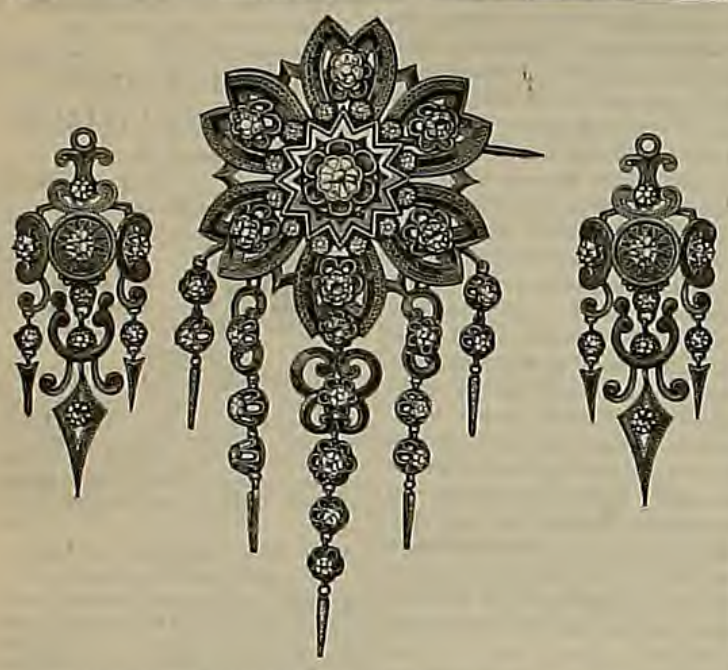

MRS. STOW'S DIAMONDS.

The above beautiful set of jewels Marietta Lizzie Beers Bell-Stow puts up for $1,000, at $1 a ticket, to cancel the mortgage on the S. S. S. College of Industry .Pin 1st prize, earrings 2d. The founder of this College, for women and girls, makes it *national* for reasons which will be explained in the future. As soon as the mortgage, which was made to raise money to pay for the outfit of the HERALD office, is canceled, she will make a trust deed of the property "IN PERPETUITY TO INDUSTRY." Whoever, from this date, until all the tikets are sold, sends $1,50 for a single ticket shall have a copy of the H. OF I. for one year, also, and whoever sends $5 for five tickets, at one time will have the paper for a year, and for ten tickets three copies. Ten per cent commission will be allowed for the sale of tickets. There are no *choice* of numbers. Every name, No. of ticket and residence will be continuously published in the HERALD, and the raffle will be held at a special public meeting of the S. S. S.

This property, Mrs. Stow's "Homestead," and the only thing which she saved from the jaws of the Probate Court, is a modern built mansion, which has 14 rooms: Lot 30x127½, situated in one of the choicest blocks in San Francisco, and is valued at $ 10.000. The improvements alone cost that amount.

The pin has 34 stones and the earrings 9, each, making 52 brilliants, exquisitely mounted in enamel and gold. The object is such a commendable one that all scruples, in regard to raffling, should be thrown aside, and 1, 5, or 25 tickets secured immediately. Registered letters and money orders, with No. of ticket, will be promptly acknowledged. The jewels were on exhibition at the *first* Grand Triennial Conclave of the Social Science Sisterhood of America and International Dress Reform Exhibition, held at Ixora Hall, San Francisco, Sep. 4th 1883. The beautiful set was greatly admired by the large audience, especially the pin which cost $600 in Paris.

FORM OF BEQUEST.—I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to the Lady Managers of of the "S. S. S. College of Industry," in the city and county of San Francisco, state of California the sum of.....dollars, or real or personal property, to be applied to the uses thereof.

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THE FUTURE OE ENGLISH WOMEN.

BY MRS. A. ORR.

The Nineteenth Century.

In thus declaring that the most important antecedent if not the direct cause, of the movement for female emancipation, has been the increasing rarity of marriage—that if this rarity did not absolutely create the movement, it has hastened it to a scarcely limitable extent—I shall be met by a direct denial on the part of most of its advocates, whilst many of them believe that development into an independent and responsible social unit is the final destiny of woman, which no set ol circumstances can substantially retard, or need substantially assist, all unite in declaring that the first impulse towards it was as much inspired by the wrongs of married women, as by the increasing necessity of the unmarried; and that frank discussion of the principles on which those wrongs had come to pass, could involve nothing less than the reconsidering of the entire position of the sex. This argument would be just if marriage were an ordinary, legal contract, to be employed as an ordinary illustration of the securities which such contracts demand, and of the evils attendant on withholding them; and it is precisely because the "Woman's Rights" party, headed by Mr. Mill, agree more or less in regard ing marriage as such a contract, that thinkers of the old school must be content to remain permanently at issue with them. Those who believe that there are emotional elements in marriage into which legislation can not penetrate, for the obvious reason that they lie outside its sphere, will never believe that a movnment to secure a wife's means of livlihood against a husband's selfishness or weakness, even if initiated and supported by those directly concerned, could have developed into a general attack upon the powers and privileges of men, unless the interests and influence of a majority of single women had been brought into the field. Those who resent such scepticism must explain away the fact that every woman about to marry a man of her own choice submits unwillingly to those legal settlements of his property or hers, which imply the possibility of future discord between them; that the majority will make any sacrifice or concession rather than admit to the world that their confidence has been mistaken. They must explain away the reluctance with which the women whom no settlement protects, except the existing benefits of the law; the manner in which they will shield brutal or drunken husbands against punishment for the outrages they have inflicted on them; the conviction which animates wives of all classes and conditions, that, whatever their matrimonial trials may be, no good can come of interference with them; that whatever mockery the fact may hold, man and wife must be treated as one. In agitations like the present it is difficult to distinguish spurious excitement from that which is genuine, and any theory we propound with respect to it may be temporarily knocked down, either by the production of a list of signatures, or by the assurance that printed names and arguments are, in this case, no fair representation of the private opinion of the country; yet no impartial person can deny that the Woman's Rights movement bears on the face of it the impress of the celibate female interest which it is so largely calculated to promote. However, it may strengthen itself by arguments ostensibly drawn from the mortalities of married life, its very tone is characteristic of a socially independent class: and it is because the feelings of such a class underlie demands which are in themselves to the advantage of the whole sex, or rather might be so, that the agitation is at once so difficult to oppose and so full of danger if allowed free play. The exclusion of married women from the suffrage has been considered a necessary provision, even among those who rejected any such measure on the ground of sex; and yet, if all women were wives or likely to become so, their admission to electorial rights would probably have no evil result, since all that is excessive in their conservatism would yield to the larger contact with life, whilst their interest in the maintenance of domestic social order would remain unchanged. If all women were wives, or likely to become so, trades and professions might be thrown open to them without fear of even momentary collision between the two sexes; since each would be working for the good of the other, and both would profit by the quantity and efficiency of the work done. If all women were wives, or likely to become so, they might compete for educational honors, and be allowed to exercise any profession for which their education might qualify them; since the exceptionally constituted would alone follow it to the sacrifice of marriage or the comparative subordination of its duties, whilst those of averge powers would adopt intellectual pursuits, if they adopted them at all, as secondary to it. The standard of female existence would be raised, whilst the opportunity for exercising the feelings most natural to a woman's heart would preserve its balance. These conditions, however, do not exist, and it is from the point of view of an exceptional social state that the question needs to be considered.

If I say that the present movement for female emancipation is principally a movement for the emancipation of single women, I do not for an instant mean that it is the less to be respected on that account; I think on the contrary, that it should be regarded with additional respect and with peculiar tenderness. What ever redicule may attach to the idea of spinsterhood, in the attributes in which individual members of the class sometimes love to clothe themselves, dissappears in presence of a band of women of all ages and conditions setting aside the smaller, if sometimes the gentler feelings of their sex, and plunging into the battle of life in which there have been long so few to help, and so many to oppose them. That they are impelled, if not actually forced to do it, is one of the saddest and most solemn realities of our modern life. Numbers of women, not otherwise needy, are born into a mutilated extence, and even if their endeavors to penetrate into forbidden spheres of activity were less often actuated by ambitions as honest as it is in the nature of human motive to be; even if they were more often prompted by the mere desire of life, of which restlessness and curiosity constitute the most usual forms, who would be justified in throwing the first stone? Who can deny that, though we are men and women, we are also human beings, and that we have the rights, if also the duties, of an existence that is not all identified with our sex? The maiden "toilers" of our day are a distinctive branch of the great human family with distinctive obligations and distinctive rights; and in the sight of the lookers-on their right to live should be stronger than their duty so to live, that coming generations may not suffer through them. For themselves, however, the relation is reversed, and they incur a grave responsibility if. because they are themselves, whether voluntary or from necessity, outside the pale of marriage, they introduce or stengthen a state of things which may increase the number of those inevitably excluded from it; if, to use the words of a contemporary writer, their labors tend to stereotype the symptoms of that social malady of which their own existence is a proof. Collectively they acknowledge no such intention, or any act by which it could be proved; but we cannot acquit the leaders of the movement of a certain indifference to results, and of freduently connecting very clear and powerful presentations of the evils to be remedied with a reckless and arbitrary apportionment of the means of cure. Whilst all unite in demanding sexual equality before the law, no two persons or sets of persons demand it entirely from the same point of view or to the same end. All rush alike on to the tree of liberty, each thinking to shake from it his or her own desired fruit, and all believing that none but the desired fruit will fall. As the five pounds Mr. Claudle has lent away are equivalent, in Mrs. Caudle's reasoning to the collective enjoyment of everything she can think of as purchasable by five pounds; so is every defect of Woman's character and condition, ignorance, aimlessness, inefficiency, vanity, and in a great measure prostitution, charged directly or indirectly on female subordination and the state of public opinion which it has produced; and emancipation is represented as the only possible cure, though to a common observer it may far overshoot the mark, or fall as desidedly below it. Women are constantly obliged to support themselves. and work must be provided for them; therefore, all men who are in possession of possible woman's work should be induced to emigrate and leave a clear field behind them. Women need education that they may make more contented spinsters and more useful wives: be stronger against the various temptations of their sex; therefore, a masculine mental training should be provided for, and the professions thrown open to them.

(To be continud.)

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WE SHALL KNOW.

When the mists have rolled in splendor,
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in splendor on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists hvve cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our way.
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mists have veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love nor blame unduly,
If the mists are cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,
As our father knows his own,
Face to face with those who love us,
We shall know as we are known.
Love, beyond the orient meadows,
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we bide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known.
Never more to walk alone,
When the day of light is dawning,
And the mists have cleared away.

—[Selected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[Ed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: Communications over a FOURTH of a column long put in the form of articles, NOT letters.

Celia B. Whitehead, Bitter Sweet Lodge, Southington, Con. Last Winter I had some suffrage leaflets printed and with them circulated a W. S. petition in a regular old, hard-shell town. I got 200 signatures. I spent nearly all my leisure time for two months, and those circulars are in nearly every house, and that old town will never settle down complacently again, till the women vote. Now *I* am not rich, nor strong, nor idle, *but* if some woman could be found in every town or state even who would do that kind of work for dress reform, the whole country could be converted in a little while.

George. R. Hinde. Anheim, Cal. We have emancipated a woman from sexuality. With us her person is sacred as the throne of God; it is guarded, preserved, and kept inviolate. When from the great Creative Source of life she feels the inspiration to obey the functions of her loving maternal nature: at such times only her power become irresistable, and in the divine attractiveness of her condition she recieves an aquedate response from the companion of her life; at no other time is her sacred precincts invaded. At all other times there is no sex distinction between us, save only the choose of those occupations which are the most suitable to the physical mental, and spiritual structure of each all this we posess, and thus the world is reformed,—our word certainly is, but the beatitudes and comprehensions that attach to it, we would fain behold on every side, and ardently desire their universal possession.

May E. Walker, M. D. Washington, D. C. I shall claim the prize, as I dress just like men, because such clothing is the best adapted to the needs of a human being of anything that has yet been devised. July, 1883.

Ellen Breed Harmon, M. D., Vineland, N. J. Who will join our *clean* colony? A woman's colony, where no tobacco whisky, and pig-sties shall enter. Am glad you take to plain food, but what do you want of "chickens, goats, and cows"—to make others sick? Eggs, milk, etc., are poor stuff to eat, where fruits may be had in abundance.

I like your wild-wood free nature that will not be shackled by slavish and degrading customs, it is so rare. Women are "made up" by society, as clay in the potter's hands, and it refreshes me to see one breeze out as you do, and go it on your own hook. Herein renew my subscription to the Herald.

George W Chapman M D Cawker City Ks June 7 E M 284 Iam just in receipt of a copy of the womans herald of industry bearing the mark of a sample copy, well Idont want that paper it like all the other women Journals tells only of reformatory women at a distance, we have some of these here, they want to vote that seems to be about all the reforms they seem to need, this living Hygienic lives they have no Idea off, some talk of the practice of economy that renders a married life as cheep as a Single one but that story will do to tell a Horse Marene, it matters not how much money a single woman earn it all goes for dry goods, and if she is Maryed the husbands money goes the same road and finally debt is added to it, and both parties are the most abject Slaves to existing Customs, here is one very prominent feature of the paper on hand

Joyful News we this day agree in the presence of God and the Angels, Bosh nothing but Bosh, never saw god and angels, and never herd of any one that did some peopls need better homes and bettes food and better clothing and to live better lives and these better homes and better lives cannot come of womens voting, while i am decidedly in favor of extending the franchise to women ihave not the least thought that she will be benefited by it, but she like the men will have the Chance to say the government is our own, we make, it be it good or bad, both men and women are absolute Slaves, Slaves to whisky, Gods, Devils, Angels and Damed Ghosts what we want of woman a willingness to live a natural life one willing to try to mold the world by practicle lives women that will Study the Natural laws and do their best to improve the race get better children and there will be no trouble about the vote

The above literary curio is published as a waning to all un"natural" women who want to vote. Wonder what college enjoys the honor of having confered his degree?—[Ed.

How to Grow Fine Celery.—A new Method by Mrs. H. M. Crider, Author and Publisher, York, Pa., Price 25c.

This explicit little guide to how to grow one of the most wholesome and toothsome vegetables is just in time for Edeniokers who make a large use of celery. Mrs. Crider says, in regard to the growth of her plants:

I stated in a letter to the *N. Y. Tribune* that the stalks were three feet high with a solid heart from six to eight inches in length. Of the specimens I sent you, nothing remained but the heart, but your own mesurments will bear me out in the assertion that I really understand the facts. If those who cultivate this wholesome esculent will remember that deep culture, the absence of exciting animal manures, and *plenty of water* are the requisites of success, we shall hear little more of the blighting effects of rust.

Substance and Justice.—Lucinda B. Chandler a uthor and publisher, Chicago, Ill. Price 25c.

Here is a pamphlet of trenchent, stinging truths upon the condition of "slave labor" in a land of freedom(?). In speaking of the woes of wage-workers of Egypt, Ireland, England, France, she comes home with these words:

In our own country trade -unions and the strike as methods of defence against the encroachments or oppression of capitalistic greed are being superseded among a large body of intelligent working-men, by an organization of wiser methods, and are calculated to educate its members to a sense of equity in adjusting the social forces of labor and capital, the relation of he worker to the employer and capitalist.

The Knights of Labor prefer arbitration to the strike when it can secure justice to the workman, and co-operation to competition when greater benefits to labor can be secured thereby. This organization, also, demands equal pay for equal work for both sexes. It also demands laws equally just to the capitalist and the laborer.

The Twenty Fifth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Scieno and Art. Price 25c.

The Principle, Susan N. Carter of the Women's Art School, says in her report:

During the past season 275 persons have studied in the free morning class, and 250 now remain in the school. In the afternoon pay classes 149 pupils have studied drawing and painting. A great many of the graduates are in renumerative positions. 400 out of the 600 applicants have been accomodated, which filled the rooms to their utmost capacity.

As usual, I have a great many pleasant accounts of pupils. A graduate of last year was made Assistant in Drawing at the Normal College of New York, with a salary of $800, and she sold the use of one of her prize drawings—a design of a tiled mantlepiece—for $50, and was to receive besides, a royalty on the sales. A pupil here three years ago has since supported herself, and saved money enough to go to Europe to study for a year or more. Another recent graduate did the same thing last year, and another is going this summer; another has got up a thriving "Woman's Exchange" in Toledo, O. One last year's pupil is an engraver in Connecticut, and earns $700 or $800 a year. A pupil from Ohio sends me word she teaches a large painting class, but does not state what she is paid for it. Nine graduates of last year and this year's pupils have pictures in the exhibition at the National Academy this spring, and each one has sold more or less of their works. In giving the returns of their earnings I have been pleased to find that the money of the pupils has been generally in sums from $75 to $300 each, sufficient to clothe them during these years of study. A number of graduates of the past two or three years have opened studios in the towns and cities where they live, and have become art centres in their neighborhoods.

New York, Apr. 24-84.

The Diet Question.—Giving the Reason Why, from "Health in the Household," by Mrs. Susanna W. Dodds, M. D. 12 mo., paper, 25 cents. Fowler & Wells Co., Publishers, 753 Broadway, New York City.

This is an important subject, and one that is attracting so much attention at this time, as to render the rational consideration of it seasonable. It opens with tables showing the constituent elements of different articles of food; the relation of food to physical developement, as well as to intellect and morals. Wheat and other cereals are compared, especially whole wheat and white flour, presenting a strong argument in favor of the former. Fruits and vegetables come in for a share of consideration, as also the question of meat as an article of diet, which is not considered favorably, especially the eating of pork. The relation of sugar, salt, and other condiments is taken up from a somewhat new and radical stand-point. What to drink, and why, is viewed as an important question: and a very valuable part of the book relates to food combinations, in which it is shown that there are some articles of diet that can not be partaken of at the same meal with good results. Closing with dietetic rules, hints on cooking, etc., it is not on that account a book of recipes. All who would eat for health and strength should read it. Handsomely published, it is certainly cheap at 25 cents, and will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of the amount in postage-stamps. Address as above.

GRAND MARINE BAZAR.

Hull (Eng.) Packet.

Unique and novel as the constsuction of the bazar was in itself, not the least attractive feature were the moddels of dress reform, under the auspices of the Rational Dress Reform Association from London. Last year the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. E. M. King, asnumed the entire cost and very successful management of the exhibition in London, which attracted a world-wide attention. The object was a purely philanthropic one; and in giving awards the following principles were laid down;—"Freedom of movement. Absence from preasure over any part of the body. Not more weight than is necessary for warmth, and those principles evenly distributed. Grace and beauty, combined with comfort and convenience, and not departing to conspicuously from the ordinary dress of the time." These requirements, it was calculated would bring about the adoption of a dress which would at once be healthy, comfortable and beautiful, and certainly the patterns adopted by the association have the semblance of adequately conducing to this admirable trio. Refering more particularly, however, to the exhibits, it may be mentioned that the dress of the Rational Association is designed so as to distribute the weight of the garment equally on the shoulders and the hips. It has trousers only underneath, and a skirt covering all—either entirely, or showing the trousers at the foot, according to the wearers' taste. The first exhibit which attracted attention was a travelling dress made by Madame Brownjohn, of Churton-street, Belgravia, and which obtained the first and principal prize at the London exhibition. It appears to be a most convenient dress. It is composed of silk and cashmere and is intended, like all the association dresses, to be worn without corsets. its weight is only 1lb. 8oz. This particular robe has found many practical admirers. By the same dressmaker there is also a pattern of a girl's dress, made of sateen, with knicker bockers. The next garment examined was a short dancing-dress, made in Paris, and composed of blue satin and figured silk. It is in every way preferable to the long-trained dresses worn at evening parties, on account both of its lightness and freedom. There is also a tricycling dress made by Madame Louisa Beck, London. It weighs only 2lbs., and is made of beige. It ought to be worn by all female cyclists. Messrs. Debbenham and Freebody, of London, have also designed a pretty girl's costume with short trousers, admirably suited for the wear and tear of seaside holiday time. Perhaps the costume which attracted most attention was an evening dress designed by a Florentine artist, and it will, no doubt, interest many to know that Miss Ellen Terry was so much impressed with the dress when in the Exhibition that she had one made of an exactly similar pattern. It is made of white cashmere and satin, trimmed with old gold-coloured cord; full bodice with yoke; full sleeves in one piece, with long skirt; blue cashmere very full Turkish trousers; blue waistcoat; the whole weighing 2lb 14 oz. Crossing the hall, three exhibits of a hygienic nature are also on view, but these have not been adopted by the Asscciation. They were unique and fantastic in their appearance, and especially is this so in the case of the so called "Dress of the Future." The designers of the costume are Messrs Worth and Cie., London. It has a very short skirt, and knickerbockers, drawn tight at the knee; and the body, as well as the pedal teguments, is elaborately trimmed. The "Women's Suffrage Dress," as worn by Mrs C. Boecklin in Iowa, U. S. A. is a slight improvement on the above specimen. It also, however, has no skirt, the trousers being of a wide description resembling "peg tops." The costume has a coat and vest, after the fashion of an ordinary gentleman's coat. It has a masculine appearance. The third is a "skating dress" as worn also by an American lady. This garment is very neat, and has a skirt attached to it, a few inches of the trousers being shown at the bottom. It would be very suitable for lawn tennis or boating. There are also on view patterns of quilted bodices, for use instead of corsets, and specimens of underclothing in addition to association hats made of felt and silk, and ventilated at both sides and crown, lending a pleasant lightness to them. In connection with the dress exhibition Messrs Dowie and Marshall, London, have on view a number of hygienic boots. These boots are made strictly according to the shape and requirements of the foot, and have also the

(Con. 8th page.)

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DRESS REFORM.

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Too much gravity augues a shallow mind. [*Lavater.*

AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE AND THE SCIENCE COSTUME.

Outline of Women's Sanitary Efforts Thro' Dres Reform, in the U. S., Commencing in 1850.

No. 10.

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.

For the Herald.

Those who know the value of life and health-favoring costume—who hav experienced and taut it; then, on abandoning, ignored it, take a most inconsistent course, both for their prized reputation, and for common culture. In my opinion, Dr. Severance, in taking this course, manifested a double degree of blindness in declaring she would never mention the dres she could not wear. Those who droped it with a protest, and wear their trammels with protest do better than assume the enemy's position. Those who feel compeled by surroundings to but little modify fashionable styles, or who modify much for home use, and little for company, yet, unreservedly give their belief in a strong change, do much good in their localities and ar of some general benefit. Such helpers ar Drs. Heald, Vilbert and Lucas. J. H. Cook, now of Kan., a scientific scholar, has faithfuly advocated with pen and voice the fredom-of-motion costume from the opening of the movement; and, consistent with his views, personaly encouraged and attended women in the practical work. If other men believing, had bin like him exemplifying practice would hav illustrated conviction.

Gerret Smith, of N. Y., widely known as a man of strength, foresight, and originality of mind, believed a naturaly adapted costume for woman was the primary, the most important need in raising her from petty vanities and corrupted affections to the poise of noble character. Our best authors and speakers believe it, and wrong themselves and the world in not first pressing the revolution of woman's conditions; lifting her from the worst slavery of earth; then revolution of things would naturaly follow.

Rosa Bonheur, of Thomery near Fontanbleau, France, who finely paints the beautiful animals, while wearing her little blouse and tidy trousers, and protests against the style she wears in Paris, does something to hasten the time of deliverance from cagegarments. George Sand, the well known, gifted author, left a legacy of nse crowned bravery to her weak-minded contemporaries, in the adoption of a dres like men's to make her way comfortably in a crowd. For what other purposes, or to what extent she used the attire, I am not informed; but the example of moral power to perform evident right, in opposition to customary wrong, stands clear; and the asscartion that petticoats ar unwieldly annoyances, is recorded as clear for all nations and coming ages. From France, in 1850, Helen Marie Weber wrote to a suffrage convention in America, that she never expected to return to woman's toilet—that those who supposed that woman could be the political, social, financial or religious equal of man, without conforming to his mode of dres, deceived themselves, and misled others who had no minds of their own. Whether she believed some good influence inhered in having no distinction in the style of dres for both sexes, or that woman's should be as good as man's, merely, is not plain; and one person's opinion on that point is not essential to the argument of dres as related to power. That point with others rests with individuals, and their evident right of choice. But the clearness of her sense of need and duty, and strength of char acter to answer them, stamps her with a conscience and a noblenes worthy to pioneer the redemption from fashion's thraldom.

The date of the letter quoted from shows she had used a toilet like men's some time before our movement issued from the little community; and it is more than probable that she had some time before the idea of woman's natural locomotion was inspired into it, and reasoned into happy exercise. My aim at justice would award Miss Weber and Mr. Noyes the precedents due them; and if any merit is due me for coming out between them, knowing nothing of either, with my little grandam suit, which I expected to wear alone thru life, so much inventio need is mine. Reform was in the air, and may be the studious Fourier first voiced it. I am now informed by Charles Overton, a long time advocate of woman's integral liberty, that before any of these manifestations appeared, Fourier and Owen expresed the idea in their principles of social and civil ethics, and represented it on paper by cuts. Art led them.

This reminds me of the abundance of paradox in enlightened nations between art representing woman's form with the locomotive limbs in view, partialy draped in guaze, and living women whom neither artists nor scientists nor pietists hav sought to untrammel and vitalize, tho they can not hav bin blind to the disease and depravity which avarice, spuring fashion upon them, entails on humanity. Amid the rustle of liberal anxiety in its conflict with tyranies of to-day, this discrepancy fairly flaunts its absurdity. Here is a sample. I hav just received from the Cor. Sec'y of the N. Y. Fre-thinkers Association a graphic certificate of membership on which a woman's figure draped in reform style, radical as mine, lays one hand on the union flag, the other aids a man in holding up the Constitution. A few months ago the same sec'y published his opinion that my speech at their annual was good, but my dres need not hav bin so radical. These inconsistencies related to transition ar most apparent to minds most advanced. Agrement between the human form and its clothing, between the arm with its handiwork and the sleve; between the leg with its method of locomotion, and its separate covering, is a necessity and not only does the studio, factory, kitchen and garden require it, but the street, the crowd, the journey; and it is weak, slavish, and mathematicaly calculated, criminal, to derange the individual, society, nation; and prevent the harmony and justice of transactions, the soundnes and happines of the world. Men and women of reason and benevolence attest this. Mr. Worth, the Parisian modist, doubtles saw the general depravity wrought by disabling fashions, when he endeavored to induce Parisian women to adopt natural waists, and dual legattire. After the American movement introduced improvements, several Europan countries consulted him as to the best and most beautiful style the reform could assume. He replied, he had given the subject careful thot, and the Parisian woman's costume was the best on earth. French women's fashions ar as much the mothers of their unstable government, as our women's ar of the dishonors rending our republic. Who rocks the cradle rights or rongs the world. whoever rules moth ers with threats, compulsion of creeds, code, scandal or scourage of any size, to warp their truest lives, their most upright ability, rongs them, the world thru them, himself more than any *one*, and is the responsible actor. How many men wil deny this in the science and liberty-learning present. How many feel innocent of wide-spread vices, knowing women ar what man's selfishness has made them?

The new order of persecutions in the just closed decade has affected me, as a dres reformer, because dres reform elevates and individualizes woman; for to prevent her acquiring knowledge of herself and power to apply it to the sustaining of her rights, the order was instituted; the suppression of physiological works treating of sex, determined on; ignorance, especialy woman's ignorance, being the basi sof her subjection.

Measures for defence against these persecutions ar increasing in efficiency. Men can resist and escape them partialy, and must see that the defence should extend to women molested for reformatory work. Hereafter I hope to be exempt from the task of teaching officials their duties thru visits they take to their quarters by force, which cannot be to them altogether happy. It is ten years since close scrutiny was commenced over my views, writings, and library. Letters with false signatures were received—strangers called with intent to examening my books, but with other pretenses,—but the effort to suppres my work for liberty by personal attacks did not commence til spurious proceedings had imprisoned several innocent people. And these attacks were not because any thing was supposed to be wrong in dres reform, or in my method of applying it, or in any other reform or phase of liberty I advocate; but because tyrants over the common mean to retain their sway, and resolve that reformed customs shal not weaken it. That sway necessitates ignonorance, hence physiology, sociology and dres that vitalizes body and brain ar tabood. Fashion bondage is the ally of social and civil bondage. Women contemplating the conflicts of this crisis which struggles for many resolutions, should know the main of them ar for her fredom, whatever their name, even the financial blending with all, and particularly linked with the fashion trade, a massive monopoly shared by numbers. Only woman's resistance of dictation can justly regulate it, causing supply to answer good demands, instead of as now, inventing vicious demands to consume bad supplies.

Tis strange that bright women feign ignorance of the fact that they ar warped, weighted, absorbed and diseased, by wasting such supplies with exciting haste and profligacy. In this abnormal strain and increasing debility, civil rights would not bring just laws, nor insure the exercise of privileges. Two great and vital privileges of life, law has left to woman's choice. If these were wisely used, they would justly compel justice in all, and equally regulate social and civil systems. But she disregards both, and as tamely submits to vicious, sensorious, and tyranous sentiments, as if they were laws with dire penalties. Conditioned to such submission her ballot would be influenced as readily as ignorant and sickly men's; these open points of choice ar, her clothing, including form, style, color, and quality, which thirty years of discussion hav caused the cultured to understand—and her social ties, including, marriage, parentage, with an unequal partnership respecting the ownership of self, offspring, property, and many other things.

The risks and responsibilities of this position, under present codes and customs ar ample apologies for the celibate's aloofnes. Conscientious refusal to swel a morbid and selfish population is justifiable. His hint at the cause of crisis wil show either the blindnes or the recklesnes of mothers, and reveal their need of the scientific instruction which selfish greed of gain and of rule would snatch from them by persecuting instructors. But the bandage is rent from Cupid's eyes, its inventor charged with vice-afore thot. A blind lov is obsolete. Reason and science must guide the expression of affection. These suggestions on the social carelessnes of woman's life, in keeping with her stupor in accepting the behest of avarice in devising what she shal wear should point directly to her liberty of choice in all particulars of her wardrobe; and to the fact that when made hygienic, it wil expel disease and morbid appetites, promote strength and courage of char-

(See page 8.)

MARY E. TILLOTSON'S SCIENCE COSTUME.

INTERNATIONAL DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY

MARY E. TILLOTSON. Vineland, N. J "Have worn the Science Costume for more than 30 years, everywhere."

ABBIE KNAPP, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich. "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, Bloomfield, N. J. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home for several years."

MRS. E. M. KING, Hon. Secritary of the Rational Dress Association, London, Eng., wears the "Divided Skirt" and short overdress and jacket.

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

EMELINE A. PRESCOT, Hollowell, Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

ALEXIS LE BEUF, SAN JACINTO, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. DOANE, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Washington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I adopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

CAROLINE B. KEESE, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29 years of age, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

MARTHA S. SEVERANCE, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 30 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

MARIETTA LIZZIE BEERS BELL-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S costume: Trousers and kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

MARY DODDS, M. D., St. Louis, Mo., has worn a Trouser-dress for years, everywhere.

MARY E. LUCAS, M. D., Newfield, N. J., "Have worn the Short Dress (as a work dress) for 20 years."

RITA BELL, Painesville, O. "Have worn a short dress for several years, everywhere, and made my living in it.

ALMEDIA B. GRAY, Schofield, Wis., wears the Tripple S costume.

S. GERTIE SMYTH, Oakland, Cal. wears a short Trouser-dress, at home.

MRS. C. H. WEBB, San Francisco, Cal., has adopted the Tripple S costume for home wear and country outings.

MRS. DR. STRONBRIDGE, Cortland, N. Y., has worn the Science costume, in her infirmary, for many years.

SUSAN P. FOWLER, Vineland, N. J., has worn the Science costume, everywhere, for the last eighteen years.

FRANK A. M. COOK, M. D. Columbus, Ks.: Have worn tde Science costume, everywhere, since 1853,

At the "Home School," Ancorn, N. J. men and women, boys and girls, dress just alike, in a combination suit without shirts.

London has 3,000,000 of working people.

Children's Corner.

KISSED HIS MOTHER.

She sat in the porch in the sunshine,
As I went down the street—.
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom-sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
Where, in spite of frost and snow
Or bleak November weather,
Late fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footetep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart that it came from
Would be like a comforting staff,
In the time and hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong,
One of the hearts to lean on,
When we think that things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch
And met his manly look,
A face like his gives me pleasure
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will—
A face with a promise in it
That God grant the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing;
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again sweet mother"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on,
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grow.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts,
Since time and earth began;
And the boy that kissed his mother
Is every inch a man.

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIEL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

We pass over the fond greeting in silence, that can better be imagined than described, and hasten into the house to the fricasseed chicken; the biscuits, rich with cream; the crook-necked squash, yellow as gold and as sweet as sugar. Mrs. Breeze declared as she sat glowing and happy, behind the britania teapot, with her mother at her right, and the little Manda at her left—that only for the preparing of that late dinner, the day would have seemed much longer— almost interminable, in fact. Etta sat in her own place beside her father, eating very little. She was so full of happiness that she had no room for anything else. No look or word escaped her notice. She felt very proud of her distinguished company. The white-haired old lady was every inch a grandmother, from the topmost bow on her snowey cap to the tips of her neat boots; from the spotless folds of white muslin crossed over her breast, to the fine bumbazine, which she never laid aside after her husbands death, until she exchanged it for the white robes of reunion, and joined him among the angels. The beautiful blue eyes were genial and loving in their expression, and taken all in all it was a very pleasant face to look upon.

Etta had early enquired after Piggy, and having been satisfied that he had entirely forgotten her, and that he would never suffer any more pain (which she dreaded so much), she rested contented; little dreaming he had gone the way of all fat porkers—to pot and pan long ago.

Manda was much larger than Etta expected she would be, having passed her eleventh birthday, and being usually tall of her age. She had regular features, with eyes and hair dark as the raven's wing, and gave promise of much comliness in future years. Etta was very shy towards her for the first few days after the arrival. She did'nt understand "big girls," but after the ice of strangeness was thoroly thawed, she found in her a true friend. Many and many a time, in after years, did this gentle foster-sister stand between Etta and welld-eserved punishment. The excuses which Manda ingeniously devised, oftentimes implicating herself in the blame—to shield her protege,—were most remarkable, and would have done credit to an older head. Mrs. Breeze was one of the old time disciplinarians, who believed that "to spare the rod" would "spoil the child"—particularly when it was as "highstrung" as Etta was. In her busy, work-day life there was but little time to study the characters of her children, further than that which rose and bubbled apon the surface.

"Etta is an *odd* stick!" was the explanation that she always gave to her incomprehensible ways. She did not understand the deep awe and longing that swelled in the bosom of her child, when she beheld the awful grandeur of Nature; when terror and destruction came in the lightning and the tornado; when fear was lost in admiration, as the deep thunder rang its wild pean thru the forest, and echoed in the hills. She would watch the stars for hours, sitting on a projection of the corn-crib, with an old shawl wrapped around her, and when asked why she had rather sit alone in the cold starlight than by the bright, warm fire with the family, she could not tell, only she was tired of hearing the talk.

To break her of the strange freak, she had a new name—"*Little Star Gazer*!"— added to her increasing array of inelegant sobriquets. But she defied the last "nickname" as they termed it, and continued her nightly vigils whenever the spirit prompted, and the religious discussion began.

How much she needed then, a firm, steady hand, and a heart of love to direct the strong current of her being into healthful channels. How bitterly she felt, at times, that she was not loved as well as Milly. How envious she became towards her sister, who was a general favorite, largely because the ruling spirit of the household allowed everyone to see the partiality.

Milly loved her sister, and would gladly have taken her with them (Terry and herself), whenever they rode or visited together, but her brother's will was *law* with *her*; therefore, when he said in his premptory way—"No, little grey-eyes can't go! two are company and three are none!" Milly would keep silent; and she soon learned to forget to speak or think of it. Such is habit! *Custom* is a great regulator of the seeming proprieties of life! But *Etta* did not forget, and every recurring insult or injustice, but added fuel to the flame. At such times she would steal away alone, to fight it out as best she might, or else seek one of her three friends—who did not countenance making flesh of one child, and fish of another—grandma, papie, or Manda, and pour into their sympathetic ears the story of her wrongs. But the consolation that she got from them was meagre and unsatisfactory to her outraged feelings. It generally resulted in trying to persuade her that it was because she was the *youngest*, and if she would only try to be more respectful towards Terry, he might love her as much as Milly, perhaps!

"Tay calls me wicked names and pulls my hair!" Etta would sob out with such a choking sigh. "I try to be good, but nobody cares for me. ma scolds and whips me for what she don't mind at all in Tay and Mill. I've been good ever since grandma came, and have pronounced all my words corer ectly, but nobody notices it or cares anything about it."

She had rapidly improved in her pronunciation after her grandmother came, because she never took offence at her mild corrections. She would nearly break down on some of the long, hard words, still. But she was determined to succeed, and managed them very well with, sometimes an additional syllable or two. When all resources failed to quiet her, she would take Dolly and a book altho she could not read, and go to the forest, if it was summer time. Then climbing high up into some deformed tree,—whose beauty and symmetry had been destroyed forever, by a cruel bend, during its early youth,— she would sit for hours, so quietly that a passer by never would have dreamed of the presence of a human being, much less a little child, dumb with the heart-ache. How much they—the crooked tree, and perverted mind—would resemble each other in after years! The warped and deformed tree, with its pure, sweet sap, ever trying to ascend, but compelled by unnatural causes to struggle thru every contortion; breaking out into unsightly knots and excressences, during all its unhealthful, fevrish course. How it struggled to straighten the bend, and cure the deformity when the first deflection was reached, but the tugging was vain, for the time to remedy the evil was past. Etta was passing thru the same process day by day, which had bereft the tree of its beauty. Slowly but surely the fatal poison was doing the fearful work, that years of more healthful activity would never wholly eradicate. Crooks were taking the places of straight lines in her character, the same as they had done in the body of the unshapely tree. She would suffer all thru life just as the tree did, and people would condemn *her*, just as *its* fellows condemned it. For all the tall oaks, and straight, symmetrical saplings looked with disdain upon their deformed neighbor and kinsman, and cried out plainly in all their actions, "Get out of our way! you take up far to much room sprawling around after that fashion. Why don't you stand up and do as *we* do? We're *tired* to *death* of seeing you there. Wicked perversity is the entire cause of such a state of things. we sincerely wish that some humane woodman would cut you up for firewood. You are good for nothing but to burn and make the pot boil." Etta wished so much, at such times, that she knew how to read, and would pass her finger slowly under each line, going thru page after page of her favorite books. "The Travels of Cyrus" and the "Indian Wars," which Terry often read aloud, to the whole household, during the winter evenings, when there was no company. Very seldom any one followed her to her sylvan retreat excepting Caper, and he was most respectful, never intruding his presence upon her privacy, unless she had outstayed his patience. Whenever that happened he would suddenly appear before her wagging his tail, and lolling out his tongue, and looking up in her face would seem to say "Come down and dont mope any longer, let's have a run, I can beat you two to one, see if I can't!" and away he would go scouring off towards home. But when he reached the fence which separated the woods from the clearing, he would look back, and if Etta were not coming he would slowly retrace his steps, and crawling up on the deserted beaver-dam, he would impatiently wait her pleasure.

The beavers were all gone now! They were disturbed so often by rude boys, inquisitive girls, and the felling of trees, that they had emigrated in a body further up the creek. Mr. Breeze would gladly have had them remain, and had purposely left that portion of his farm for woodland. Beside, it was but a short distance from the house, and being composed chiefly of hickory maple, beach, and elm trees with an occsional buttonwood, it made a delightful reeat in the heat of the day. There were exquisite outlooks and charming vistas, unobstructed by undergrowth, while the cooling stream modified the most sultry atmosphere, as it wound between its emerald banks. In many places the wild grape twined its graceful vines and hung its tempting clusters in a network thru the tree tops; forming at the bottom natural swings, where the little people never wearied of scupping and climbing to secure the luscious bunches, with all the aroma and bloom still clinging to them. Very few children are ever blessed with a more ample or lovely playground. The cool and sparkling waters of the brook purling and lapping over the many colored pebbles, ever sang a soft, harmonious lullaby as it hastened onward, ever onward! Its normal condition was peaceful, but, when aroused by storm and tempest, it turned and rent itself,—tearing its green banks and swirling its treasures of polished stone, shells and nodding lilies thru the fierce eddying waters.

The tall trees whose plumy tops seemed to kiss the sky, were full of life and sweet sounds; and the rustling of their green garments was always betraying the presence of the wooing winds, while the grassy bottom lands seemed to produce every beautiful thing. Flowers, charming flowers, in endless profusion, from the gorgeous spotted tiger-lilly, to the fairy hair-bell and sweet hedge-rose; the trailing arbutus and fragrant winter green; the modest daisy and forgetmenot all flung their fragrance to the grateful passer by, and distilled their sweetness for the honey-bee and humming bird. Clumps of spicey undergrowth like shrubbery on a lawn, relieved the sameness, making natural bowers of refreshing coolness in the most sultry, August days. The hill beyond and upland slashing, were covered with berry-bushes. Blackberries, raspberries, wortleberries and elderberries. The latter were extensively used by the thrifty housewives, in the manufactory of wine—for sickness.

CONVICT HEREDITY.

BY ELLA E. GIBSON.

A party of fifty women left Bordeaux for New Caledonia a short time ago under peculiar circumstance. They were women sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for grave offenses, who have elected to go to the French penal colony, where they will find husbands in the convicts of the first class—that is those convicts who have by their good behavior entitled themselves to a Government grant of land, and obtained permission to marry. The women were selected from various prisons. And are described as young and goodlooking. On arrival out they will be housed in a religious establishment, managed by a community of Sisters, where bachelor convicts of the privileged class will be permitted to visit them, and as often as marriage is arranged, the Colonial Government will provide the bride with a trosseau, and set the couple up in housekeeping in a small way. This system of convict marriage was devised by Prince Napoleon, and it is said to have produced excellent results.—*Boston Journal Mar. 9.*

Since reading the above I have been patiently hoping that some of the professors in the school of Heredity would take up the subject, and give their opinion upon the bearing of convict marriage, the progeny sure to follow, and indirectly upon the race; but as I have seen no allusion to the item I venture to introduce the subject relative to this point, which I trust will be treated more fully by others better versed than myself.

Can it be possible, first, that selected mating, or semi-compulsory marriage where choice is unknown—if I rightly understand this system—is the proper basis of unity between the sexes; and yet the Colonial Government is so anxious to populate its peanl colony that it provides such a system, devised by Prince Napoleon. Perhaps the "bachelor convicts" on one hand, and the "women, young and good-looking" on the other, are not absolutely forced into a disagreeable or undesired marriage; but it appears that they have not much choice in the appropriation, and are regarded as little better than cattle: and why should they not be thus regarded, are they not convicts? Ought not marriage between such parties be discouraged instead of being promoted?

Second; what kind of offspring might be expected from such a union? Those philanthropists and hereditists who wisely advocate "*Fewer Children and Better*," it seems to me to be consistent in this case, ought to argue "*No Children*", for how is it possible that the crimminal traits of the parents will not be transmitted to the offspring? Is it so necessary that the earth should be populated at all hazards? that even "criminals sentenced for grave offenses" must be accorded the privilege of becoming mothers, while "bachelor convicts," equally unworthy of liberty and rights of freemen, are assigned the sires of the future generation? Must these rights (?) be awarded them to perpetuate their species, no matter how villianous has been their lives? Is it considered that a deprivation of this privilege "to multiply and replenish the earth" would be a violation of Scripture, and the worst calamity that could befall these unfortunates; or that the suppression of the sexual passion and its non-exercise, the height of cruelty; or that the greatest punishment the government conld inflict on these convicts would be to withhold from them the opportunity of becoming parents? In other words, is marriage, and all that it implies, a right that these convicts posess, a duty that government owes them, and a result that humanity should assist and welcome without a protest or warning voice?

Having thrown out these queries I leave the subject for the discussion of those socialists and scientists who have made it a question of special examination.

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It is thoughtful, practical, entertaining in every paragraph.—Hartford *Globe.*

The author handles her subject as one who sees the peril of ignorance on this question of woman's dress. Fashion is surely killing the race.—*Woman's Journal.*

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

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"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

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FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
A REPRESENTATIVE *WOMAN.*

FOR GOVERNOR OF CAFIFORNIA
A REPRESENTATIVE *WOMAN.*

A LAY OF LAWN TENNIS.

Where the level lawn is greenest and the sunlight glistens sheenest,
Lo! she stands,
While the game is just beginning; there's the racket poised for winning,
In her hands.

She is daintily athletic, she is very energetic
In the set;
See, she's just returned a twister that was sent her by her sister,
O'er the net.

She is great at "Renshaw smashes," 'tis a stroke that rather rash is,
All the same!
But her pretty little muscles are quite equal to the tussels
Of the game.

Happy he who stands beside her and is privileged to guide her,
As she plays!
I could do that pleasant duty to this Amazonian beauty
All my days.

As I watch her garments flutter there are words I fain would utter,
But I'm dumb;
For she's tennis mad and never from her racket seems to sever
When I come.

I must take my chance while playing; there is danger in delaying;
I'll confide
My devotion so unswerving to the lady when I'm serving
By her side!

Not all Atlanta's paces, when she ran her famous races
Were more fleet;
Like Milanion in olden days, I'd cast the apples golden
At her feet!

—[Selected.

Mrs. Bryant, whose name is well known to London educationists, has, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, just taken the degree of Doctor of Science at the University of London, in the branch of "mental and moral science." This includes psychology, logic, and ethics, together with a number of subsidiary subjects—namely, the physiology of the nervous system, political economy, political philosophy, and the history of ancient and modern philosophy. This is by far the most severe test of philosophical scholarship, so far as range of subject is concerned, in this country. The great difficulty of the examination is seen in the fact that, though it has now been in existence a good number of years, it has only been passed once before.

International Dress Reform Exhibition.

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CHANCE, in her diamond set, for the most beautiful dress for a woman, that clears the ground 12 inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The Prize Exhibition will be held during the session of the

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of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in Ixora Hall San Francisco, the first week in September, 1884.

ALL NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 1921 Sacramento-st., by the 1st of Aug.

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No children admitted unless accompanied by Parents or Teachers.

MARIETTA L. STOW Pres.
S. GERTIE SMYTH, M. A., Sec.

CITY MOTHERS.—Port Townsend, W. T., is to have two women in its City Council. That is as it should be. City Mothers will have an eye (and nose) for sinks, sewers and smells, and the pubilc household will be cleansed with a "new broom."

"AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE."—This issue of the HERALD closes the intensely interesting history of Dress Reform in the United States, up to date.

When the Martyrdom of Fashion is written Mary E. Tillotson will ocupy a pedestal of honor, for her barvery and unswerving adherence to convictions and well grounded principles.

Some day the unfettered legs and brains of women will create a value for themselves that will take precedence of drygoods.

This History will shortly appear in book form, and we bespeak for it a large sale. Dress Reform is basic to woman's perfect freedom.

WONT there be pulling of hair and gnashing of teeth within the gates when these "tonguey and witty women" confound the bearded lions in their legislative dens? How they will grind their decaying molars and pull their scant hair because they have played "Blind Man's Buff" so long that they now are compelled to "sit in the corner and snuff ashes," while these "early birds" do the eloquent and carry off the palms of victory.

ASSOCIATE AND COMMUNITY HOMES.—Everywhere among the *sensible* poor is the thought of "How shall we get more social enjoyment and less toil out of life? A world full of beauty and sunshine surely was made for pleasurable labor, happiness, repose. Riches, alone, brings time for these things. We are not rich, but there must be a way whereby we can enjoy the "equivalent of riches."

Associate Cooperative Homes, in city and country. will forever settle this harrassing question. "*Cranks*" (the laughing-stalk of fools), with heads full of ideas, triangles and crochets will make them, and wise women and men will occupy them, and with a sigh of relief will exclaim, "I told you so! This has *always* been *my* idea of life. It is the veritable cow that ate the green-cheese moon and then jumped over it."

We hail with a resonous acclaim every new departure in the line of communal homes, schools and societies. They are springing up on every side. There are already as many as a dozen, established or in embryo in California., and now Bro. Rumford has acted upon our suggestion and gone back to Joyful and commenced co-op. where he has possessions. He and Mrs. R. were in our house several weeks last winter and spring, and we exchanged views pretty freely during that time. He then thot his missionary work was needed in the city, but we claimed it was in the country, saying, "You make the associate co-operative home and school in the country—because *you* own property *there*, and we will make the associate Co-op. *here* where *we* own property." Now after an unsuccessful effort here, he finds that success means ownership—instead of "*gifts*" from the people. We wish him and his co-op. a hearty goodspeed!

People who object to living in community homes, are those who want to play tyrant in some form or keep "skeleton closets." These homes, wich will set thousands of dragon-eyed cook-stoves free, will bring order out of chaos, rest out of weariness, health out of disease, happiness out of misery, sunshine out of shadow, hope out of despair, social pleasures out of insanity breeding isolation and set a fadeless rainbow in the grand archway of the blue dome above.

WIVES *vs.* BRAINS.—Most men want brainless wives. Why? When they come home at night weary with counting-room and office, they want physical recuperation—not intellectual *menu* served hot with beafsteak and pie. Even intellectual men prefer to shine without any detracting side-light, in their own homes The wife's kingdom is society or kitchen. There is no intermediate ground. If a man, especially a widower, is foolish enough to marry brains he soon chaffes under the feminine mental friction and longs for the peace of mind enjoyed with the not culture-overburdened brain of the dead darling.

This state of things will exist so long as competition exists. Co-operation will lessen the hours of hand and brain labor. Leisure, alone, will bring about an intellectual equilibrium.

Men hereditarians claim that man should be the intellectual giant, and woman a perfectly developed physical animal—to secure the thoroughbred human. This theory will do much towards making brainy women self-poised and independent of men—in the husband line. They will seek and find congenial companionship in other directions. Associate homes will do much towards keeping bright women from the present fetters of wedlock. "In the good time coming" marriage will cease to be a union between a superior, the husband, and a subordinate, the wife: but a noble life-long friendship, between equals, based on attraction, character and common sense. True women will join hands and make pure homes—free from pot-house odors of tobacco, rum and "necessity."

THE *Century* clamors for a new, clean, uncorruptable party. So does the HERALD, and names its party, and candidates to represent that party in our State and Nation. Nothing but this Equal Rights Party, composed of an equal number of women and men, will save this Nation from the entailed ruin of rum, crime and crushing monopoly.

CHARLOTTE SMITH is President of the Women's National Industrial League. She is employed to gather statistics of female employments for the Government Labor Bureau. She finds that there are 125,000 bread-winning women in New York City; of these 32,500 are now out of employment, 30,000 are destitute. Twenty thousand girls drop from the working ranks into evil lines every year, mostly from the class of shop-girls and saleswomen.

THE QUESTION of "What shall we eat?" is growing apace. Dr. Holbrook of N. Y. City, has recently organized The American Food Reform Association, and Mrs. Tarrant Siddons, late of London, Eng., has organized The Pacific Food Reform Society, which meets fortnightly at 8 o'clock p. m. at Healds College, 24 Post-st, S. F., Monday evenings. Original papers and extracts from hygienic works are read and discussed.

LADIES and gentlemen interested in social science will receive a hearty welcome, if they attend our annual conference on the 2ond.

SCISSORS.

Dr. Consuelo Clark won from her class the $40 prize for highest scholarship in the Boston University Medical College.

Woman Suffrage will bring Dress Reform.—LUCY STONE. Dress Reform will bring Woman Suffrage.—CELIA B. WHITEHEAD. We have thought that Woman Suffrage would bring everything, but find that *everything* will bring Woman Suffrage.—MARY A. LIVERMORE.

WOMEN COTTON PLANTERS.—In Madison Parish, Miss., are the following plantations owned and managed by women: Mrs. M. A. Gibbs nearly 3,000 acres; Mrs. Lucy 300 acres; Lu Lucas 1,300; Madame Amis, who is said to be the best financier in Madison Pariso, 1,000 acres.

A girl twelve years of age, at Leverett, Mass., weighs 230 lbs., but there are few girls of the same age who are as fleet of foot as she.

Lulu Hurst is giving exhibitions of her great muscular strength. She easily overcomes strong men, can lift great weights, and does not seem to make any special exertion.

Lizzie Calley, of Hill, has been made an honorary M. A. by Bates College, the only degree of the kind conferred on a woman by a New England College not devoted to the education of women only.

Marion Booth, a compositor in the Pascagoula, Miss., *Democratic Star*, fifteen years of age, who has been type setting but eighteen months, set twelve hundred ems of long primer in one hour. The average speed in this type is nine hundred ems.

Now that the Massachusetts Medical Society has voted nearly two to one to admit what the doctors call "females" to the Society, let us hope that the next annual dinner will see the sisters seated at the feast. —*Springfield Republican.*

Woman suffrage and prohibition, those two fungus growths of imbecile fanaticism, were seriously sat down upon by the Sioux Falls Convention. South Dakota is bound to be a State, and whimpering women and other cracked-cranium cranks must stand out of the way with their nonsensical obstructions.—*Sunday Morning Call, Minneapolis.*

It is significant of the progress of female employment in England, that the Prudential Company, one of the greatest insurance offices, is now entirely served by female clerks, and that 4,353 are employed in government offices: but the excess of women is still so great that Lord Shaftsbury has just declared that the greatest benefit that could be conferred on England would be the emigration of from two to three hundred thousand women.

Dr. Sarah J. Mc Nutt, of New York, has been received during the early summer as an active member of the Neurological Association. Dr. Mc Nutt is the first woman to obtain admittance to this Society, whose membership is limited, and which counts among its numbers eminent neurologists both in this country and abroad. Dr. Mc Nutt's thesis was considered a paper of peculiar excellence, it being the first recognition given in this country of an obscure infantile disease.

Lavender oil and turpentine are used in working on china. Everybody knows what turpentine is, and the odor of lavender oil is a combination of all that is vile. The fumes of these liquids in a close room amount to a poison that few girls can withstand. I know of a dozen young ladies who have almost become physical wrecks through the china craze, have lost their beauty and animation, and I will be glad when two daubs of paint on a teacup shall be no longer thought charming.—An M. D.

The following is the conclusion of a lady well known in society: "I have determined," she says, "when I am at a watering place, to speak to every respectable looking lady who comes there. I have never felt so lonely, so depressed and so unhappy as when first staying for days at——, without being spoken to by one lady in the house. Now this same place is my usual summer resort, and I look at the register every day, and if I see the name of some woman or women without gentlemen escort I always make the first advances toward an acquaintance, for I know from experience that there is no solitude like being alone in a crowd."

Emma Fleming is sexton of a Presbyterian Church in Missouri. She keeps it in beautiful order. And does everything with her own hands, even to ringing the church-bell.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY S. GERTIE SMYTH, M. A.

FRIENDS AND SISTERS OF THE ORDER recipes for hygienic cooking, how to be well, etc., will be cordially welcome, for this department. Let us exchange views upon all things pertaining to the improvement of homes.

Address all communications for this department to Mrs. J. H. Smyth, 623 Montgomery-st, S. F., Cal.

HOME-LIGHT.—The sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays, so home-light must be constituted of little tendernesses, kindly looks, sweet laughter, and loving words.

HOW MUCH IS A WIFE WORTH?—How *few* really good husbands ever realize how large a share of the prosperity of their home, its comforts and success, they owe to their wives. The husband earns the money, it may be, but does he ever calculate, a fair business estimate of what it would cost to *buy* the care and comforts that he receives through his wife's labors, whatever may be their standing in the community? Does a young woman, who comes to her husband with little or no dowry, but willing heart and hands, who takes care of him, of his house, and of his family as it increases, often without any hired help, really earn anything more than her board and clothing?

No man can deny that a good wife is a treasure. Her care and labor certainly secure him many comforts; but how much would he consider them in dollars and cents? The wife's energies are taxed early and late in the care of the children. She of course is an interested party here; but then she does not pretend to own but half a share. Is it worth really nothing to soothe, amuse, correct, teach, and watch over *his* half of the little folks as well as her own? This is as real brainwork, as manual. But if asked to place a *pecuniary* value upon this part of a wife's and mother's care and labor, to how high a figure, think you, it would amount to? A wife who does her own work, or faithfully oversees its being done, has no easy task. If there is any standard by which her services can be rightly estimated, we would like to know it. Husbands will do wisely to give this matter serious consideration, lest they make the mistake of taking a wife's labor and attentions as a matter of course, instead of feeling that in taking his name, his wife claims, not only an equal right to his cares and labors, joys and sorrows, but also an equal right to a proper use and enjoyment of the *money* which she has done her part to earn or to save. God speed the day when wives will stand *equal* with their husbands in life-partnerships!

PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM.—One pint of fresh or canned pineapple, one small teacupful of sugar, one pint of cream, half a package of gelatine, half a cupful of cold water. Soak gelatine two hours in water. Chop pineapple fine, put it on with the sugar to simmer twenty minutes. Add gelatine, and strain immediately through a cloth or sieve into a tin basin. Rub the pineapple through as much as possible. Beat until it begins to thicken, then add cream which has been whipped to a froth. When well mixed, pour into a wet mold, and set away to harden. Serve with whipped cream.

BOILING POTATOES.—To boil a potato well requires more attention than is usually given. They should be well washed and left standing in cold water an hour or two, to remove the black liquor with which they are impregnated, and a brackish taste they would otherwise have. They should not be pared before boiling; they lose much of the starch by so doing, and are made insipid. Put them into a kettle of clear cold water, with a little salt cover closely, and boil rapidly, using no more water than will just cover them, as they produce considerable quantity of fluid themselves while boiling, and too much water will make them heavy. As soon as *just* done instantly pour off the water, set them back on the range, and leave the cover off the saucepan till the steam has evaporated. They will then, if a good kind, be dry and mealy.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE WITHOUT CREAM.—Housekeepers who, like myself, do not have an overplus of that dainty will find this nice. Dissolve half a cupful of gelatine in a cupful of water. Beat the yelks of four eggs and add one cupful of sugar. Stir this into one pint of milk while boiling. Let cook until nearly as thick as boiled custard, then add the gelatine. Take off stove and when nearly cold add the whites beaten to a stiff froth, flavor to taste with vanilla or lemon essence. Place slices of sponge cake in the bottom and around the sides of a glass dish, and pour this mixture over it. Set away on ice if possible; if not, where it will keep cool.

In a large acquaintance with vegitarians, we have never known one to a lover of alcoholic drink, or tobacco, and they suffer less from diseases than flesh-eaters," says Dr. Holbrook. Other articles of food produce more carbon or heat-material, more nerve or muscle-building pablium.

Who can pass a butcher's shop without mentally vowing never again to taste of animal food? The gentle lamb, the unwholesome calf, the raging ox, killed for our delectation, sometimes when wild with fright or madness.

In eggs, and in flour from whole grains, now so well prepared both east and west in first-class mills; in such nutritious vegetables as beans and peas; in macaroni, cocoa and chocolate: in the sugar and acid and flavor of the various fruits, we have a large dietary to please the palate and feed body and and brain. Miss Harriet P. Fowler, who has written a valuable monograph on "Vegetarianism as the Radical Cure for Intemperance," well says: "If everybody should eat bread made from unbolted wheat, oats and Indian corn, to the utter exclusion of bolted flour, it would be a sad day for the two D's in our community, the doctors and the dentists."

Laws of Life.

Rest is as essential to the stomach and other organs of digestion and assimilation as it is to the limbs. Overwork of the stomach induces dyspepsia.

Nature has but one method of making a body sound, strong and harmonious—and that is through a pure and vigorous circulation.

HEALTH AND PHYSICAL BEAUTY.—Dr. Nichols in answer to the question, "What shall we do with our girls?" "First make them perfectly healthy. Health is hereditary." Healthy mothers will bear healthy children, and thus regenerate the human family.

To revive a fainting person: Place the head lower than the heart, so that the blood will run downhill, and thus restore the equilibrium. Fainting is caused by want of blood in the brain.

VIGOROUS GIRLS.—The time has come when weak spines, headaches, flabby muscles and feeble, sweet delicacy have become unfashionable. An eminent London physician has lately written, in the warmest terms a letter recommending gymnastics for girls. She of the sparkling eye, the strong, round arm and the deep chest, the maiden who can swim and row, and ride horseback, and tramp five miles—this is the girl the times demand. This is the girl for the higher intellectual education. Careful attention to physical culture, air, exercise and sunshine, will do away with two-thirds of the sickness that now affects the female sex; but it will not destroy any of the gentler qualities. The perfect woman, who will one day, we hope, bless the world, will have a sound active body, a cultivated brain, and at the same time all womanly graciousness and sweetness.—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

Sir Isaac Newton, when writing his "Principia," lived on a scanty allowance of bread and water, and a vegetable diet.

A tomato canner says the cause of poisoning from eating canned tomatoes is this? When the can is opened and only a portion of the contents removed, the air acts upon the tin and developes the poison. The can should be emptied all at once, and the unused portion put in an open vessel.

It is said of Dr. Willard Parker, recently deceased, that he insisted upon having the full confidence of his patients, and in turn he confided to them the full diagnosis of the case, its causes and possible results. To this method he ascribed much of his success. His methods of treatment were of the simplest possible character, as a rule using homely remedies, such as are sometimes called old women's remedies. It was due in a great part to his simple mode of living, that he displayed so much vigor in his advanced years.

SUCCESSFUL RAT CURE.—A writer in the *Scientific American* says: "We clean our premises of rats by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with it. In every crevice in which a rat may go we put the crystals of the copperas and scatter in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice has been round the house. Every spring a coat of the yellow wash is given to the cellar as a purifier and rat exterminator."

Impregnation of the atmosphere of a sick chamber when the patient is ill of diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever, or of any allied disease, with the odor of a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and carbolic acid is recommended by Dr. Viland. Half a teaspoonful of the mixture will be enough at a time, if it is put into a kettle of water kept near the boiling point. The odor generally gives some relief to the sufferer, and tends to prevent the spread of the malady.

CURE FOR WASP STINGS.—Cut a fresh onion, scrape the juice and put it on the sting. It is a sure and speedy cure.

A good remedy for lice on chickens is made of 2 lbs. sulphur, 1 dram carbolic acid (fluid). Pour the acid into the sulphur and mix thoroughly with a paddle or spoon after which it may be handled with the naked hand, and is excellent when put in the nests, or rubbed among the feathers of sitting hens or dusted into the cracks and on the roosts in the fowl house.

It is not as effectual as Persian Insect Powder or Buhach, but its cheapness makes it desirable in many cases.

The Sun CHOLERA MEDICINE.—Take equal parts of tincture of cayenne pepper, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint and spirits of camphor; Mixed well.

Dose, fifteen to twenty drops, in a wineglass of water, according to age and violence of the attack. Repeat every fifteen or twenty minuits until relief is obtained.

Its efficacy has been proven again and again, to my certain knowledge. It is the best remedy extant for any disturbance of the bowels.

PROF. WEBB.

It is said that Mrs. Hayes's $1,200 portrait, which the temperance women paid for, migrates from room to room in the White House and threatens to "bring up" in the garret.

According to English law the husband has a claim upon the wife's money whether they live together or not, and so husbands of rich English women naturally object to divorce.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

—AND—

SOCIAL SCIENCE CO-OPERATOR.

A monthly eight page Newspaper published in San Francisco, Cal., by

MRS. J. W. STOW,

PRICE ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

This is the only paper in the world whose leading feature is the INDUSTRIAL EMANCIPATION of women, through self-help and co-operation. It fearlessly preaches the new doctrine of reason and common sense, in proclaiming that every child has a divine right to be well born. It points the finger of shame at perpetuators of disease, crime, idiocy and lust. It voices "Equality before the law," and "An aristocracy of sex is repugnant to a republic."

THE HERALD OF INDUSTRY

—IS A—

STATE and NATIONAL ORGAN,

FEARLESS, OUTSPOKEN, AGGRESSIVE.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a most vigorously edited paper.—*Morning Call, San Francisco, Cal.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a remarkable sheet. It contains more that is important to women than any paper that I ever opened.—*Jeanne C. Carr.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a spunky and spicy new amazonian, is a business journal, and champions temperance and justice and education on business principles. It is pure gold from San Francisco.—*Boyce's "Saturday Anvil," Washington, D. C.*

It is admirable, sound and alive.—*Clarina I. H. Nichols.*

It looks healthy, and I am of the opinion that its healthy parent will sustain it with good, solid and aggressive food, and that in due time its strength will be great and powerful.—*Clara S. Foltz, Attorney-at-law.*

This excellent journal should reach every intelligent woman on the Pacific Coast.—*Mrs. Roxena G. Steele.*

We are doubly glad to welcome this *industrial* journal, knowing that under Mrs. Stow's management it will do a grand work for women.—*Clara Berwick Colby, Beatrice Express.*

The first number of the HERALD OF INDUSTRY is intensely interesting. It has held me spell-bound all the morning.—*Harriet S. Brooks.*

We like the bold, frank and fearless spirit with which it battles against wrong to women. It does honor to the independent editor, and honor to the association over which she presides with so much ability.—*Col. Warren, California Farmer.*

This paper is one of the best of its class we have ever had the pleasure of looking over, and it should certainly succeed. Its mission is a noble one, and it has the right person at the helm. Mrs. Stow makes a readable, earnest and effective paper, and every women who neglects subscribing for the HERALD OF INDUSTRY does not know how to spend a dollar.—*San Leandro Weekly Sentinel.*

The paper is remarkable for the boldness with which it states facts, and attacks unjust and unequal laws.—*Lucy Stone, Women's Journal.*

The editor is free and outspoken in denouncing what she conceives to be wrong, and vigorously advocates what she believes to be right. She is an excellent writer, as will be seen by a careful perusal of her paper, which we recommend to all our lady readers. Subscribe for it at once. Only one dollar a year.—*Mountain Echo.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is breezy with the spirit of *liberty*.—*Frances Ellen Burr.*

When reading your paper to-day I was forcibly reminded of Garibaldi's immortal manifesto, that "rang like a silver trumpet round the world," in which he said: "Whoever is in love with hunger, with cold, with death, follow me." Reformers must be fighters. Every footprint of human progress has been wet with tears, and led through tribulation, suffering and strife.—*Wm. H. Robb, M.D.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a paper published monthly by Mrs. J. Stow, a woman of rare ability and fine attainments. It will prove a great educator.—*Medico-Literary Journal*, San Francisco,

This paper fills a niche never yet occupied in the history of journalism, and its mission is one that commends it to every family in the land. It most eloquently proclaims the rights of woman, which she never yet enjoyed in this land of "liberty," and we most heartily endorse its sentiments. May it speak forth in tones of thunder, until the sound thereof reverberates throughout the whole land.—*Leemoor Advertiser.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a *gem*. I am greatly pleased with it. I see thee believes in all true reforms—a true Radical in deeds as well as words—and I am anxious to make friends with thee. I am a full believer in Woman; her mission of purifying the race, exalting love, ennobling work, and all that elevates and makes us better.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

I like its bold, affirmative position. But few women, unless they have been subject to martyrdom, as you have been, can realize what is due from womanhoood to the progress of civilization and the building of humanity.—*Lucinda B. Chandler.*

This beautiful publication is edited with marked ability, and is "devoted to the interests of woman—to her educational and industrial advancement through co-operation and self-help." We hope and prophecy a successful career for this new enterprise. *Western Woman's Journal.*

I am delighted with the courage and executive ability displayed in the HERALD.—*Clemence S. Lozier, M.D.*

The opening number gives promise of a most readable, able, spicy and very useful journal.—*The Rescue.*

WOMAN'S HERALD is wide-awake and aggressive, and bids fair to reach a large circle of readers.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

We can pick its creed out of this first number. The apostle to the Gentiles would be shocked at the bold demand for equality made by this organ. Sentimental people would be shocked at the repudiation of tears and the exaltation of brains which it affects, and the common sense doctrine, that it is a crime to perpetuate unhealthy, tainted and deformed people, would shock about ninety-nine hundredths of the good people of this country. Fair play, honest dealing and co-operation for the benefit of all, instead of "corners" to rob our neighbors, are to be upheld by this paper. We like its tone; we like its aims; we like its creed; we subscribe to its denunciations of the barbarians that hang to this day around the fair fabric of the law and make one-half our people less than the equals of the other half. There is not a little pungent writing in this September number. These folks who cannot vote equal to a hod-carrier, can make wise men listen to their eloquence, assent to their logic, and revere their noble doctrine. We judge that there will seldom be found in this periodical a column without something in it worthy of remembrance, while its gospel of co-operation, fair play and equality, will truly bring in the fabled golden age when it meets with universal acceptance. We extend our hand, with our heart in it, to this new-comer, and wish it prosperity and a wide influence.—*Mattie P. Krekel, Mirror of Progress.*

Have read the HERALD, and glory in your pluck and energy. You have done well.—*Carrie F. Young.*

A bright, readable paper. Mr. Parker joins me in wishing you every success.—*Julia E. Smith.*

Mrs. J. W. Stow, editor and publisher of WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, is making rapid headway with her Co-operative Social Science Association. She never puts her pen down without making her mark. She is a breaking-plow of forty thousand woman power, and has the happy faculty of converting the obstacles thrown in her path into boomerangs that recoil upon their projectors and hit *hardest* in return. Probate confiscation received its death-wound several years ago at her hands, and is struggling in the throes of dissolution even now.

We wish Mrs. Stow the fullest measure of prosperity in her arduous work. The women who are willing to strike vigorous blows for liberty and justice are scarce. Let the hands of those who are willing to labor be abundantly upheld.—*Abigal Scott Dunniway, New Northwest.*

I have just finished reading the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, and thank you for *one* of the *three* happy days of my life.—*Virginia A. Betts.*

Charming indeed were the dainty white *jupons* of the daisy-decked maidens in contrast with the long and solemn academic petticoats of the graduating youths.

An Iowa man speaks of woman suffrage and the temperance cause as twins, too much for men to manage at once, with their ordinary work.—*Queen Bee.*

School-teachers and school-children in Vermont are not allowed to use tobacco in any form.

TO PUBLISHERS.

Books upon Dress Reform, Physical Culture, Stirpiculture (Race Culture), Heredity, The Industrial Education of Women and Girls, and general reform, Equal Suffrage, Temperance, etc., will be carefully reviewed in these columns. Please remember 1921 Sacramento-st., S. F. Cal.

Books for review can be sent either to Bancroft's or Roman's publishing houses, or to the office of the HERALD.

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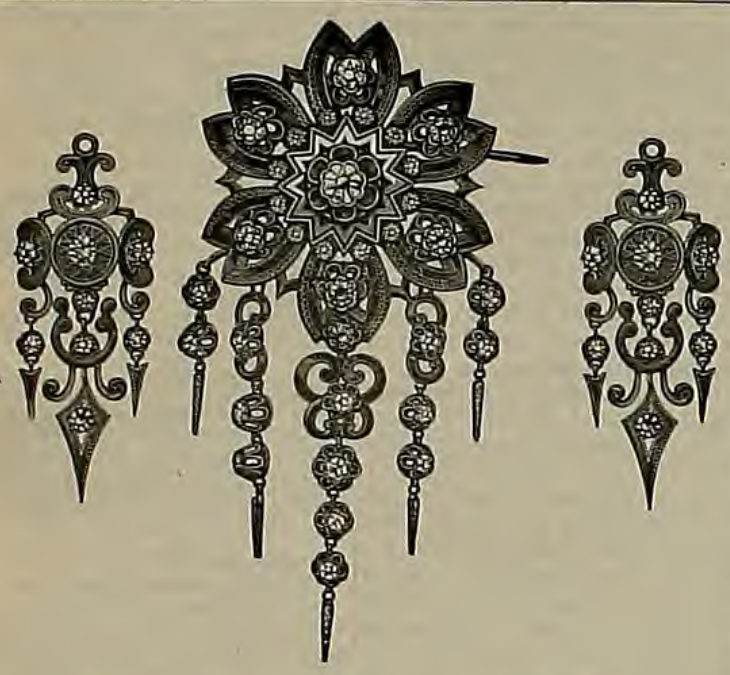


MRS. STOW'S DIAMONDS.

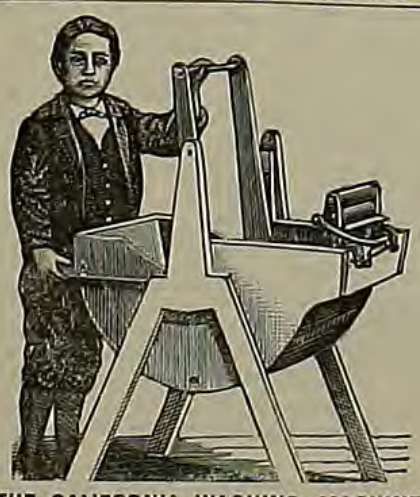
The above beautiful set of jewels Marietta Lizzie Beers Bell-Stow puts up for $1,000, at $1 a ticket, to cancel the mortgage on the S. S. S. College of Industry. Pin 1st prize, earrings 2d. The founder of this College, for women and girls, makes it *national* for reasons which will be explained in the future. As soon as the mortgage, which was made to raise money to pay for the outfit of the HERALD office, is canceled, she will make a trust deed of the property "IN PERPETUITY TO INDUSTRY." Whoever, from this date, until all the tikets are sold, sends $1,50 for a single ticket shall have a copy of the H. OF I. for one year, also, and whoever sends $5 for five tickets, at one time will have the paper for a year, and for ten tickets three copies. Ten per cent commission will be allowed for the sale of tickets. There are no *choice* of numbers. Every name, No. of ticket and residence will be continuously published in the HERALD, and the raffle will be held at a special public meeting of the S. S. S.

This property, Mrs. Stow's "Homestead," and the only thing which she saved from the jaws of the Probate Court, is a modern built mansion, which has 14 rooms: Lot 30x127½, situated in one of the choicest blocks in San Francisco, and is valued at $ 10,000. The improvements alone cost that amount.

The pin has 34 stones and the earrings 9, each, making 52 brilliants, exquisitely mounted in enamel and gold. The object is such a commendable one that all scruples, in regard to raffling, should be thrown aside, and 1, 5, or 25 tickets secured immediately. Registered letters and money orders, with No. of ticket, will be promptly acknowledged. The jewels were on exhibition at the *first* Grand Triennial Conclave of the Social Science Sisterhood of America and International Dress Reform Exhibition, held at Ixora Hall, San Francisco, Sep. 4th 1883. The beautiful set was greatly admired by the large audience, especially the pin which cost $600 in Paris.

FORM OF BEQUEST.—I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to the Lady Managers of of the "S. S. S. College of Industry," in the city and county of San Francisco, state of California the sum of.....dollars, or real or personal property, to be applied to the uses thereof.

☞ MRS. STOW'S PHOTO'S.—Boudoir (full length) in Tripple S costume, 50c. cabinet 35c.—*post paid*. Remember, friends, that these are sold for the benefit of the S. S. S. College of Industry, where women and girls are taught self-help—made independent of the world's scorn or pity.



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THE FUTURE OE ENGLISH WOMEN.

BY MRS. A. ORR.

The Nineteenth Century.

Whilst one champion of emancipation speaks in the name and in the interest of possible wives and mothers, another legislates in frank repudiation of any reference of Woman's development to her possible relations with men; but all agree that the training which makes the most independent single women, will produce the best wives, and that the results of female emancipation will necessarily stop short exactly where self-helpfulness would become unlovely and courage coarse—this trust in the future being justifiable from every point of view if they are dealing to the best of their knowledge with the present; from none whatever, if they are not. The great question at issue is precisely this: whether the advocates of the movement are dealing to the best of human knowledge with the present, and they can only prove that they are doing so by proving that the evils which we are called upon to remedy cannot be remedied by any measures less subversive than those of which they now urge the adoption. The most cursory survey of existing facts is sufficient to show that as yet no such proof is forthcoming.

The objects comprised in the struggle for female independence are, or have been, briefly these: the opening to them of all trades and professions; the means of an education which shall fit them for the exercise of the desired trade or profession, raising at the same time their qualification for domestic life; the extension to them of the Parliamentary franchise, both as a sign of their emancipation, and a guarantee for its practical results—this last privilege being considered as not only involving all others, but indispensable to their complete attainment. To begin then at the root of the matter. We are told that the interests of women will never be sufficiently considered in our legislature till they are directly represented there; and principally for this reason, that men are selfish, and prone to overlook the necessities of the other sex or sacrifice them to their own. Now we will admit that men are selfish. They admit it themselves, and it is perhaps beside the mark to suggest, that all humanity is so more or less, and that whilst men appear more selfish than women, they are in fact only differently so; the greater productive energy and consequent self-assertiveness of the one sex making selfishness personal, whilst the more plastic and sympathetic nature of the other renders it in its case vicarious. Nor would it be wise to lay stress on the fact that, whilst men are often capable of sacrificing their own happiness to an idea, a vast number of women would sacrifice the universal happiness to a baby, which is as yet too unconscious of its own existence to be even the better for the sacrifice; because this might be turned into an over-whelming augument for the higher mental training of mothers; where. as this animal devotion to their own offspring has as much its necessary ends to serve, as the man's more god like natural power of making all things subservient to himself. But we need not admit that, because men are selfish, they are blindly and narrowly so; and it is only a blind and narrow selfishness that can prompt one class to seek its own good in the systematic oppression of another closely connected with it. Such selfishness is ragarded as inexpedient in social relations which are distinct almost to antagonism; and, as we were justly reminded in the debate of the 9th of April, 1875, men cannot regard women as antagonistic; in the sense in which one class in a social hierarchy may be antagonistic to another. They cannot dissociate their own interests from those of their daughters, sisters, and wives, nor find any lessening of their own burden in maintaining them in unnecessary uselessness and dependence. It is true that there are class or trade interests distinct from the general feeling of sex and that these interests have offered, and may still for a time offer, unjust and vexatious hindrances to the due employment of women; but they are the expressions of a spirit from which both sexes suffer alike, and which it is equally in the interest of society to repress, whether men or women be its immediate victims; indeed, the men who most strenuously oppose interference of women in legislation will, from this very adherence to the old land-marks of social life, be the more chivalrously indignant that where they are allowed to work, a mechanical disadvantage (as in the case of the Staffordshrie Potteries) should be forced upon them; or that those rights of competition which are now accepted as the most vitalizing principle of trade and manufacture should be suspended or otherwise neutralized on the ground that the competing persons are women. The body of Englishmen have perhaps not been quick to see the necessity for improvement in the position of their countrywomen; very quick or very skilful in acting up to the discovery; and it is possible that, without a certain amount of pressure from individuals of the other sex and its few especial supporters in their own, they would not have acted at all. But it is difficult for any section of society to form an entirely just estimate of the condition of another, radically difficult when the difference is one of the sex, and the oversight was the more excusable in the present case that those for whom relief is claimed have been themselves as slow in recognizing the need of it. The more surely also we trace the indirect action of women in the reforms already effected, the less reason is there for denying that such indirect action may prove sufficient for their continuance.

What had been done for the improvement of the condition of women as far back as the spring before last is briefly stated in the *Times* in an article on the Disabilities Removal Debate:—

Whether a female franchise would be likely to mend this state of things remains to be proved. But it is quite certain that without the aid of the female franchise great and successful efforts have been made of late years to increase their share of educational advantages and proper industrial employments. In higher, middle, and elementary schools, in the employment of teaching, in the distribution of endowments, in the telegraph, and some other public offices, and in private establishments, women may be said to have gained ground considerably during the last twenty years, with the tide of opinion and sympathy still in their favor. Indeed, Mr. Forsyth's bill itself testifies to a general sentiment doing the work of legislation. If then, there be a wrong, as may well be admitted, still this wrong is in process of removal, and the process may, perhaps, be better let alone.

For the actual prospects of the movement, we need only take the evidence of a single number of the *Woman's Suffrage Journal*, that of November, 1876, which is obviously not interested in overstating them:—

We referred last month to the commendable action of the proprieters of the *Cape Argus*—introducing girls into the composing department of the newspaper, in spite of the interested opposition of the male compositors. Since then, we have been informed that several printers in this country have successfully tried girls as compositors. A large portion of a Scotch country weekly newspaper, the *Blairgowrie Advertizer*, is put in type by girls. The experiment was tried in the office of that paper about the beginning of the present year, and we understand the proprieter considers it highly successful. He finds that the girls are more easily taught than boys, and that they are more careful and quiet.

An article entitled "State Interference in the Industrial Employment ment of Women," gives the abstract of a paper read at the Social Science Congress, in Liverpool, by Whately Cooke Taylor, Her Majesty's Inspector of Factories, stating what he believes to be just conditions, nature, and limits of such interference, concluding with these words:—

I contend then, that if the state is justified in shutting up certain occupations from women—and I believe it is—that it is equally justified in opening up and facilitating their entry into others; and that the extent to which it exerts itself in the one direction should measure more or less accurately the extent to which it may justify itself in the other.

In reply to a correspondent who asks whether a lady can pratice any branch of law in England, the following paragraph is quoted from the *Englishwoman's Review*:—

If the medical profession may now be considered as having unlocked its doors to women, it has been reserved for 1875 also, to find an "open[sesame" to the legal profession, and to see an office opened for women lawyers. The two ladies who have lately opened an office in Chancery Lane are not, it is true, entered as barristers at any Inns of Court. A woman may be capable of paying fees, but she is not considered qualified to "eat her terms." But the capacity of these ladies is already well proved, and so much work has already passed into their hands that we are told they have been compelled from want of time, to decline some. It is certain there must be some cases in which women would rather consult a woman "counsel, learned in the law" than any man. There is nothing unfeminine in drawing conveyances, settlements, or wills, or even declarations, pleas, or rejoinders, and it is not probable that the same spirit of antagonism towards the efforts of women will be roused in the legal, as has been shown in the sister learned profession.

Next follows the *Daily Telegraph* on Eduction, and a passage from the *Saturday Review*, both advocating a larger education for women; the second in these words:—

It is curious that so few mothers, recognizing the difficulty of finding husbands for their daughters, do not bring them up with views beyond marriage, and give them at least a chance of some other calling, if matrimony should fail them. A man does not make a bad husband because he has a profession. A woman who knows that in remaining single she did not leave herself without interest and occupation would both double her chance of marriage, and be able to judge calmly of an offer when it comes.

The journal concludes with the announcement that:—

The Right Honorable, the Lord Coleridge will early next session introduce a Bill to amend the law relating to the property of married women. The object of the Bill will be to secure a married woman her own property, and make her liable for her own contracts as if she were a single woman.

If it should be argued that the majority of these quotations represent opinions, not facts, and that the expression of these opinions proves only what is already known—the existence of a large number of persons who hold them— my answer is, that their propogation through these various and important channels is itself a fact, and one of no mean significance.

I add an extract from the *Times* of Decemper the 8th, 1876:—

LADY LAWYERS.—The Council of University College, London, have awarded the Joseph Hume Scholarship in Jurisprudence to a lady who has already taken the first place in all the classes that women are permitted to attend at this institution, and who is now making her way to such active business in the law as is allowed to persons who are not called to the Bar. It may be a long time before the Benchers of the Inns will grant the "call" to women, but if they prove themselves worthy of it, it can only be a question of time.—*Athenæum.*

(To be continud.)

The world needs nothing more than it needs reformation it its cookery. —*Northwestern Miller.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY
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1. Any person who takes a paper from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

CIVILIZED MAN.

[Shelley.]

No longer now
He slays the lamb that looks him in the face,
And horribly devours his mangled flesh;
Which, still avenging nature's broken law,
Kindled all putrid humors in his frame,—
All evil passions, and all vain belief,
Hatred, despair, and loathing in his mind,—
The germs of misery, death, disease, and crime.
No longer now the winged inhabitants,
That in the woods their sweet lives sing away,
Flee from the form of man; but gather round,
And prune their sunny feathers on the hands
Which little children stretch, in friendly sport,
Towards these dreadless partners of their play.
All things are void of terror: man has lost
His terrible prerogative, and stands
An equal amidst equals: happiness
And science dawn, though late, upon the earth.
Peace cheers the mind, health renovates the frame:
Disease and pleasure cease to mingle here;
Reason and passion cease to combat there;
While each, unfettered, o'er the earth extends
Its all-subduing energies, and wields
The sceptre of a vast dominion there;
While every shape and mode of matter lends
Its force to the omnipotence of mind,
Which from its dark mine drags the gem of truth,
To decorate its Paradise of Peace.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: Communications over a FOURTH of a column long put in the form of articles, NOT letters.

JOSIE WILLIAMS, Boston, Mass. "Cold food" seems the solvent problem of "what shall we eat these broiling days?" Will not all farmer's wives begin Arabian Knight's Curtain Lectures over it? They will if they are not three-hot-meals demented. Think of rising in the blessed morning without a dread of that horrid dragon, the red-eyed cook-stove, with its concomitants, greesy pots and kettles, and the fizzing, frizzling, frying fumes, hot, hotter, hottest! with the children clean and rosey, eating a cool delicious breakfast washed down with fragrant milk and garnished with lucious fruit? and hubby suying, "Well, its not so bad after all, wifie." This is a vista of Eden. *Give us more of it!*

SAMUEL BLODGETT, Hygienic and Liberal Colony, Grahamville, Fla. I believe in and shall always work for a perfect equality of the sexes, not only in law, but what is of more importance, before the bar of public opinion. I hold that we should long ago have outgrown the barbarism of one code of morals for man and another for woman, one kind of business for man and another for woman—and the woman always the fetterd party.

MRS. M. PATTERSON, Denver, Col. In renewing my subscription to the HERALD I wish to say that every fiber of my being is in sympathy with your every effort for the emancipation, progress and advancement of woman.

DR. LOUIS. KNORR. Savannah, Ga. Yesterday I greeted with delight, for the first time in months, the W. H. of I. And now that I know that the good baby is kicking as lively as ever, I think it best to send it a little pap, in the way of a money order. Will try my best to secure subscribers. You are certainly on the right track that will surely lead to woman's full emancipation, and you have my best wishes.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE HERALD.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HOW TO STUDY CHARACTER; or the true Basis for the Science of Mind, Including a Review of Alexander Bain's Criticism of the Phrenological system. By Thomos A. Hyde. Fowler & Wells, Publishers. Price 25c.

This pamphlet of 173 pages contains much valuable information upon an interesting subject.—types of character. It shows, conclusively, that a knowledge of phrenology greatly facilitates the analysis of this branch of science, and strongly condemns the savage practice of slowly murdering dumb animals, in the hope of obtaining more light from the throbbing blood which follows the vivisectors knife, and the quivering agonized muscles laid bare.

FRUIT AND FARINACEA the Proper Food of Man; Being an Attempt to prove from History, Anatomy, Physiology and Chemistry, that the *Original, Natural,* and *Best Diet of Man* is Derived from the Vegetable Kingdom. By John Smith, with Notes and Illustrations, by R. T. Trall, M. D. Second Edition. Fowler & Wells, Publishers, 753 Broadway N. Y. Price $1,50

A timely book. The cultured *moral* world is sick of the loathsome spectacle of slain food, the bloodshed and torture of our kind, loving domestic animals, to satiate a perverted, *intemperate* appetite. Pure minds, and feeling hearts are moved by the agonies and quivering limbs of creatures slaughtered for food, and every work written upon the subject is a civilizer.

Many cases have been cited where a change from animal to vegetable and farinaceous diet has cured gout, rheumatism, and kindred ailments, brought on by stall feeding. Mr. Wood, who suffered all the plagues of high living, cured himself, by eating moderately of only boiled pudding and sea biscuit twice a day. Under this abstemious regimen, he got rid of pains, rheumatism and gout, and became so vigerous and agile, that he could carry 500 lbs. Dr. Porter, a martyr to dyspepsia, colic, cramps, after living a short time on milk, coarse rye, and Indian bread, was completely cured. Dr. Knight, a sufferer from dyspepsia, acute rheumatism, headache, constipation, abandoned stimulating foods and drinks, and lived exclusively upon rye and Indian and stale flour-bread, sweetbread without shortning, milk, ripe fruits, and occasionally a little butter. Upon this diet both mind and body became active and strong. Dr. Adam Ferguson, the celebrated historian was a man of full habit, corpulent and ruddy. At sixty he was stricken with paralysis, and from that time he became a strict Pythagorean in his diet, eating nothing but vegetables, and drinking only water or milk. Every paralytic symptom disappeared, and he died at 93 in full possession of his mental faculties. Sir Walter Scott describes him as having been, long after his 80th year, one of the most striking old men it was possible to look at. His firm step and ruddy cheek contrasted agreeably and unexpectedly with his silver locks; and the dress which he wore, much resembling that of the Flemish peasant, gave an air of peculiarity to his whole figure. Dr. Rush preserved his health and energy amidst a fatal yellow fever epidemic, of Philadelphia, by confining himself to diet of vegetables, grains and milk, excluding the flesh of animals in every shape. Dr. Amos Pollard, of New York, says "During the past summer (1832), and especially the cholera season, my professional duties were exceedingly arduous; and I often felt myself nearly worn out, for want of rest and sleep. Yet, through the whole sickness, I subsisted on one lb. per day of coarse unleavened, wheat-meal crackers, with some fruit and spring water, and experienced no disorders of the stomach or bowels, but enjoyed, and still continue to enjoy, far better health than I have enjoyed for the past fifteen years."

Simplicity of diet promotes longevity. Paul, the hermit, lived in the desert on dates and water, only, afterwards on bread and water, for 118 years. St. Anthony lived for 80 years in the wilderness on bread and water, with a little salad. He died at the age of 106. When Johanes de Temporibus, who lived 300 years, was asked how he prolonged his life, replied, "By oil without and honey within." St. Hilarian ate only 15 figs, or 6 oz. of barley bread and fresh roots, daily, and retained his health, with corporeal and mental vigor, to a very advanced age. Elizabeth de Val, who died at Brussels at the age of 101, never ate, a bit of flesh or tasted any kind of meat broth or soup during her life. The Mexican Indians are peaceful cultivators of the soil; they subsist constantly on vegetable food; often attain 100 years of age, are green and vigorous and never grow gray. Owing to the constant sameness and simplicity of their food the South American Indian is often robust and active at the age of 100. The Arab's religion prohibits flesh-eating and he is strong, symmetrical and agile on camel's milk alone. Peter Cooper's food, the last few years of his life, was principally milk.

Natural diet certainly tends to physical perfection and beauty of form and features. The peasentry of Lancashire and Chelsia, who live principally upon potatoes and buttermilk, are celebrated as the handsomest race in England. The Persians, who live chiefly on pilau, or boiled rice, and fruit, are acknowledge to be a race of great strength and beauty of form The food of the South Sea Islanders, who are models of strength and beauty (deformity is unknown among them,) consists of bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, bananas, yams, batatas, etc., mostly in a natural state.

The Natural diet brings mental strength and activity. Mr. Burdell a "West Indies" teacher says, "With little field negroes who live on corn-meal, yams, peas, etc., there is the utmost avidity as well as aptitude to learn. But those of the same age in the house, who live on what comes from the masters tables (animal food) are wholely different. They are totally disinclined to receive instruction, and are slow to learn, like our well-fed white children in the North. "The Zulus (African) children go entirely naked, and live in the simplest manner. They are spritely, active and full of vivacity and their aptitude to learn is almost incredible. In 15 months time they will learn to read and do sums in the fundamental rules of arithmetic.

They all discover the greatest eagerness for knowledge, and seem to think nothing so desirable, says Rev. Mr. Grot, the missionary. I asked what I should bring them when I returned; they all cried out at once "Bring us more teachers!—more book!"

Dr. Korke, an eminent Swiss teacher, says of his 300 pupils at Syra, that he never saw their equals, in aptitude to learn in any country, and attributes it to the food they eat: Coarse unbolted wheat-meal bread, figs, raisins, pomegranates, olives and other fruit constitute their diet.

Three years after the children of the Albany Orphan Asylum were fed upon a strict vegetarian diet, the principal teacher said, "Tht effect of the new regimen on the intellectual powers of the children has been too obvious and too striking to be doubted. There has been a quickness and acumen of their preceptions, and the vigor of their apprehensions, and the power of their retention, daily astonishes me. Indeed, they seem eager to grasp, with understanding minds, almost any subject that I am capable of presenting to them in language adapted to their years.

Sir. John. Sinclair. observes "Vegetable food has a happy influence on the powers of the mind; tends to preserve delicacy of feeling, and liveliness of imagination, and an acuteness of judgement seldom enjoyed by flesh eaters." Franklin discovered that a vegetable diet was best fitted to mind laborers; that it never overdistends the vessels, or loads the system, like the heat fullness and weight of animal food.

This much has been quoted to whet the appetite for more. The book is an encyclopeadia of facts and figures, and should be found in every public and private library in the land.

CALISTHENICS FOR WOMEN.

That wretched apology for physical culture termed "calisthenics for women" is slowly but very opportunely becoming unfashionable. In place of the little raising upon tiptoe, the little toying with dumb bells and clubs, the little walking about—each set of exercises being offset by an exceedingly long period of rest—which hitherto has been made to do duty as physical training for women, there is gradually being introduced into some of our communities a more liberal sentiment and comparatively good advantages, to meet this growing need.

The old time notion that a system of vigorous exercises will either tend to unduly roughen and make masculine a girl's tender muscles, or will undermine her health, is rapidly becoming obsolete. As regards the roughening and making masculine, granting such a possibility, thoughtful people look upon it as a very small evil in comparison with a nation of weakly, semi-developed women, physical paupers upon the state. To assert that a woman's physique is incapable of enduring heavy gymnastics is illogical and absurd, as is attested by the fact that any class of women—the European peasantry for example, when accustomed from childhood to hard and continuous labor, can endure the severest physical strain, being even harnessed in, and forced to drag, the plough, or to carry great hods of brick and mortar upon their heads and sho ulders. By beginning cautiously and continuing moderately and persistently each day, the soft flabby muscles, which should be a disgrace to any woman possessing them, will be made compact, the lungs will expand, the very poise of the head will grow more spirited, and the pale, languid creature, hitherto suggestive of weakness, and therefore pity, will be metamorphosed into a power at once active and subtle.

Up to the present day female physical culture has received in comparison to its tremendous need very slight attention in schools and colleges for girls, the fact being seemingly lost sight of—though evidenced so constantly and palpably as to have become a truism—that mental culture is absolutely dependent upon physical culture. "One must be a good animal before he can be a good thinker," says Herbert Spencer. A regularly appointed professor in the science of physical development is quite as necessary an element in a girls' college as a professor in Latin, Greek, or metaphysics. Vassar, Smith and Wellesley, it is true, possess a system of calisthenics, the very ethereal nature of which is somewhat offset by excellent and regular out-of-door sports, tennis and rowing clubs, practical gardening, horse-back riding, etc. At Cornell, however, where it is the boast of the woman that the mental advantages are truly on a par with those of the man, there has hitherto been absolutely no facility open to the lady students in this department. If the young women fail through ill health to endure the hardships of a four years' course of severe study, it is illogical to lay the disability at the door of her sex, until she is obliged to pursue a systematic course of physical training, and until the mental effort which is made equal between the sexes at Cornell is offset by an equal if not identical physical effort. If a course of gymnastics be indispensable to the young man, it is much more necessary to the young woman, who is prevented to a large extent through custom from entering into those vigorous sports that help maintain the capacity for study among the men. Until this need is fully perceived and wisely met, the higher education of woman will not be practically a success, however enthusiastically entered into. The physical growth must, up to a certain point, keep pace with the mental growth, and the young woman, if she is in earnest and aims at something higher than mere intellectual ornament, must be as righteously enthusiastic in expanding lungs and developing biceps as in searching out abstruse second aorists, or attempting to grasp the principle of Kant's theory of Ethics.—A, C. B. in *Woman's Journal.*

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The Darwin's, cloth 75c, paper 50c; John's Way, 12c; Studying the Bible, 10c: Physiology for Girls, giving valuable information upon subjects hitherto considered of too delicate a nature to be placed before the public. Price $1. Godly Women, cloth 75c, paper 50c, a book that every *woman* should read. Diana, 25c, a new and unique tretise, which advocates continence in wedlock and purity in single life. Sexual Physiology for the Young. cloth 50c; Science in Story, cloth, illustrated, $2, a comic, amusing, scientific and sensible book; Plain Home Talk, $1,50, the cheapest book in the world and full of hygienic information, 1,000 illustrations Health Hints, 25c. These four are by Dr. E. B. Foote, of New York. Bottom Facts of Spiritualism, $1,50; Vindication of Gibbon, $2—a valuable work, crouded with thought and truth. Infidel School Teacher, 15c.

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Flies spy out the wounds, bees the flowers; good men the merits, common men the faults.

AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE AND THE SCIENCE COSTUME.

Outline of Women's Sanitary Efforts Thro' Dres Reform, in the U. S., Commencing in 1850.

No. 10.

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.

For the Herald.

The labor of overcoming woman's acquired fastidiousnes, (and man's is scarcely les), of changeing the vain opinion that all she is, or may become, depends on the fashionablenes of her appearance, is great, I acknowledge; but not so enormous as it seems to matrons who hav passed the same school, and to semi-manly men; for, while consoled by a sense of the all-potency of dres-appearance, she inly comprehends that it is unprincipled; that it is mainly valued by fopish, sensuous men, and the dilettante attempered to their qualities; and with the assurance that stable-minded, honest, kindly men wil sustain the use of a Science Costume, she wil readily commence the already considered change. The most truthful wil lead, and draw by precept empowered by example, the les thotful and conscientious. The example of true men in the advocacy and support of habits tending to true heredity, is needed by fop and dilettante, as much as the dutiful matron's by reckles mothers and girls.

Suitable promptings by the staid of both sexes wil reach the silent convictions of right, in the abused reason and conscience of trifiers; when correct habits ar fairly entered upon, all rongs ar losing power, as surely as habits make customs, as like begets like; or as growing good and liberty diminish evil and tyrany. Reluctance to practical action by theoretic scholars is probably attributable, under charitable judging, to the dread of becoming innovators. They surely must know their science, logic and theory ar abortions, without their practical results, and pall on the minds of readers and believers. The stalens of their uncompleted work limits the vigor of literature, makes moral stagnation and physical corruption. These calamities attend suppressed evolution. Some degre of retrogression always follows the failure to practicalize ripe ideas. They become wearisome, and when, after a season, they ar brot up again, it is more difficult to call attention to them. A glance at the past, and thotful observance of the present proves it. Advanced thinkers of this age can not be excusable for conformity to pernicious usages.

Many customs ar dealing out destruction, all linked by consecutive usage, all strengthened by the many connected; and all wil be weakened by every one rebeled against, and marked as vile by every one abolished. Still among the multitudes of professed scientists and lovers of goodness, who wil sustain grand theories of progres, there ar few ready to sustain and defend the pioneer reformers of common evils. Such laxnes can not be justified to day as formerly, for emergencies in government, and all human conditions, call eagerly for prompt bravery to meet foes and frailities. All these things hav vital relations to woman's conditions, and their impres on humanity; and appeal to the highest sense of duty in both sexes for that physical preperation for great ability that only a healthful change of her life-absorbing body-drapery can produce.

It is only the superficial observer who supposes the form of garmenture for the human body an unimportant matter. Externals in contact ar internal in influence and effect. These sympathetic systems escape nothing that surrounds—even things without contact in the visible sense; sight, sound, air, magnetism and thot that we cannot avoid, injure more than some sensitives can bear. The sight of the petticoat curtain, which says some shame attaches to legs when they belong to the female human, has superverted fancy that most people hav no just sense of beauty respecting woman. Yet the Arabian man in petticoats elicts the pity and disgust deserved by voluntary trameling. How quick his need of fredom is seen. How horrible is the fact that woman's long bondage has blunted sympathy til it is not noted that her ribs ar crushed by an instrument daily worn, displacing and diseasing the vital organs; or that the labor of locomotion is many times increased by the impending skirtage having strong antagonism to the exercise of dual organs with dual motions. There is no argument or apology for other than dual garments for the limbs, for legs more than for arms. The hoop skirt suggests a chain of reasons that it is proof of this to any mind so irrational as to need it; for it is the plainest acknowledgment of the outrage of skirts on limbs to which they cling. Its only use being to remove limbs from the clinging perplexity, the skirt and it ar condemned together. None but the cripple, who does not walk, is accomodated by skirts; if others use them they need the hoop, and *that* explains the whole barbarism.

The science of human life, of physiology and heredity cannot make practical application without teaching this; they can not be properly prepared for schools and general enlightenment, without instancing the common abuses to be abandoned, of which the garment grip and clog on woman's health, worth and power, ar chief. Make her dres normal, and intemperate appetites and passions wil become mendable and managable, ethical culture possible, and honor, reliable.

The Science Dres Movement began with practical action, experimenting, explaining, and expounding, as each actor had opportunity and ability. Only a few being authors, few gav their knowledge, based on accumulating experience, to the public; and time was required to giv combined decisions. But it was a change to radical and momentous as to awaken reasoning thot the world over, and was pronounced consistent. More than thirty years hav passed, it has bin examined thru this national continent; in Europe, and to some extent in Asia and Australia; and no valid objection raised against it. Its opposition is but sordid, sensual, and ignorant. The good and benevolent hav approved; physicians in various countries commended; a general conviction favored it. Now the wherefores hav bin elucidated, the needs and benefits set forth. The theory, the system, and their harmony with all hygienic science has bin attested, and many years stood before the world, chalenging contradiction. None is attempted, none could stand the trial. This is much to show so soon. It is sufficient.

Thousands of women in cities hav bin consulted, who hav avered that they only awaited comfortable sustainment in street and in public to induce the adoption. Men hav bin consulted, the generous say the reform is a necessity. The contracted, who say their wives shal not adopt, show that they only need the generous to open the way before them. Dire selfishness will oppose til it sees determination is equal to the work, then drop its missils.

With the present good commencement, with this scientific and sanctioned preperation and understanding before the world; and the needs of renewed integrity pressing upon the acting, liberal thinkers from all quarters, the times ar as auspicious, as the needs ar imperativ, for prompt, brave action in the line of this emancipation for women. To allow this preperation to pas unutilized, and shirk the liberating work on coming weaker ages which deserve the outwrought practical of the knowledge of men and matrons of this age, wil be failure to great to be characterized by the phrase, dereliction of duty. The able-minded of the present ar adequate to the task, and owe it to themselves, their contemporaries, and all coming time.

I appeal to the cultured, conscientious women and men of to-day, to act and sustain each other in forwarding the practical phase of this everywhere needed, this humanity-redeeming reformation.

In this outline some important events may hav bin overlooked, some may never hav come to my knowledge; but far as given it is true, tho doubtles imperfectly drawn. It covers the first thirty-three years of the American Fashion Resistance and in experiment in the use of a Science Costume in the U. S. A.

Thirty years hence I expect to view the earth from some spirit plane with intense interest, and hope to see a history of woman's garment reforms in the intervening years that wil record as much progres in practicality as this of the last thirty has in sentiment and conviction.

The following paragraph from Huxley is a fiting close in this age for a treatise on the effect of woman's costume; as the reader wil see that if he had conducted her education, he would hav put no bar to her power of womanhood and equality with men that nature has not; hence, no restricting attire would hav limited her ability.

The possibility that the ideal of womanhood lies not in the fair saint nor the fair sinner; that the female type of character is neither better nor worse than the male, but only weaker; that women are meant to be neither mens' guides nor their play-things, but their comrades, their fellows, and their equals, as far as nature puts no bars to that equality, does not seem to have entered into the minds of those who have had the conduct of the education of girls.—End.

GOOD NEWS.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

For the Herald.

"Dr. Mary Walker is the only self-made man in Washington to-day."

—*Hartford Daily Courant.*

This little paragraph does not need any explanation to make it intelligible to the ordinary American reader. We all know that Dr. Mary Walker wears trousers— as doubtless she is glad to have us know.

What we did not know was that it had made a man of her. So the "good news" is that men can be made at will.

Perhaps, after awhile, now that *The Courant* has done us the service of telling us how men can be made, we shall have some men. We need them sadly, especially to edit daily papers.

Then, too, what good news for Mass. Why, all she needs to do, according to the *Courant*, is to put trousers on to thirty-three thousand of her sixty-six thousand surplus females and marry off the pairs, and thereby remove one of the Mass. Suffragist's arguments by furnishing all the women with a male representative to do their voting for them.

Perhaps, however, the *Courant* does not mean that Dr. Mary Walker has made a male man of herself; but for voting purposes probably a female man would answer as well as a male man provided she wear the requisite garments.

Will the *Courant* stand by its own logic and advocate that all wearers of "the breeches"—since they are "self-made"—be entitled to vote?

But yet, however, notwithstanding, after all, when I reflect on what men are I begin to feel that I have been rather hasty in advertising *The Courant's* news as good news. It would take more than a dozen pairs of pants to make first class men of the great majority of the bipeds who do our voting, make our laws and edit our papers and we have enough of the kinds not first-class already.

(Con. 8th page.)

MARY E. TILLOTSON'S SCIENCE COSTUME.

INTERNATIONAL DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY

MARY E. TILLOTSON. Vineland, N. J "Have worn the Science Costume for more than 30 years, everywhere."

ABBIE KNAPP, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich. "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, Bloomfield, N. J. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home for several years."

MRS. E. M. KING, Hon. Secritary of the National Dress Association, London, Eng., wears the "Divided Skirt" and short overdress and jacket.

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

EMELINE A. PRESCOT, Hollowell, Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

ALEXIS LE BEUF, San Jacinto, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. Doane, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Washington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I adopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

CAROLINE B. KEESE, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29 years of age, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

MARTHA S. SEVERANCE, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 30 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

MARIETTA LIZZIE BEERS BELL-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S costume: Trousers and kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

MARY DODDS, M. D., St. Louis, Mo., has worn a Trouser-dress for years, everywhere.

MARY E. LUCAS, M. D., Newfield, N. J., "Have worn the Short Dress (as a work dress) for 20 years."

RITA BELL, Painesville, O. "Have worn a short dress for several years, everywhere, and made my living in it.

ALMEDIA B. GRAY, Schofield, Wis., wears the Tripple S costume.

S. GERTIE SMYTH, Oakland, Cal. wears a short Trouser-dress, at home.

MRS. C. H. WEBB, San Francisco, Cal., has adopted the Tripple S costume for home wear and country outings.

MRS. DR. STRONBRIDGE, Cortland, N. Y., has worn the Science costume, in her infirmary, for many years.

SUSAN P. FOWLER, Vineland, N. J., has worn the Science costume, everywhere, for the last eighteen years.

FRANK A. M. COOK, M. D. Columbus, Ks.: Have worn tde Science costume, everywhere, since 1853.

At the "Home School," Ancora, N. J. men and women, boys and girls, dress just alike, in a combination suit without shirts.

SAMANTHA H. BANCROFT, Toms River, M. Y. "Have worn the Trouser-dress for nine years, everywhere, traveling extensively in the U. S. and Canada."

Children's Corner.

SLUMBER FAIRIES.

By Catherine Lee Bates.

Hush, my little one! hush, lie down!
Mamma will sing,
Sing of a boy in a wee, white gown,
Sing of a king with a golden crown,
A crown of curls on a sweet small head,
And a throne as high as a trundle-bed,
Dear little king!

Hush, my baby! a song I know
Softer than all,
A song as soft as the falling snow,
And I will sing it so light and low;
Baby must listen and lie as still
As the snowflakes lie on the quiet hill
Where they fall.

Does Baby know, when the day grows late,
Chilly and dim,
The Slumber Fairies, who stand and wait
Down in the street and beyond the gate,
Pass over the lawn and open the door
And steal across the nursery floor,
Looking for him?

Such tiny fairies, with slippers white
Over their feet!
Their cloaks are gray as early night,
But their caps are lit with a silver light,
As if a moonbeam were caught, perhaps,
And cut up small into fairy caps.
Dainty and neat.

Up the side of the trundle-bed
Softly they go,
And over the pillow with gentle tread
They come to the golden baby-head,
Under his lashes he tries to peep,
But before he knows he is fast asleep.
—Isn't it so?

For they bind the baby with fairy charms
Wonders to tell;
They loose the clasp of the dimpled arms,
And smooth his forehead with soft small palms,
And draw their chorus o,er his drowsy ears,
Till a fairy music is all he hears,
Pleasing him well.

They shade his eyes with a little dream—
Where did it grow?
It grew by the side of a fairy stream,
Where Baby wandereth now, I deem,
With the Slumber Fairies to guide his feet.
Good night, dear laddie! your rest be sweet!
Mamma must go.
—*Wide Awake.*

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIEL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

These woods in Autumn were filled with nuts. Bushels and bushels of hickory-nuts, gleaming like great pearls among the dark shucks and leaves,—lay in tempting array upon the ground. Sweet and bitter acorns dropped out of their oval cups when fully ripe or before, if to rudly shaken by the winds. The triangular beech-nut in its fuzzy coat, whose delicate meat is the delight of the epicurian squirrel and chipmonk; chestnuts with their tingling burs bristling with importance as they shielded the plump pair within; butter-nuts, walnuts and hazle-nuts provided a rich harvest for the permanent army of consumers, beside affording an unlimited supply to the pigs, which fattened on the nutritious meat of the various varieties almost as well as upon corn.

Over to the right of the woodland, beyond Mr. Breeze's division-line lived an ancient trapper, whose name was Ezekial Alcott. He was best known, however, as "uncle *Zeke*, the trapper." He ran away from his home in old Kentuckey when a mere lad, owing to a restless longing that he had for the charms and dangers of the sea. After having visited every port in the known world, fant with pirates on the high seas, killed tigers in the jungles of Africa, ambushed with Indians in the wilds of America, and made thrilling hair-breadth escapes without number, he had settled down, in his old age, to pick up a precarious living by trapping, hunting and fishing. He lived in a rude cabin—twelve feet square, with a stick chimney, plastered with mud at one end of the hut, and a door and window at the other. The window was guiltless of frame or glass, being secured at night by a solid blind, fashioned, like the door, with a latch and string, and hung on wooden hinges. There was a quaint berth in one corner, made out of a hollow log, fastened against the wall, and provided with a bearskin or two in lieu of blankets. This curious bed uncle Zeke called a "*bunk*." The walls were decorated with the trophies of the trap and chase. Stag's horns, and eagle's talons, bear's teeth and rodent-skins, extended from the earth to the rafters—floor there was none. Depending from hooks fastened to the low rafters, were fishing-tackle, spears, and cross-bows, while over the "bunk," on wooden brackets covered with skin, was the trusty rifle, the pride of the old man's heart. He would descant for hours upon its merits. It never had deceived him once—therefore, his faith and trust in it could not be shaken. It had been his constant and only companion, excepting "Tige," his dog, for many years, and he loved and prized it accordingly. Each twelve-month had added to its value. When the hickory-bark crackled on the hearth, and sent its messages of light to frighten away the shadows, he would say, "Me an' that ar' gun kin du eny *bar* this side o' the *Rockies*, an' not half try!"

He cultivated a little patch of ground just around his cabin, with corn, beans, and potatoes enough to supply his stump table, (he had left a stump near the center of the one room, and this was hewed off smooth on the top, and did service as a table), for he said,—"How't he was prupper fond o' sass, and taters, soup, and sich truck."

His dress was peculiar. Fashion was folly to him. In summer he wore buckskin breeches, and a single upper garment of blue jean, made something after the pattern of a sack coat. The corners of the skirt being tied together in a double knot at the front of the waist, and the neck-band fastened together with leather strings. This strange garment, which he dubbed a "warmus" answered a two fold purpose, shirt and coat combined. He made all of his clothing himself, excepting his *head-gear*. Shoe-makers and tailors would have gone hungry if they had depended on his patronage for the where-with-all to buy bread. Such *shoes!* Terry declared that Uncle Zeke must have lasted them over a canal boat; but the fact of the matter was, the old man didn't encourage the growth of corns and curses by pinching his feet. He covered his head in summer, when it rained, with an old tarpaulin, a relic of the sea; but in fine weather his grizzled shock of unkempt hair was all the protection to his "top-loft" that he indulged in. In winter a "kune-skin" cap took the tarpaulin's place, and a bearskin coat was added to the comfort of the outer-man.

Tige was a respectable mongrel, a cross between a setter and cur. He had a history of his own, which the garrulous old man often repeated. "Wun day" uncle Zeke would begin, after lighting his corn-cob pipe, "I was prowlin' round Constanternople, the meanest, *nastiest* place on arth, an' I seed Tige then fer the fust time, a mulin' puplin scirvy purp. An ole 'oman had 'im ter sell, an' ef thar iver wus a *scrub*, that ar' dorg luked like wun that day, sartin! Sich a mangy whelp niver yelped afore, I'm thinkin'! An' sed the ole 'oman ter me, sed she—"Want tu by a dorg? he's diert cheap!" "Wal, he orter be," ses I—"fer he's got nuf ont onter his carcass fer haf a duzen jist like 'm—an' he don't suffer frum tu much rubbin' down, nuther; nur frum tu hi liv in'—eh?" "He's a gude un fur a' that," sed she, perkin up her hed, "an' I,m hungry an' so's he, an' no munny ter by bred, nor nuthin'. Cum, by 'm an' long life t'ye!" "Wal I don't min' ef I giv ye a lift an' ease yer main-hallads a bit, so here goze!" sed I—an' I giv her the munny' an' the critter—that dorg, Tige—has allus stuck ter me like grim death iver sence. He's company tho, an' he can jist tree a kune or unkiver a marmut quicker'n eny other dorg ov his complection I iver seed or herd tell on. He's pesky smart—that ar, dorg is, an' noze it tew. No foolin' when he's round! Ef I don't feel rite pert in the mornin' Tige sneaks out by hisself an' hunts his own plunder; catches a rabbit or kune in less'n no time. Tige's a *spanker!* an' no mistake."

"A WEAK MINDED WOMAN."

Harper's Magazine.

Think of raising your head from your pillow on the dawn of a midsummer morning, startled by the sleepless consciousness that there is ever so much work to be done, and you must be up and about it. But your head aches; you have not slept and rested long enough; you are tired yet; for you were up till after ten 'o clock mending your child's dress; your hands feel nerveless, and very unfit to begin another round of toil. But you must stop thinking how good it would seem to rest an hour longer. The work must be done, and you must do it alone; there is nobody to help. Why do you linger? You will be sorry when the heat comes down, for every minute lost of this cool hour. Impelled by stern resolve the unwilling body moves. You are up and dressed, and run to skim the milk. Then the fire must be made. Where is the wood? There's none in the yard, and you have already picked up all the old pieces round the fences near by. True, a man with an ax would have plenty in three minutes, but it was forgotton. Breakfast is expected at half-past six; you must have some wood. Here is an old board which was "shaky" in its prime; being now very much decayed, it will break by stepping on it; draw it along, and here in the barn-yard are some pieces which the cattle have broken, quite an armful in all. It has taken many minutes of precious time to get the wood, and now do you pause in going back, to drink in the beauty of the morning? to look while your soul grows larger, on the blue sky dotted and ribboned with clouds? on the wide, dewy fields, and the circling woods rebed in the glory of summer? You pause not. Your eyes are fixed on the kitchen door, towards which you move rapidly in a right line. You might almost as well be an engine running through a tunnel, as far as looking on the outer world is concerned.

Your fire is made, breakfast is cooking, and very warm it grows around the stove, and very faint you grow bending over it. Your flat-irons are heating, your birds are up crying for bread-and-butter. You sink down on the door-step and slip their clothes on them, swallowing the cool air; but there's something burning on the stove; you must breathe the hot steam again, while the cry for bread-and-butter grows more fervent. Hurry now, move your hands fast; you may get the coarse ironing done before time to set the table.

Well, it is done, and the family are down to breakfast, but you can not eat—indeed you don't have time to eat. You know how things should be done, but you could not get everything on the table in time; there's a spoon wanted, then water, and maybe some thing else. It is not a family reunion; it is to some, a time to eat; to one, a time to wonder if things will ever be any different; to you, a time to think how they can be different; why there must be so much warm food in warm weather; and to try—vain attempt!—to simplify the day's work. But there it is, a great fact; victuals to be cooked in variety, to be placed on the table; the inevitable dish-washing, knife-scouring, and so much besides, that no one who has not gone through it can understand it. With all your dropping and transposing, you can not change the relations of things. It is as hopeless as the trials you used to make to bring out values by forming three equations of two unknown quantities.

You keep your mouth close shut, and don't mean to complain. But after the hired man goes out you say to your husband, from sheer hopelessness perhaps, "If I only had somebody to help me to day!" Ah! you might better have kept still. He is in debt, is working hard, and knows that you are, and it irritates him because he can not tell how to help it; but he doesn't know that your very life is being worked in to help along. He can not know, with his strength, how utterly hopeless you feel in your weakness; so he says "I don,t know what to do; I might as well give up one time as another; you'll have to help, but I can hardly keep my head above water now." How much better if you had kept still! you have taken all heart out of him for the day. So you sit with your aching head in your hands, while he goes to his work, and the children are out bareheaded, shouting in the sunshine.

"I *must* try" you resolve, breaking away from your thoughts, and going to work—"I must try writing again, and not give up till I succeed." You have long been thinking of this, but could not get time. Now it is plain you must help yourself in some way; the time must be taken from the making and mending; there will be more rags, but let them pass. So through the hot summer days, you hasten the day's work and the week's work; the washing, baking, ironing and churning, to get space to carry out your resolve, and just the hope and the effort help to take off the savageness of toil. Sometimes pen and paper lie on the pantry shelf, and you drop into a chair here to rest five minutes and write; and sometimes, as you sit for an hour in the afternoon in your muslin dress, in "the other room," a habit of old days that you can not get over, you write a little when no one is by. So, your piece is finished after a long time, and sent away, and you try not to think of it, but a small bright hope will live, hidden away in your heart, till crushed out by the truth.

Another and another is sent to share the same fate. Yes, more than I will tell you of; and now, dear Easy Chair, would you keep trying or give up?

Taylor county, Neb. boasts of a beautiful cowgirl, who lives near Murkel, and owns some stock which she personally looks after. At a recent round up, her dazzling beauty and graceful horsemanship was elegant to behold. A yearling broke herd, which three cowboys failed to confine to the herd, when the beautiful Miss dashed out after it, roping on the second circle, and pulled it by the horn of her saddle into the herd. The boys shouted, wept, and have never ceased to love.

John Sergeant, of Montrose county, it may be added to this, has a fifteen-year-old daughter, Miss Nellie Sergeant, who has been bred in the saddle, and has been accustomed to ride with her father all over his range. The Montrose *Enquirer*, the other day noted the passing through the town of Sergeant and his daughter with a herd of cattle for the Miguel. and spoke of the young ladie's graceful horsemanship, but said nothing of the fact that the young lady can handle a lariat and branding iron and can ride a bucking horse with as much skill and grace as any cowboy that has been on the range since boyhood. Nellie Sergeant is dowered by her father with one third of the increase of his herd, and when she chooses to marry, her husband will be a well-to-do cattle man.—*Queen Bee.*

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

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WOMAN'S Equal Rights Party.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D.

WHY OUR NOMINEES SHOULD BE ELECTED.—For more than a hundred years men have held the exclusive control of every department of Government in city, town, state and Nation in the United States. It has been a ruling of might not right. Now the supreme moment has arrived for them to show their fairness, generosity, "galantry." Empires and Monarchies have been ruled by women. Is it not fair to test their power in Republics? Women have ascended thrones that have been pedestals of licentious debauchery and bloodshed and turned them into shrines of purity and peace. Would it not be generous and just, after withholding the elective power from woman for more than a century, to make the *amende honorable* by bestowing upon her the best gift of the Nation? Would it not be a noble act worthy of the *men* of to-day to cut loose from all the rust-corroded entanglements and thick-set hedges which surround the exclusively masculine political fields, and step out into this fair and inviting "Equal-Right's" garden and crown our champion as the Chief Magistrate of a great and generous Nation?

Belva A. Lockwood will bring no blush or barnacles of youthful, or *mature*, "wild oats sowing" into the White House—to smirch the Nation's escutcheon. The Nation is only an enlarged, co-operative household, a co-operative home. Women make the *best* house-keepers, the *best* home-makers and the *best* rulers, as history has shown. Therefore, we say to every voter: Come, "let us reason together." Cast your votes for the *independent* party; the party that "knows no North, South, East, West," that recognizes no party but a *normal*, unitarian party, in which the accident of sex is not an objectionable factor in a ruler. A party that ignores *sex* in politics.

Ah! men and brothers, remember we have stood long at the door of the bristling, bayonet ed citadel, "Might," with bared brows, bended knees and naked feet, knocking for admission and have been refused, with scorn and derision (by our "providers and protectors,") praying for crumbs, now we have risen to the dignity of the emergency and ask for the loaf, that *we* may bestow the generous slices so judiciously that they will nourish the whole Nation—instead of a few panoplied favorites.

Again we remind you that the head of a household should be a collective head composed of a man and woman or men and women. *Our candidate promises to create a household.*

She sits at the gate of the temple and the Nation's heart beats in unison with the Equal-Rights party. Let every voter who is pure in heart and acts vote for *moral* purity.

WE call upon every woman to work for the Equal Rights party; especially the new-fledged voters in W. T. Surely you will vote for the first women nominees for President and Vice-President of the United States.

WOMAN'S EQUAL-RIGHTS PARTY is a unit. It contains all factions of the Woman's Suffrage parties as the greater contains the less.

WOMAN'S PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE OF

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD,

NOMINEE OF THE

Woman's National "Equal Rights Party."

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 23-84, 1921 Sacramento-st.
BELVA A. LOCKWOOD,

MADAM: We have the honor to inform you that you were nominated, at the Woman's National Equal-Rights Convention, for President of the United States. We await your letter of acceptance with breathless interest.

Marietta L. Stow, Chairman
Eliza C. Webb, Secretary.

Marietta L. Stow, Chairman, Eliza C. Webb, Secretary, and Members of the Woman's National Equal Rights Executive Committee,

Mesdames: Having been duly notified of your action in Convention assembled, August 23-84, in nominating me Candidate for the high position of Chief Magistrate of the United States, and although feeling unworthy and incompetent to fill so exhalted a position, *duty* to my country and *loyalty* to the Woman Cause constrains me to accept the nomination—so generously and enthusiastically tendered by the *only* political party which really and truly represents the interests of our whole people, North, South, East and West; because I believe that with your unanimous and cordial support, and the fairness and justness of our Cause, we shall not only be able to carry the election, but to guide the Ship of State safely into port.

In the furtherance of this purpose I have to say that *should* it be my good fortune to be elected, and *should* our party, with its grand platform of principles, be successful in the contemplated election, it will be my earnest endeavor to promote and maintain equal political privileges to every class of our citizens irrespective of sex, color or nationality, and to make of this great and glorious country in truth what it has so long been in name: "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

I shall seek to insure a fair distribution of the public offices to women as well as to men, with a scrupulous regard to civil service reform—after the women are duly installed in office.

I am also in accord with the platform of the party in the desire to protect and foster American industries, and in my sympathy with the working men and women of the country, who are organised against free trade, for the purpose of rendering the laboring classes of our country comfortable and independent.

I sympathise with the soldier and the soldier's widow;—believe in the re-enactment of the Arrears Act and the increase of pensions to widows, believing that the surplus revenues of the country can not be better used than in clothing the widows and educating the orphans of our nation's defenders. I would also suggest the abolishment of the Pension Office with its complicated and technical machinery, which so beautifully illustrates how *not to do it*, and recommend in its stead three commissioners, whose only duty should consist in requiring from an applicant for invalid pension his certificate of honorable discharge, from a widow proof of marriage, and from a mother proof of birth.

I am opposed to monopoly in the sense of the men of the country monopolizing all of the votes and all of the offices, and at the same time insisting upon having the distribution of all of the money both public and private. It is this sort of monopoly that has made possible large breaches of trust with government officials, caused bank suspensions and an epidemic of defalcations over the country. It has engendered and fostered strikes.

I am opposed to the wholesale monopoly of the judiciary of the country by the male voters. If elected, I shall feel it incumbent on me to appoint a reasonable number of women as district attorneys, marshals and judges of the United States Courts, and would appoint some competent woman to any vacancy that might occur on the United States Supreme Bench.

I am in full sympathy with the temperance advocates of the country, especially the N. C. T. U., but believe that Woman Suffrage will have a greater tendency to abolish the liquor traffic, than prohibition will to bring about Woman Suffrage. If the former is adopted, the latter will be its probable sequence.

If elected, I shall recommend in my inaugural speech, a uniform system of laws as far as practicable for all of the states; and especially for marriage, divorce, and the limitation of contracts, and such a regulation of the laws of descent and distribution of estates as will make the wife equal with the husband in authority and right, and an equal partner in the common business.

I favor an extension of our commercial relations with foreign countries, and especially with the Central and South American States, and the establishment of a high court of arbitration to which shall be referred all differences that may arise between these several States, or between them and the United States.

My Indian Policy would be, to break up their tribal relations, distribute to them their lands in severalty, and make them citizens, amenable to the laws of the land, as other white and colored persons are.

While we sympathize with unhappy Ireland and deprecate oppression on the one side and lawlessness on the other, our neutral policy as a nation does not allow any public expression from our people.

Again thanking you ladies for your expressions of esteem, I think that I may safely say that I fully endorse your whole platform.

Cordially yours,
BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

AN ACT OF FOLLY.—If it is true that Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, the well-known Washington lawyer, has been tendered and has accepted the nomination for President of the United States through the Woman's Rights party of California, the action will be regretted by all advocates of equal rights wherever found. It can only result in making her and her supporters ridiculous. As candidate of a disfranchised party, she will serve as an illustration for the arguments of those who oppose the enfranchisement of women on the ground that they seek the ballot as the means to gratify personal ambition for political distinction.—VESTA, in *New Northwest*, Sept. 11-84.

MRS. LOCKWOOD is no dog in the manger. *She* has no husband or sons to hedge her about. *She* is emancipated from the ghoul, Public Opinion. She and her standard bearer climbed Capitol Hill together and faced the bearded lions in their marble stronghold. After such daring will they be afraid to scale the mountain (Is it a *mountain*? It may be only a *molehill*) top of Prejudice and unfurl the banner of the FREE, in full view of the remonstrants beneath. "Ridicule!" As the every innovation, and innovator, since Adam was in swaddling clothes, hadnt been "ridiculed." Perhaps if Mrs. Duniway had been "nominated" by a party instead of by an individual *she* would have "accepted."

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

"*Cowards* win not in the race, put *victors* enter in."

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, is by far the ablest exponent of "Woman's Rights" that we have ever seen.—New York *Daily Record*.

MY CABINET, if I am elected, will be made up of some of the very best men and women of the country. I will endeavor to secure what has never before been received, an equal and fair distribution of all offices. Am in favor of Civil-Service Reform, and after the women are thoroughly secured in office, I will see that the law is rigidly enforced.—BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES: James G. Blaine and John A. Logan; S. Grover Cleveland and Thomas A. Hendricks; Benjamin F. Butler and A. M. West; Ex-Governor St. John and Mr. Daniel; Belva A. Lockwood and Clemence S. Lozier, M. D.

Stick the list in your hat, and if the male candidates do not come up to your standard, cast your vote for Lockwood and Lozier—"Equal-Rights."

The campaign so far has been quiet, but THE CRITIC will wager good money that the "aggressive" part, which the two old parties have promised, will loom to the front now.—*Evening Critic*, Wash., D. C.

Candidate Lockwood's letter of acceptance is the best of the lot. It is short, sharp, and decisive. She means what she says and says what she means. It is evident that Mrs. Lockwood, if elected, will have a policy; and in many respects that policy will commend itself to all people of common sense. Belva's campaign may not be a success, but her letter certainly is. It is a great pity that it did not appear earlier in the campaign, so that all the other candidates might have had the benefit of perusing it and framing their several epistles in accord with its pith and candor.—*Evening Star*, Wash., D. C., Sept. 4-84.

After puplishing the Equal-Rights "official letter" and its nominee's "letter of acceptance" in full, the *National Republican* says," Mrs. Lockwood lives at 619 F street, in a neighborhood where business houses and professional offices are struggling with the old residents for possession. A reporter of THE REPUBLICAN, anxions to discover whether Mrs. Lockwood was fully nerved to endure the inevitable flood of scandal and calumny which follows a nomination for the presidency, called at her residence last evening. He was informed that the candidate had gone, in a quiet way, without pomp or especial ceremony, to call upon friends on Capitol hill.

Mrs. Lockwood was found this morning by a STAR reporter seated in her office, with clients about her and showing no signs that the presidential lightning had struck her. After receiving the congratulation of her visitor, with the dignity which a candidate for President should exhibit, she remarked that she had no idea of this nomination until the letter arrived from Marietta L. Stow, the president of the association, and editor of *Women's Herald of Industry*, announced that fact.

"You have not been electioneering for the nomination then?" asked the reporter.

Mrs. Lockwood laughed merrily at this supposition, and assured the reporter that she had not.

"Will this nomination receive the support of the women suffragists?" continued the reporter.

"Certainly not," was the emphatic reply. "You must remember that the women are divided up into as many factions and parties as the men. There is the Women's Christian Temperance union, Under the leadership of Miss Frances Willard; there are the suffragists, headed by Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony, and there is the American party, controlled by Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Blackwell. Now, the political situation is just this: Miss Willard united the temperance women with the prohibition party at Pittsburg, and had a plank inserted to catch the suffragists; but the latter, finding that they were going to play second fiddle to the temperance people, came out for Blaine and Logan. The American party have also endorsed the republican candidates. Now I thought that women who believed in women's rights and temperance ought not to hang on to the skirts of the republican party any longer, and I expressed these sentiments in a letter which was published recently in several of the papers for women. This nomination is the result of the expression of those sentiments." The Equal-Rights party believes in the equality of women with men in all things. It is a Woman-Suffrage party but with a wider scope.—*Evening Star*, Washington, D. C., Sept. 4-84.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY S. GERTIE SMYTH, M. A.

FRIENDS AND SISTERS OF THE ORDER: recipes for hygienic cooking, how to be well, etc., will be cordially welcome, for this department. Let us exchange views upon all things pertaining to the improvement of homes.

Address all communications for this department to Mrs. J. H. Smyth, 623 Montgomery-st, S. F., Cal.

WASHING FLANNELS.—We venture to assert that not half the housekeepers, or first-class servants, either, know how to wash flannels properly. A few weeks since we engaged a new Jap, at $25, per month. He informed us that he knew how to do everything required of him; and at that price, taking it for granted that he could manage the ordinary housework without teaching he was engaged. Happening to go into the kitchen the first time that he washed, what was our horror to find him rubbing the flannels through *dirty* suds, and with a roaring fire to *boil* them

Blankets that are used carefully will not require washing very often, that is when they are used between sheets and bedspreads, and not in contact with the body. It is well to air them occasionally, on a pleasant day when there is a moderate wind; and the best way to do this is to pin them on the clothes-line. When they really need washing take a large tub, half fill it with *boiling* water; then dissolve and stir into it two tablespoonfuls of powdered borax, and sufficient soap to make a good suds, but on no account *rub soap on the blankets*. Put into the tub only one blanket at a time; (just here I will say that we always cut a pair of blankets in two); shake and work it with the clothes-stick until it is thoroughly wetted, then press it under water and let it remain until it is cool enough to use your hands, when it should be gently rubbed through the suds with the hands only; hard rubbing with the hands or on the wash-board *fulls* woolens. When perfectly clean wring them into a second tub of boiling water into which thoroughly mix some bluing. Shake the blanket up and down in this water with the clothes-stick until it is thoroughly rinsed; then while the water is still hot, wring it out. It requires two persons to wring a bed-blanket. Take it by the ends, snap vigorously, carry to the line, throw it over, pull it smooth, bringing the hems straight and true, and pin on the line strongly. When half dry, turn it lengthwise on the line, and pull the selvedge edges together in a straight line. A bright sunny day with a brisk wind is very desirable as it snaps out the water, giving it no chance to settle. It is not well to wash flannels of any kind on a rainy or cloudy day; but for blankets it is ruinous. When the blanket is thoroughly dry, fold very evenly, but never press or iron it. Some persons use a pounding-barrel, and then the washing can be done at once without waiting for the water to cool; in that case the pounder should be used gently, as harsh pounding or rubbing, *knots* the fibers of woolens. Blankets washed in this way will remain soft and fleecy until worn out. We have one large expensive blanket that was ruined in washing, before I knew how it should be done; it is grime in color and as thick and hard as a board. I have others that are nearly worn out, that are as soft and pliable as new blankets.

Wash flannels in the same way, only bringing them from the line while quite damp; pull out evenly and fold. If any spot has fulled, it can easily be pulled smooth when it is a little damp: iron as soon as possible. If the first suds is strong enough, the flannels will retain sufficient soap for the rinsing water, which for woolens requires a little soap. Undergarments should always be pulled crosswise while damp, as they shrink more or less in washing.

Strawberry Sponge.—One quart of strawberries, half a package of gelatine, one cupful and a half of water, one cupful of sugar, the juice of a lemon, the whites of four eggs. Soak the gelatine for two hours and a half in half a cupful of the water. Mash the strawberries and add half the sugar to them. Boil the remainder of the sugar and the water twenty minutes. Rub the strawberries through a sieve. Add the gelatine to the boiling syrup, and take from the fire immediately; then add the strawberries. Place in a pan of ice water and beat five minutes. Add the whites of eggs, and beat until the mixture begins to thicken. Pour in the moulds and set away to harden. Serve with sugar and cream. Raspberry and blackberry sponges are made in the same way.

The kitchen floor is often a subject of much discussion, but not necessarily an endless one, if the flooring is smoothly and evenly laid. For these the best treatment—and "best" means the cleanest and least troublesome—is to oil it well two or three times a year. It does not soil easily then, and when necessary it can be washed readily and without scrubbing. If it is not possible to oil it, stain it with black walnut stain. This will have to be renewed every spring and autumn, but it is not difficult to do, and will cost less than fifty cents for each application.

PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM.—One pint of fresh or canned pineapple, one small teacupful of sugar, one pint of cream, half a package of gelatine, half a cupful of cold water. Soak gelatine two hours in the water. Chop pineapple fine, put it on with the sugar to simmer twenty minutes. Add gelatine, and strain immediately through a cloth or sieve into a tin basin. Rub the pineapple through as much as possible. Beat until it begins to thicken, then add cream which has been whipped to a froth. When well mixed, pour into a wet mold and set away to harden. Serve with whipped cream.

HORSEWOMEN.—We dont know whether that is a dictionary word, but what we want to say under the caption is that all the good steppers in the city are not owned by the gentlemen's driving association, nor are all the good drivers males. On the contrary, there are several ladies who drive good steppers and who can get their horses down to business about as well as the gentlemen, and several others who can handle the reins of spirited carriage horses as dexterously as the best of the Jehus on the boulevard or the track. There, for instance, is Mrs. J. L. Bever, who can make her white socked and gazelle-eyed family nag throw dust in the eyes of some of the best horses in the association. And there, also, is Maggie West, whom we have seen out on the boulevard speed along at a gait which would chase 2:40 pretty closely, holding the ribbons with a grip and a grace which would do credit to a professor of the track. When it comes to driving a double team, there is Mrs. C. B. Soutter, who guides her spirited chargers with a grace and a confidence which shows her to be mistress of the situation. We might mention many other lady drivers, both of good goers and gay carriage turnouts, but have noted enough to show that the gentlemen's driving association dont monopolize all the good horses nor number in its membership all the good drivers. Indeed, there are enough good lady drivers to organize a ladies' driving association. Why don't they organize? —Cedar Rapids (Ia.) *Times*.

PURCHASING BUREAU.

Madame Curera

Is pleased io iuform her many fridnds and patrons that she has returned from Europe, and is prepared to execute ORDERS, for *ladies* and *children*, In the purchasing line, with promptness and dipatch.

☞ ADDRESS, 1921 Sacramento-st

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PERFECT FEET.

New York Mail and Express.

"This clatter about small feet is all nonsense," said a fashionable shoemaker yesterday. "I saw an interview with a shoemaker in the *Mail and Express* last week, in which it was said that a certain lady had the prettiest foot in New York because she weighed 160 pounds and yet wore only a number one shoe. That lady had the homeliest foot in New York in my judgement, and I am a connoisseur in feet. A small foot is more usually a deformity than a beauty."

"Why?" asked the reporter.

"Because it is usually a disproportion, a monstrosity. A perfectly beautiful woman's foot should be in length a little less than one-seventh of her height. The foot, moreover, is the base, the support of the body, and it should be neither too small to support it, nor, for beauty's sake, seem to be so. Imagine 160 pounds of flesh over two little No. 1 feet. I've got an artistic eye for such things, and the disproportion makes me shudder. The most beautiful foot known is that of the Venus di Medici. It is neither very short nor very narrow, and, although the Venus is a rather small woman, she would find a No. 2 shoe decidedly uncomfortable. The model of that foot never wore a shoe. You hear lots of talk about the big feet of the Chicago girls. That shows that Chicago girls are either very tall or very sen sible. There is not a pretty foot in New York. I have been measuring ladies' feet for thirty years in this city, and have failed to find a really pretty foot yet. My artistic taste has often prompted me to go to Chicago, where the feet must be prettier than the number two feet of the New York ladies, unless the New York ladies are phenomenally short in height."

"Are tight shoes unhealthful?"

"Very. They impede the circulation of the blood. With tight shoes and tight lacing our women will produce a very thin-blooded generation. Tight shoes destroy grace and cause an awkward walk. If you want to acquire the gait of a dude, just get a pair of pointed shoes two sizes too small for you and hold out your arms."

"Can you describe a perfect foot?"

"A perfect foot must be, as I said before, a little less in length than one-seventh the height of the woman. It should be arched on the top. It should be broadest across the ball, and the toes, symmetrical and tipped with pink nails, should spread flat upon the ground at every step. The second toe should be the longest. The heel should descend in a straight line from behind the ankle and should be delicately rounded. The skin should be white as ivory and marked with faint indications of blue veins. The heel and toes, however, should have a rosy flush. Such a foot you never see treading the beach of a seaside watering place, and never will until women learn that a small foot is not necessarily a beautiful one.

NO CAKE.—There was a platter of delicately-sliced ham in the center, with a handful of nasturtiums blazing away in the middle of it, two or three of which served to each person would make a far dainter relish to the ham than any coarse condiments like pepper and mustard. There was a cut-glass dish of pickles, and one of cheese, cut in oblong blocks, and piled like a children's cob house, on a green majolica leaf. There were peaches, with real cream, and pretty little prints of grass butter, and the bread, if not so fresh, was still moist and light.

Nobody seemed to miss anything, and if Mr. Gustorf did, it was to exclaim, mentally, "If one woman can serve her guests so delightful a tea without cake, I know another who will try it."

The next day, when the guests had gone, Marcia and her sister "had it out" on the cake question; Nette, for once, doing most of the talking. "I tell you, my sister," she said, "I've been watching you, and I'm surprised to see how often you, who seem in many things to be so independent, have sacrificed yourself to this unwritten social law that there must be cake for tea though the heavens fall. Do you know, the day Professor Y—spent here, and he and your wise husband were dropping pearls all about that you would have gathered up for yourself and the children, and I knew you wanted to listen, you spent two mortal hours in the kitchen getting up dessert for dinner and cake for tea. Well, I noticed that the learned man took just three mouthfuls of your *charlotte russe*, and politely shook his head at the cake basket. And since I have the opportunity," pursued the inexorable Nette, "I must ask you if you would not have invited the minister and his wife to stay to tea the other night if it had not happened that the cake was very dry? They would have enjoyed it, I know, after their round of calls; and a cup of tea, and one of your songs after it, would have rested them."

—[Selected.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.—While none of us may wish to be entirely excluded from the pale of so-called society, if society demands sacrifice of our health, duty, comfort and conscience to its autocratic sway, society exacts more than we should yield. Comfort of heart, mind and estate, approval of conscience and an honest pride, I think far more to be desired than the smiles and caresses of fashionable society, so insincere, so ephemeral.

Man is a gregarious animal, and requires, to develop his higer and nobler qualities, by association with his species, but this association need not be with the vain, selfish, irrational minority, falsely called society. Far wiser and better is intercourse with the frank honest, kindly cordial, great majority, who create for themselves and constitute the purest and best society, wherein no fraud and sham is admitted, and where none is required to keep up false appearances.—[The Household.

LONG BRANCH STYLE.

This is a great hotel. At present it shelters not only a woman with forty brand-new complete costumes, but a—well, God made him, therefore let him pass for a man—with sixty spick-span fresh suits, nine horses and four servants. The lady in question is Mrs. Moses Fraley, of St. Louis, wife of the grain speculator. Of her wardrobe the whole of the immense house is aware, not alone because it is dazzled three times a day and between meals by miraculous toilets, but because, though occupying an extensive suite of rooms, two of which are turned into a wardrobe, the corridor into which they open has a wainscoting of trunks, varying in size from alligator hat-boxes to the hugh "togas," opening like chests of drawers. When Mrs. Fraley, who is a large woman with blonde hair, has astonished us for the fortieth time with a stunning combination of dress, hat, parasol, gloves, stockings and shoes to match, she will start for pastures new, and begin all over again, as is the mode with women of fashion. For example, there arrived this morning a lady who has been doing Saratoga with thirteen trunks, and who lunched in a miracle of chocolate satin sprinkled with natural-sized walnuts of golden hue, and bronzed shoes, which, by the way, are very fashionable, and in this case cut low enough to display golden silk stockings. On her head was perched a coquettish turban, trimmed with a dozen gold and brown rings.

As to the masculine wearer of five dozen different costumes, E. Berry Wall, of New York, I am told he first became famous through his infinite variety of clothes and his lending that amusing young fraud, Lord Abercromby, $7,060. I cannot vouch for the truth of it, but it is said that he and Mrs. Fraley regard each other in the light of bitter rivals, though the latter has the advantage, for she can wear diamonds in a dozen different ways, while Mr. Wall is obliged to confine himself to studs, pin and sleeve buttons of blazing stones.

While I write I can see through the window the St. Louis matron getting into her carriage for a drive. She has on a wonderful gown—peach-colored silk covered with immense damask roses of crimson velvet pile; the underskirt is flounced alternately with crimson velvet and rose point; the cut of the corsage is concealed by a mantle of the brocade; a tiny bonnet of lace and crimson pompons covers her flaxen puffs; rubies and diamonds tremble in the sun. Mrs. Fraley steps into her satin-lined carriage with a dexterous touch, arranges her skirts and settles herself among the cushions under the shade of a white lace, rose-lined umbrella. Presently Mr. Fraley's valet rushes out with a vast bouquet of red roses. Then the lady gives the signal, the liveried footman hops on his perch at the back, and the liveried coachman in front starts up the span—one pure white and one jet black steed, with hugh yellow collars around their necks, to the manifest detriment of their appearance.—[Long Branch Letter to Cincinnati *Enquirer*.

SPORES.—A water temperature of 120 degrees boils them to death, and soap chemically poisons them. Here sanitary and microscopic science come together. Spores thrive in low ground and under low conditions of life. For redemption fly to hot water and soap, ye who live in danger of malarial poisoning. Hot water is sanitary; soap is more sanitary. Fight typhus, smallpox yellow fever and ague with soap. Soap is a board of health. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and so far as physically health goes, far in advance of what passes current for godliness in this wicked world. But, as a matter of fact, it is a poor kind of godliness that does not make people cleaner as well as better. Daily contact with soap and water will help wonderfully in properly regulating the habits of everyday life.—X.

The body burns, whether placed in the earth or fire; in one case it takes 10 to 20 years, and in the other so many minutes. Cremation is the proper and scientific way to dispose of dead organic matter. When the body is cremated, there is no further fear from disease germs in the body. The only plausible objection which has been offered against cremation is that in case of homicide through the administration of deadly poisons valuable evidence might be destroyed; but this is not a serious objection in the face of the many advantages gained. All innovations in sanitary science have had to fight their way inch by inch.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE PRIZES.—An English gentlewoman, who personally exhibited two dresses, a gray flannel mountain suit and a combination (blue and cardinal) flannel gymnasium costume, won the first prize, a beautiful oil-painting, a California landscape, presented by Mrs. J. H. Holt, *the* lady artist of San Francisco, who sketched the lovely scene from nature. The second prize, a handsome bracelet given by S. Gertie Smyth, the Elocutionist, was won by Mrs. Stow's three years old Tripple S. The third prize, "Probate Confiscation" and "Probate Chaff," was won by a combination suit, gray and plaid, Tripple S entered and worn by Prof. Webb, the champion lady swimmer of this Coast. The jewels were withdrawn, owing to the fact that less than $15 had been received for tickets in a year's time. Madame Brownjohn's beautiful combination Trowser-dress was much admired.

BOOK REVIEWS, and several departments, owing to campaign and conference reports, are crowded out of this issue of the HERALD.

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Made to order	75 cents extra.

☞ Take a light measure at the belt over the dress.

Small waists are no longer fashionable. A lady of artistic education, desiring health, comfort and usefulness, no longer is vain of a wasp-like waist. A Boston dress-maker says: "Fifteen years since the average size of the waist of her customers from all parts of the United States was twenty and twenty-two inches, while now from the same classes, the average size at the belt, is from twenty-six to thirty inches."

The BATES WAIST is a beautiful garment, exquisitely finished, thoroughly made from the best cotton and supports the clothing on double seams, direct from the shoulder. It is really a Venus waist, giving the figure a supple form and artistic outline.

These waists give health, comfort and ability to breathe. Mrs. Scott-Siddons after wearing these waists remarked that her health had greatly improved; no more neuralgia or backache. When she wore corsets she could hardly drag herself through the last act, but now she could begin when through and give the entire program again.

A woman valuing her responsibility to offspring will not fail to secure these waists.

Dr. A. B. STOCKHAM, author of TOKOLOGY, says: "The BATES WAIST is what I have sought for years. It is really a 'THING OF BEAUTY' is equable in warmth, supports the skirts, gives a handsome figure, offers no restriction to circulation, digestion or respiration and supports the bosom better than any corset."

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS writes: "The Bates Waist is thoroughly satisfactory."

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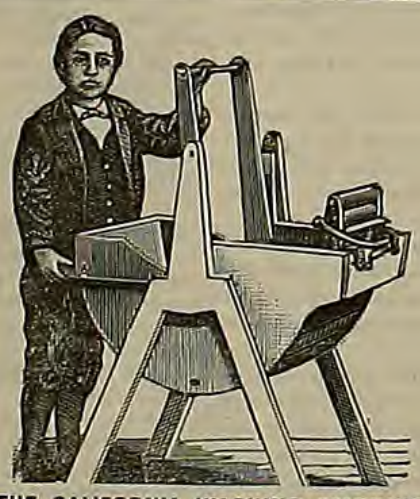

THE CALIFORNIA WASHING MACHINE.

☞ LADIES ATTENTION. *The California Washer* is guaranteed to last an ordinary family *five* years. and it will save *half* the time and labor of putting the wash on the line, and the price is only

TWELVE DOLLARS.

Now suppose it takes four hours to do your washing each week for five years—which is 104 days, or, 1040 hours. Mind you: The California Washer saves HALF that time—and only costs the *small* sum of $12.

Address G, M. PURSELL,
431 Fourth-st, San Francisco, Cal.

I cannot see any propriety in our clinging to the skirts of the Republican party any longer. It has done nothing for us. Last winter I saw its leading men in the Senate deliberately vote to disfranchise the women of Utah—*to take from them the right of suffrage*, which they now have. Some of them did so after having solemnly promised to vote for suffrage whenever opportunity presented. More than that, I attended the Republican Convention at Chicago, and drew the resolution regarding the right of women to vote which was introduced there. I saw it introduced and received with nothing but derision.—BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

The past must be remolded. The old ideals are being fast swept away; and with new conceptions of history come new conceptions of human progress and destiny.

THE FUTURE OE ENGLISH WOMEN.

BY MRS. A. ORR.

The Ninteenth Century.

Since, therefore, the withholding of the suffrage can avail so little to exclude women from any branch of activity to which they are by nature or circumstances disposed, the question becomes the more urgent, whether the objects they now propose to themselves are necessary and just; whether they do not too far exceed the earlier programme of the movement, which simply claimed that women should be allowed to live, and that to this end the increasing number of those who are unprovided should have fuller legal and educational means of providing for themselves. It is at least an arbitrary conception of this most just demand, that it should be made to imply the opening to them of all careers, although the great apostle of female liberties, J. S. Mill, has not feared, more or less distinctly, to advocate such a course. It may be urged, with some show of justice, that men are in possession of a vast amount of light manual work which natural fitness would consign to women, and which custom did consign to them in earlier periods of our history, that if their greater physical strength gives them the advantage over women, even in Woman's work, the subtlety of the female mind equally justifies, even necessitates, its employment in the more intellectual labors hitherto confined to men; and that while we credit men with the maximum, women with the minimum, of physical power, and by common consent leave the sword to be wielded by the one sex, and the needle to be almost exclusively plied by the other, the intermediate fields of labor should be equally open to both. But it must not be forgotten that what constitutes the fitness of work, either for one sex or the other, is less its nature than its associations: the habits of life which it engenders or implies. On this ground the friends of women view with dissatisfaction the performance by men of what is obviously women's work, justified though it be by the fact that they do it better; and it would be a wiser ambition on the part of women to reconquer their own province than to show how much of man's prescriptive work they are capable of doing. Nor can it be for the general good that they should ever reconquer what has been their own till they have exhausted the resources of that which is still indisputably so. Household work, with certain definite restrictions, is indisputably their own. And no one can witness the low degree of beauty, order, and comfort which prevails in many middle-class English homes, and assent to the proposition that all a woman can do in her own exclusive sphere has been accomplished there. It is true that any woman who may devote herself to the better administration of her father's, her husband's or brother's home, is provided for in the possession of these opportunities; and that those of the upper classes who stand alone cannot be expected to seek a livelihood in that service of strange households which they might perform with more intelligence than those at present engaged in it, but at the violation of every feeling and habit of their earlier life. But the work willingly done for ourselves may become conceivable as done for others, and the recent appearance of "lady-helps" proves that many women are willing under certain conditions to accept even that means of support. There would at least be no incongruity in the fact that daughters of families, of which the income was small, should share in their household work, leaving only the harder portions of it to be performed by hired servants, of whom one would thus be equal to all the necessary residue of the functions of two, three, or four. One of the earliest and warmest advocates of the extension of Woman's work, Miss Bessie Parkes, has shown how beneficial such an arrangement would prove in the case of the many women who are left penniless at their father's death, after enjoying comparative luxury until then; and whom this self-denying economy, practiced in early life, might leave in possession of a sum of money which would insure them better conditions in marriage, or enable them the more easily to forgo it, if no fitting opportunity occurred. Nor would these occupations be necessarily so engrossing as to leave no leisure for study, or so entirely without the range of higher knowledge as to withhold the means of applying it. The period of the highest female culture in England was certainly not that in which women were least devoted to domestic work; and though many things have changed since the days of Elizabeth, though a distinct retrogression would be, in this respect, as impossible as it is little to be desired, there is a kind of backward going which is bound up in every natural advance; the rotatory movement which sweeps old things into the current of the new, and fuses them into the newer which are to come. Some such tendency would seem to be at work now. The passion for ornament, the striving for harmony and significance in the embellishment of the house, the dress, and the table, which are so characteristic of the present day, react necessarily on the humbler details of existence, and it is possible, if not even probable, that this morbid extension of the love of beauty may be the means of reawakening the housewifely instinct in its earlier and more wholesome form. House decoration ornamental (art) needlework are now recognized ladies' professions. The South Kensington Schools of Cookery are attended by girls of every class, and though it is as yet understood that they are rather to know the cook's work than to do it, mothers may some day become aware that those of their daughters who have a talent for cookery, will be happier in exercising that talent, than in struggling to acquire an acomplishment for which they have none; that the huge practical importance and scientific basis of the culinary art make it worthy of study even for such of them as have the power of learning other and apparently higher things; when women of all classes will become aware that there could be no derogation in superintending the cooking of a dinner for themselves, or even persons who will pay them for it; and that if "lady helps" are possible in the nusery and the dressing-room, they are not necessarily out of place in the kitchen; the less so, that the word is only figuratively used, the finer work of the kitchen department not being necessarily done in it. The time may come when women of all classes, excepting the very rich and the absolutely poor, will rebel against that tyranny of fashion which leaves them, beyond the narrowest limits, no choice in the style, the material, or the expensiveness of their dress; against the scarcity of skillful work which additionally compels those of moderate income to forego the graces of appearance, which no woman ought to forego, or to obtain them at a price which they ought not, and, to do them justice, often hate, to give; and when they will take the law into their own hands, selecting their fashions and carrying them out by some system of co-operation which will supplant the second-rate dressmakers, retaining their most competent assistants themselves if they please, in the same capacity, and leave the rest to slide back, to their own advantage as well as that of society at large, to those ranks of domestic labor which ambition and emigration have so unmercifully drained. These things may not, as they also may, all come to pass; but they need only be considered possible to be proved so. The modern arguments on the subject are well-known, and deceptively plausible. "We do not propose to abandon Woman's work, but to enlarge its sphere." "A highly educated person will do everything better than one who is not so." "A woman who understands medicine will be the more conversant with the principles of cookery, and one who understands law will be the more conversant with the principles on which domestic order may be maintained." "The improvement in education which will qualify one class of women for scientific pursuits will raise others to the better performance of the humbler kinds of work." "The changes we advocate are calculated to benefit every department of life." To all of which may be replied: The wider spread of education and the ambitions which it creates tend visibly to the worse or more unwilling performance of all the lower kinds of work.* The woman who has chosen science as the business of her life, will gain in qualification for domestic duties, but as certainly lose in time and inclination for them. This point of view entirely excludes the actual necessity of not only enlarging or readjusting the field of labor for women without incurring the corresponding evil of narrowing it for men, but promoting such a system of household management as will diminish the number of women who need to be thus provided for.

But, it may be objected, with far greater force, these are, at most, economic considerations. Why not leave them, like other economic considerations, to adjust themselves? What moral or rational warrant have we for opposing such an adjustment? What remains to be said, if the tide of female interests is distinctly setting in a direction opposed to that of domestic work—if the tide of circumstances, while it tends to beautify such work, is also tending to supersede it—if modern machinery shall continue to reduce the necessary household labor, whilst the system already successfully initiated of household co-operation, changes more and more the character and amount of the necessary household supervision? Can abstract theories stem the current of events, and can the women in whom the presentiment of a new life is stirring be asked to stifle it for the hope of realizing some Utopian vision of the past? Is there a wisdom higher than that of an obvious organic tendency in the name of which they can be called upon to do so? These questions are hard to answer. They have scarcely yet been answered; and the advocates of the so called rights of women declare them to be unanswerable.

* The readiness displayed at the present moment by many educated women to undertake the work of servants must be considered as the natural reaction against this fact, in no sense disproving it.

(To be continud.)

Women have actually entered the commercial world, and are staking their social position to a large extent upon their right and ability to hold in it places of importance and remuneration. It is too late by some years to ventilate opinions as to the mistake women will make in competing with men in the industrial field. The world asks to-day, and women encourage the inquiry: What will the woman sell for in the open market? What is her lifting power—that is to say, what is the strength of her arm and the power of her endurance, expressed in pounds and feet? What is the selling price of the greatest deftness and most exquisite cunning of her hand? For what may be bought the keenest of her judgments, the brightest of her wits, the strongest natural force of her character? * * * We must be brought to the most relentless of all the factors in human existence—the fact that the moral, material, and intellectual independence and success of the individual depends on its power to measure itself with the *best*.—FRANCIS KING CAREY, in *Princeton Review*.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY
☞ OFFICE 1921 Sacramento-st.

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RIGHT ONWARD.

John Rowell Waller.

Right Onward! right onward! behind the works finished,
A few tired toilers have lain down to rest,
But forward the work seems untouched, undiminished;
There are waters to wade, there are big waves to breast:
There is fighting to do, there are foes to o'ercome—
But fight on in concord, and always remember
Each blow snaps a fetter from nations to come.

Right Onward! right onward! stay not for fond partings—
Lose not the fair hours by the graves of your dead—
Waste not your best nerve in fond sighings and startings—
March on in the track where brave thinkers have led.
Up! up! with your arms and march on to the battle—
The day will be hot and the contest be long—
But while the darts drop and the dark missiles rattle,
Go on to the conquest with music and song.

Right Onward! right onward! your foes fill the passes—
Untruth and Injustice, Crime, Ignorance, Vice—
They lurk on the edge of the sloughs and morasses,
Dressed out in deluding and sombre device.
Turn not from the path to the past dead or dying,
There are flowers in the track Progress makes for her feet—
We may cull them and strew them as winged hours are flying,
But still be "Right Onward" your song loud and sweet.

Right Onward! right onward! the time is advancing—
The night shades are low'ring, the sun has gone down—
But still on the white road your armor be glancing,
And still throng recruits from each hamlet and town—
Oh! woe to the foe who would bar us from freedom—
Away with the tongue that forbids us to speak—
They who WILL NOT move on, hurl aside; never heed them—
While we battle on and fight for the weak.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: Communications over a FOURTH of a column long put in the form of articles, NOT letters.

JULIA MOORE, Boston, Mass. Shall be with you in spirit on the second, and will say to every member of the co-operative sisterhood: My heart and hand are with you in every thing which will unchain women from their present degredation—in self-adornment (?). Is the humped-backed an ornament to society? Is the deforming of the human body a christian or a *civilized* work? You are doing nobly. Push onward and upward, though your hands, feet and heart bleed, to victory.

ALICE B. STOCKHAM, M. D., Chicago, Ill. I rejoice in your spunk to advocate unpopular ideas, according to your convictions. It is "seed sown by the wayside," and some of it falls in fallow ground.

ALMEDIA B. GRAY, Schofield, Wis. I return my Tripple S costume, not so much to compete for the prize as to show my interest in the cause of "Dress Reform." Unless we keep doing by speech and *acts* we shall accomplish little. May prosperity and success crown your earnest efforts!

CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D., New York City. *Dear Sisters and Friends*, I cannot be with you at your annual but you have ever and always my very best wishes for your success and prosperity.

THERESA M. DAWN, ANCONA, N. J. The *skirt* has disgraced and brutalized the human mind long enough. It is now time—high time—that we should emerge from such darkness and slavery into a purer clime of human thought, and a more dignified field of human action. Give it no more of your attention and reverance, beloved sisters and brothers.

BELVA A LOCKWOOD, Washington, D. C., Sept. 5-84. The establishment of the principles that a woman may be nominated and elected President of the United States, and the opportunity that this movement gives us to disseminate our views, is calculated to do a vast amount of good. My letter of acceptance has been received with much favor here. I was interviewed yesterday by the entire Washington Press, and in the evening the reporters for the Associate Press telegraphed my letters of acceptance over the country.

WOMEN RULERS.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

For the HeraId.

The August Number of W. H. of I. is before me. It has so much of the true earnest ring of justice and right in it, without fear or favor, that I am sure that it must do good wherever it goes.

Why not nominate women for important places? Is not Victoria Empress of India? Have we not among our country women persons of as much talent and ability? Is not history full of precedents of women rulers? The appointment of Phoebe Cousins as Assistant Marshal of St. Louis is a step in the right direction. It is in keeping with her education and profession,—is suitable, legal work, and will have a softening and refining influence on the criminal classes of the City of St. Louis, and the attaches of the Court. There should be more appointments of the same sort.

If, women in the States are not permitted to vote, there is no law against their being voted for, and if elected, filling the highest office in the gift of the people.

Two of the present political parties which have candidates in the field believe in woman suffrage. It would have been well had some of the candidates been women. There is no use in attempting to avoid the inevitable.

The Republican party claiming to be the party of progress, has little else but insult for women, when they appear before its "Conventions" and ask for recognition. Note for instance the Resolution on Woman Suffrage presented to their Convention on the 5th of June. *It is quite time that we had our own* PARTY; *our own* PLATFORM, *and our own*, NOMINEES. We shall never have rights until we take them, nor respect until we command it. Act up to your convictions of justice and right, and you cannot go far wrong.

Your articles on dress reform should be read by every professional woman and every laboring woman in the land. The dress of the women of this generation holds them in chains. To break away from it requires more moral courage than for a soldier to face the bullets of the enemy. What our women want is enfranchisement, —freedom from dependence. The ability and the will to earn their own living without fear or favor.

Reforms are slow, but they never go backwards. Their originators may die, but the reform will live to bless millions yet unborn. Your reform looks to the welfare,the healthfulness, the purity of the coming generation. Success to your efforts!

Wash., D. C., Aug. 10-84.

☞ VOTE THE EQUAL-RIGHTS TICKET.

OUR EQUAL RIGHTS NOMINEES,

LOCKWOOD AND LOZIER.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

Belva A. Lockwood was born in the Empire State in 1830, and at the age of fourteen commenced teaching the village school. At eighteen she was a bride, marrying Uriah H. McNall. After several happy years she was left a widow in 1853, with one daughter, Lura, who has since become famous in literature as Lura W. Ormes. The war and its underlying causes engaged Mrs. McNall's earnest sympathies. Her time and influence were spent in aiding the soldiers. After the strife had terminated, she resumed teaching until 1868, when she was married to the late Dr. E. Lockwood. After her marriage she still industriously pursued her studies, and in 1870 obtained the degree of A. M. from Syracuse University. Having been refused admission to study law at Columbia College, Washington, she entered the National University of the same city, and, after much difficulty, obtained her hard-won diploma. September 23-73, she was admitted to practice at the bar of the District of Columbia.

Among some of her well known efforts are the presentation to Congress of a petition for the passage of a prohibitory law for the District of Columbia, signed by one thousand persons. She supported a measure which gave women employed in public service the same compensation as men. She, with others, signed a memorial which was presented to Congress, in which a declaration is made that woman is entitled to the ballot. She presented, through Benjamin F. Butler, a petition signed by thirty-five thousand people, demanding suffrage for her sex. She rendered valuable assistance to Mrs. J. W. Stow, in her efforts, before Congressional Committees, to execute an amendment to the Probate Law system, in regard to the rights of widows and orphans. These are but a few of her many efforts in behalf of woman. She has thus labored for the elevation of woman in every way, shape and form; nor have her labors been confined to one section. Notwithstanding this gigantic work, she has been able to win a notable success in the line of her chosen profession. The crowning triumph of her life, after years of unsurpassed effort, was on the third of September, 1879, when, on motion of Hon. A. G. Riddle, Mrs. Lockwood was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States. Her speech on this question before the Judiciary Committee of tha House was convincing and powerful, carrying the Committee with her by the force of that eloquence which is born of right.

She has not only identified herself with woman's rights, but with temperance, peace and other great moral movements of the age. She has shown an energy never before surpassed; a calmness in defeat worthy of a hero; a moderation in victory indicative of true greatness. Her private life is above reproach; her public career pure, upright and successful, and she has elevated the tone of the profession by her womanly rectitude. The confidence reposed in her has secured an extensive and lucrative practice. Then all honor to this heroic woman.

Mrs. Lockwood has long been identified with the peace movement in connection with the Universal Peace Union and the Arbitration League, being a prominent worker in both organizations. Her services in securing interviews with the President, heads of departments and Committees of Congress on Foreign Affairs, which showed her influence in Washington, have renderen important service to the cause.—M. G. WINSTOCK in *The Peacemaker*, Aug. '84.

CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D.

Clemance S. Lozier, M. D. was born in Plainfield N. J. In 1849 she attended her first course of lectures at the Central New York College, and graduated at ahe Syracuse Eclectic College in 1853, having previously applied for admission to several other institutions, and been refused on the ground that no *female* student *could* be received. She visited Europe in 1867, where every facility was afforded her for the inspection of hospitals; and eminent men received her, and introduced her to their associates with most gratifying courtesy. In 1863, by her untiring efforts, aided and abetted by Dr. Lydia F. Fowler, and her husband, L. N. Fowler, with that of Charlotte Fowler Wells, the Woman's Medical college was established in New York City. This College, of which Dr. Lozier is Dean and President of the Faculty, has sent forth hundreds of diploma-panoplied women to bless and be blessed. The doctor has built up a large and lucrative practice in the Empire City, and entertains in her beautiful and artistic home like a princess. She is President of the New York Suffrage Society, which meets monthly in her ample parlors, and has done more, in her quiet lady-like way, to blend and fuse all the various elements which go to make up a strong society than any other woman in the State.

In nominating Dr. Lozier for Vice-President of the United States, the Woman's Equal Rights Party feels that it has made a wise and just choice.

No truer friend to woman lives than Clemence S. Lozier.

MALE SUFFRAGE.

EMILY P. COLLINS.

I am decidedly opposed to male suffrage and the following are some of my reasons.

First: A man, for possibly an hour each year in order to cast his ballot, would be compelled to neglect his family and his business. Then, in order to vote intelligently, he would have to waste some time in reading, when he might otherwise be attending a cock fight, or playing poker.

Secondly: Politics corrupt men; therefore, they should not be allowed to vote.

Thirdly: They have had the elective franchise a long time, and still intemperance and licentiousness prevail, therefore, they should be disfranchised

Fourthly: it creates family discord, for a wife once refused to sew on her husband's shirt buttons, because he voted the Republican ticket, while she was a Democrat.

Fifthly: it engenders neighborhood quarrels, for a man once refused to vote for another man's brother,and it produced a coolness between the two families.

Sixthly: Very few men in some districts attend school meetings to vote for school officers, which proves that men do not want to vote, therefore, the whole sex should be disfranchised.

I had been somewhat doubtful as to the above reasons being of sufficient importance to deprive men of the inestimable right of self government, the right to a voice in choosing their rulers, a right, without which, Dr. Franklin said, "a man is a slave," till I saw that they were the identical ones used by the big-brained, sagacious, statesmen of Massachusetts against woman suffrage; then I *knew* that they must be entirely logical and conclusive. The most of the aforesaid reasons were taken from a letter describing the effect of woman suffrage in a remote precinct in Wyoming Terr'y, which letter was read in the legislature of Mass. as an "awful warning" against woman suffrage. The Hon. members, at once, saw the cogency of such profound arguments, and they immediately voted down Woman Suffrage, and as they were found amply sufficient to exclude women from voting, they must be equally effective against the right of men to the ballot.

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ELMINA'S ADVERTISEMENT.

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MADAME BROWNJOHN has constantly a choice and varied selection of the latest Parisian models, as well as materials from the best firms.

Samples of materials and forms for self-measurement sent on application. When ordering dresses it greatly facilitates matters if a good fitting dress body accompanies the order: also, photo. and length in front, from neck to bottom of skirt hem.

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Also, "The Dietz Patent Crum Receiver," a little bijou of neatness and convenience. Price $1.50. When both pans are purchased a deduction of 25 cts is made.

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$66 a week at home. $5 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

☞VOTE FOR LOCKWOOD AND LOZIER.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE REPORT of the California Woman's Social Science Association.

THE PRESIDENTS ADDRESS.

Dear Friends and Sisters of the Order: It is with sincere and heartfelt pleasure that we greet you on this commemorative day. It is good cheer to look into each others faces and grasp each others hands and speak of what we have done and hope to do. The wand of Progress touches and vivifies all earnest effort as the sun quickens and expands the life-principle in bud and blossom.

Association is the fundamental law of the universe; a divine right born of goodfellowship, which brings trust, hope and golden fruition. We have begun to take root and grow in the subsoil of unitary activities—as our brothers have done for long ages. Women have lived apart (in isolated homes) from each other so long, that it requires no small amount of courage and determination, to break away from the old rust-eaten fetters of *one*ness, of *mine*ism and *thine*ism.

Men, as a rule, are far happier than women. Why? Because they are not tormented with the last phase of fashion, and because they congregate together, in the commercial marts of the world, to transact business, and because night finds an accomplishment—the day's work *finished*. When women follow their example in dress and business association they will begin to taste, for the first time, the real elixir of life.

The first wives who arrived in San Francisco, when it was a wave-washed sand dune, did all housekeeping in common, and they declared that it was like one long frolic, an interrupted picnic, and that they never enjoyed anything so much as that primitive experiment of co-operative housekeeping—which made them merry and light-hearted from morning until night.

Associate homes and co-operative housekeeping are powerful civilizers. In them we learn, perhaps for the first time, the true meaning and scope of the Golden Rule. We learn to be gentle, well-bred, refined at all times, instead of donning the society-garment, refinement, with our show clothes. We learn that there are certain hours for rest, peace, quiet, that must not be violated with noise and confusion. We learn to respect the rights of others. We step from selfish barbarism to refined unitarianism—*our*ism. We begin to have time to be happy, time for recreations, amusement, study; we keep abreast of the times, are interested in the great co-operative states and national households. We begin to examine the hygienic conditions of these exclusively masculine governed and run households, and we find bad smells in drains and sewer-gas escaping into the blue, green, and yellow rooms. We smell the moral contagion which corrupts their butlers and boot-blacks, we begin to cry out for disinfectants, for scrub-brushes and mop-pails; for "new brooms" and saftety-valves; for the balance wheel in these kicking scales.

There is constant complaint among housekeepers that servants never learn to do well the things which repeat themselves daily. That is because ignorance can never vie with the fine preceptions of an educated brain. When we employ educated women to cook, trained professors of the art, all will be changed in the kitchen. Or, when educated women will take to their homes other educated women, as Mrs. Crawshay, of London is doing, and make them honored members of their families, treated in all respect as equals while serving in every department of household economy, all will be changed in the kitchen, and Order will rule in our homes instead of Disorder. Associate co-operative homes will do this and exclude impotent, wasteful service.

Petticoats and politics were never intended to go together. That is the reason women have been hedged about with these tow, cotton and silk bulworks so long. Association and physical culture will fold these useless and deforming (everything deforms which conceals the human form, made in the likeness of the "Great Creator") tents and lay them away among the moth-eaten relics of past folly.

Freedom is the grand watchword of the hour. To be free means that one shall be liberated from every chain that binds. We believe it is possible to be perfectly happy in *this* world, and perfect happiness means perfect freedom. The neck-yoke, chain and fagot have had their day. Isolation has had its day—a tyrants day. The only chains that do not corrode are those which bind heart and hand. Such chains association will forge and keep bright with use. The S. S. S. Order is a co-operative organization, as broad as the nation. Its sole aim is to find the "better way" in *this* life. It knows no *creeds* or *persuasions*. It does not stop to ask (because it is none of its business) whether you are Jew or Gentile, for that is purely a *private* question a strictly fireside and churchq uestion. It holds that there is a place for all things and that everything should be in its proper place.

The membership is so small ($1 a year) and the advantages so many that we hope another year will find our numbers very much increased. Come and join us! Every woman and girl in the nation is eligible. We stretch forth a firm strong welcoming hand. *Come!*

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The last annual of the California Woman's Social Science Association was held at Ixora Hall, Mission-st, S. F., the first Wednesday in September. A distinguished feature of the meeting was the "International Dress Reform Exhibition." Prize dresses (14 in all) from London, Paris, New York, Iowa, Wisconsin, New Jersey and California were entered. There was only one prize offered, a magnificent diamond and opal ring—given by the President, Mrs. Stow. This beautiful gift was awarded Mrs. Gray, of Schofield, Wis., for a Tripple S costume. The large audience present evinced the liveliest interest in the new departure, of substituting a picturesque skirt, twelve inches from the floor, stockings, leggings, knickerbockers or trousers, for the long uncouth, draggling bag, called a dress skirt—with its accompaning hygenic horror, the corset.

Another distinguished feature of this important gathering consisted in its being the "*First* Grand Triennial Conclave" ever "called," and held, *in the world*, by women—in the exclusive interest of women, as a class.

The 1st day of Nov., 1883, the headquarters of the society were permanently located at our new home 1921 Sacramento-st, where we have more room for the growing needs of our work. With a beautiful modern-built house of fourteen rooms and ample grounds we can take a long strong breath for future usefulness.

Eighteen public meetings have been held during the year and papers read and discussed upon dress reform, food reform, physical culture, equal political rights, etc, etc. Isaac B. Rumford, the raw food apostle of Joyful, Cal., gave two lectures upon, and exhibited, Edentic food, which he claims is the "natural" food of human beings as well as the brute creation.

The only regular section-class which has been kept steadily at work is in the Department of Printing. Twenty-five pupils, in this department, have been granted certificates, as compositors, and nearly all of them are in good situations, where they are earning from $5 to $15 per week.

The mouth-piece, WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, of the organization is becoming a recognized power through out the civilized world, owing to its fearless attitude and independent and outspoken principles. It is making hosts of friends among the higher and progressive order of intellects. Thinking people are gradually and surely awakening to the merits and all important subject of Co-operation. This branch of social science the HERALD makes special.

The chief corner stone and archway of Woman's Social Science is co-operation. Co-operation which knows no *mine* and *thine*, but merges all in *ours*, is one of the beautiful lessons taught by the first great reformer and co-operator. Co-operation is the divine highway of life.

The steady, unswerving course pursued by the President, from the day the society was founded, has given a strength and stability to the movement, and a promise for the future which is haloed with hope and purpose.

Respectfully submitted.

S. GERTIE SMYTH, *Secretary.*

THE TRIPPLE S COSTUME.

I am in receipt of so many letters of inquiry, about how to make the Tripple S, that I will briefly state that the only characteristic feature about the costume which differs from other short dresses, is: The skirt must be a Highland kilt, in proportional length according to the hight of the wearer. Also, it must be *exactly* one-sixth of the hight of the owner, in her stockings. Another inch is added in the hight of the boot heel. If no heels are worn then make the skirt an inch shorter. The dress must weigh less than four lbs., trousers and all. To obviate the necessity of lining the skirt, to make it hang well, one short petticoat (not "petticoats") is allowed, which must be buttoned to the lower edge of the emancipation waist, instead of being fastened with a strangulation band around the body. No bustle or any sort of a camel's lump is allowed to disfigure and disgrace the form and insult the Creator. How women, who call themselves "Christians," can convert themselves into such hideous monstrosities and bring their barnacled packs upon their backs into the sanctuary of the Almighty (to *worship* (?)) is a marvel to me. By so doing they blaspheme His handiwork and hurl in His teeth their defiance and hatred of "His image"—by hiding it under a bushel.—MRS. STOW.

LAW AND ORDER.—An Illinois neighborhood (Mattoon), is gaining an unenviable notoriety by arresting women for appearing on the streets in the Mother Hubbard dress. This piece of intelligence reads like an extract from a journal of by-gone days, a history of semi civilization, and yet it records an event of to-day, and in our own Republic, too. There might be some excuse for arresting a person who appeared before the public in a quite or even nearly nude condition, but in the name of our common humanity, why should a woman be arrested for appearing on the streets clothed, decently clothed, and sensibly clothed? I am not an expert in female apparel, but I not only admire the Mother Hubbard dress for its air of comfort, lack of restrain and general *bonhomie*, as well as the wearers for their judgement and the piquancy of appearance which they present in these costumes.

This bigoted Illinois raid on liberty ought to have the effect of making every independent, thinking woman don the outlawed garb at once, and of making the Mother Hubbard more fashionable than ever. Such laws as that under which those Illinois officials are acting should be trampled under foot. —*Man.*

☞VOTE FOR LOCKWOOD AND LOZIER.

INTERNATIONAL DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY

MARY E. TILLOTSON, Vineland, N. J "Have worn the Science Costume for more than 30 years, everywhere."

ANNIE KNAPP, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich. "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, Bloomfield, N. J. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home for several years."

MRS. E. M. KING, Hon. Secritary of the National Dress Association, London, Eng., wears the "Divided Skirt" and short overdress and jacket.

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

EMELINE A. PRESCOT, Hollowell, Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

ALEXIS LE BEUF, SAN JACINTO, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. DOANE, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Washington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I adopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

CAROLINE B. KEESE, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29 years of age, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

MARTHA S. SEVERANCE, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 30 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

MARIETTA LIZZIE BEERS BELL-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S costume: Trousers and kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

MARY DODDS, M. D., St. Louis, Mo., has worn a Trouser-dress for years, everywhere.

MARY E. LUCAS, M. D., Newfield, N. J., "Have worn the Short Dress (as a work dress) for 20 years."

RITA BELL, Painesville, O. "Have worn a short dress for several years, everywhere, and made my living in it.

ALMEDIA B. GRAY, Schofield, Wis., wears the Tripple S costume.

S. GERTIE SMYTH, Oakland, Cal. wears a short Trouser-dress, at home.

MRS. C. H. WEBB, San Francisco, Cal., has adopted the Tripple S costume for home wear and country outings.

MRS. DR. STROBRIDGE, Cortland, N. Y., has worn the Science costume, in her infirmary, for many years.

SUSAN P. FOWLER, Vineland, N. J., has worn the Science costume, everywhere, for the last eighteen years.

FRANK A. M. COOK, M. D. Columbus, Ks.: Have worn tde Science costume, everywhere, since 1853,

At the "Home School," Ancora, N. J. men and women, boys and girls, dress just alike, in a combination suit without skirts.

SAMANTHA H. BANCROFT, Toms River, M. Y. "Have worn the Trouser-dress for nine years, everywhere, traveling extensively in the U. S. and Canada."

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VOTE THE EQUAL-RIGHTS TICKET.

Children's Corner.

THE ROBIN'S NEST.

There's a robin's nest in the apple tree,
I look within; but what do I see?
Blue eggs four,
And nothing more
In the nest in the apple tree.

There's a robin's nest in the apple tree,
I look within; but what do I see?
Four birdlings brown,
Covered o'er with down,
In the nest in the apple tree.

There's a robin's nest in the apple tree,
But no little birdlings do I see.
Their wings are grown
And they have flown
From the nest in the apple tree.—X.

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIEL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

The Fall that Etta was seven years old she made a whole weeks visit at the Bigly's. They were the most "forehanded" people in town—owned the largest number of broad acres,—and were looked up to accordingly. Mrs. Bigly was an upright, angular New England woman, that could not have parted with as much flesh as would have cancelled the "Jew's Bond," without serious inconvenience. But she was a thrifty housewife, being noted for miles around, for her skill in the butter and cheese line. Her sage and tansy cheese would bring tears to the eyes—in their perfection of old age.

Mr. Bigly was a shrewd farmer. He always built a straight rail fence, secured by posts, rather than a crooked worm-fence; thus utilizing all his land and excluding brier-bushes and weeds in corners. When his day's work was finished, outside, he took his lap stone on his knee, laid "waxed-ends" beside him, and pounded and stitched, on old shoes, new shoes, little shoes and big shoes, till bed time. He had a large family growing up around him, who managed, in the course of a twelvemonth, to kick out a vast amount of calfskin and cowhide. The two eldest children were dauters, fast merging into womenhood. Thuseba had snapping black eyes, and a sharp tongue. but Eunice, the youngest, was fair and gentle as a May morning. She had a sweet oval face, soft brown hair, and, eyes the color of the summer sky—eyes that ever seemed pleading for love, love! Nothing but true friendship and pure love could enter there. She loved the wayward impetuous Etta, on the principle of the attraction of unlikes; and she had told Mrs. Breeze that nothing would give her more pleasure than to have her little dauter spend a few days at her home during the fruit harvest. She knew how well Etta loved the rosy apples from a shocking remark, which the said young lady had made in answer to a question, some years before,—the very first time, in fact, that she had ever visited the Bigly's. It happened in this way: On a stinging cold winter's day Mr. and Mrs. Breeze drove over to the Bigly's in a one-horse jumper, to return the visit that Mrs. Bigly had made them soon after their arrival in the state. Etta was rolled in a warm blanket and wedged between them like a sardine in a box. The weather was too bitter cold to "haul logs," therefore, they found Mr. Bigly "drawing the thread" by the warm fire, instead, with a mug of cider and a basket of apples beside him.

"Well now?" said he looking up from his lapstone as they entered the room, "this is kind and neighborly, to come on such a biting day as this: and calling Etta to him he kissed her tingling cheek, and pulled her benumed ear saying—"Which did you come to see, the apples or mother and me?"

"O de appies!" she quickly replied with expanding eyes, as she longingly surveyed the tempting beauties in the basket. "Bravo!" exclaimed Mr. Bigly exultingly, "truth is better than fiction. Mother did you *hear* that?" But Mrs Breeze said, hurridly, "Why, *Etta*, I'm ashamed of you! If you are not more polite next time, I shant let you come again."

"Faugh, fudge!" broke in Mr. Bigly, "the child's right—politeness, bah! 'taint worth a straw when it takes the place of truthfulness," and drawing Etta, who had turned crimson at the reproof, up to him again, he kissed her on both cheeks and put back a stray lock of hair that had fallen over her forehead, as he gently said, "Never mind! you are a brave little girl and say what you mean, and I like you the better for it. Always do that, and if you dont have as many friends as those who fawn and flatter, you'll feel better satisfied and be nearer heaven in the end." Then he picked out the rosiest apple in the basket and handing it to her, said, "Eat it all up as soon as possible, and when that is gone you shall have another."

These straight forward folks had early detected the favoritism in the Breeze family, and had shaped their course accordingly—all excepting—Sam, the eldest son, who was a natural-born stutterer; he had fallen dead in boyish love with Milly—"clean gone"—as Bill affirmed with droll humor. But it was wasting sweetness on the desert-air," in his case, for the "puppy-love" was not returned; in fact, nothing so stirred up Milly's placid tempermant as the mention of his name—even.

There were four boys in the family besides Sam, numbering five all told. Samuel, Levi, James, Ephraim and Amasy. Levi was lame, one leg having taken undue advantage of the other, and outstripped it in length by some two inches. This failure of the short one to keep up, caused a curious wabbling gait, which embarassing to the owner, and ludicrous to the observer—*because* the posessor of the compass was a very consequential personage—and "put on airs" with his fine clothes. James resembled a fishing rod he was so tall and slender; but he was Etta's beau ideal of a boy. He could run up a tree like a squirrel, way to the topmost bough after the last saucy apple that had defied all the shaking of the parent tree; or, in search of chestnuts in the woods, he never failed to get them if his mind was fully made up. And *eggs*! No speckled hen ever set on the place without his permission. He was sure to find the very *last* egg and the wise old hens knew it. Sometimes they entered into a confidential league with each other to euchre him—for hens have pride and secretiveness both, and nothing so pleases a calico-colored hen as to startle the household by suddenly appearing in the door-yard with ten or fifteen downy chickens. How important and cross she is; furiously flying in the faces of the peacible dog and cat, if they even look at her large family, while she snips off each spasmodic-cluck with a rising inflection, to duly impress the chicks with parental authority; and when she hears a sister hen calling out "cut-cut-ca-dat cut, cut-cut-ca-dat-cut!" which means "I'v laid an egg, I'v laid an egg!" How she bristles about saying in every action—"What nonsense! what is one egg—compared with a dozen chickens—I should like to know!" How she plumes herself when the lordly chanticleer condescends to notice her brood, marching up and down before him on dress parade, till he scratches up a sugar-plum, for her, in the form of a grub.

TO PUBLISHERS.

Books upon Dress Reform, Physical Culture, Stirpiculture (Race Culture), Heredity, The Industrial Education of Women and Girls, and general reform, Equal Suffrage, Temperance, etc., will be carefully reviewed in these columns. Please remember 1921 Sacramento-st., S. F. Cal.

Books for review can be sent either to Bancroft's or Roman's publishing houses, or to the office of the HERALD.

HEREDITY.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

For the Herald.

"All men who commit rape upon helpless women and innocent girls, deserve eternal punishment in the hereafter." So writes a correspondent—but alas! how short sighted would be such a judgement. How little do people who thus condemn the immediate cause of the terrible crime, realize the real influences that led to its commission. Every man who commits a rape, is himself a victim of an inheritance of lust, or of false training and environment, or of both these misfortunes. He feels an all devouring longing which he is too weak to conquer. The high moral purpose which should have controlled and governed his passions was not implanted by nature or fostered by education.

Parents are responsible for ninety nine one-hundredths of our criminals. A husband keeps his wife so stinted in pocket money that she is forced into all sorts of shifts for means to live comfortably, or to make a presentable appearance. I myself, know of a case where the prospective father would not give his young wife money enough to buy two yards of seven cent calico for her first child, and when it was born, it was wrapped in an old skirt till the neighbors got it some clothes. Yet the man was earning daily wages sufficient for all real needs, but preferred liquor and tobacco to providing for his own child's needs. This is not so rare a case either, tho I hope it is worse than most of them are. But hundreds of mothers are compelled to steal from their husband's purses, and sell things out of the house to get clothes and other things they want. I say STEAL, tho really it is taken from what should be the mutual purse. But the fact that it is taken in secret, gives the same thievish heredity to the unborn child, that it would do if stolen from outsiders. The child thus inherits a craving for what it can only obtain by fraud, and finally becomes a thief. Our children are only the outcome of ourselves. They are born of the flesh, blood, brains and impressions and feelings of ourselves. Born blanks it is true, but the blank is of such a nature that certain impressions will be received and retained while others will not. Certain seeds will root themselves in the soil of the mind and grow and flourish, while others foreign to it, will fall as if on a rock, and make no sign of life.

It would be very unfair to punish a child of the slums for not having the heredity and training of one of fortunes petted darlings. So I have a deal of charity even for the rapist and the murderer. It is terrible to be cursed with an unfortunate inheritance. Parents labor, save, scrimp and almost starve, to lay by a little money for their children. They seldom realize that one dollar spent in giving them a heritage of beautiful thoughts, high resolves, and noble impulses, would be worth a whole mint of coined silver or golden bricks. When you hear of some noble deed of self-sacrifice, or some brave and daring action, when you read a lovely poem, or some beautiful sentiment, you do not ask if the person behind these was rich and titled. You only desire to know what he is personally. It is the personality that we prize in our dearest and best beloved. Rank, wealth, honor and fame are all nothing where love is to be given or received.

It is the I—the Ego—the whole self that is considered. So many feel and know this, and yet when preparing for fatherhood and motherhood, how few consider the deep importance of the heredity they are going to bestow upon their offspring. In the heat of mere animal passion, the vast majority of children are conceived and generated. Punished for accidents, they are robbed of the legitimacy due them. The wife and often the husband even dreading and fearing the results of the passion-born union; the shock when the woman finds she has really conceived; the efforts made even then to rid herself of the burden; all, everything tend to curse the heritage of the poor unborn waif.

"Well", you ask "where is the remedy? What shall we do to change all this?" I answer each one who sees the wrong must do a little towards righting it. Talk with and take our papers, and read and circulate them. Keep your eyes and ears open. Send in for publication, full accounts of all who are born deaf, dumb, blind, crippled or in any way deformed. Tell of all cases of mental derangement and abnormal passions and desires, and so far as possible give the causes and supposable causes of each. Study sex and heredity, and help to make popular all books and papers that treat upon these questions. Give personal experiences whenever you can, and above all give financial help to our papers.

The newspaper is America's great teacher. It is the father and mother of our nation. It stamps our mentality and builds up our self-hood. Every copy of the H. OF I. should be passed from hand to hand and kept moving till worn out. Help us friends to make it better and better. Give us of yourselves and your means, and be assured you will then not have lived in vain. Every good work is a star in the crown of life's diadem. A star that will shine *for others*, and they will be led by its light into the same glad and glorious work.

"The law of the past cannot be eluded,
The law of the present and future cannot be eluded;
The law of the living cannot be eluded, it is eternal;
Not one iota thereof can be eluded."

CHASTITY, HONESTY.—Cleveland's virtues are those which bind human society together, and in which States are founded and maintained. There has been no great benefactor of the human race who has not been truthful, faithful to his trusts, disinterested, self-denying. There are very few who have been chaste. Blaine's vices are those by which governments are overthrown, States brought to naught, and the haunts of commerce turned into dens of thieves. The standard by which some ministers now propose to exclude Cleveland from high place would have prevented Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, not to go any further, from taking any prominent part in the foundation of the American republic. It would have excluded from office in England nearly every great statesman and reformer of the last hundred years, except, perhaps, Romilly, Wilberforce, and Gladstone. It would have visited nearly every prominent politician in the Republican party since 1860 with popular odium. It would, had the Democrats chosen to apply it, have defeated one Republican candidate for the Presidency by charges worse by far than Cleveland's, in that they added the sin of broken vows to the sin of incontinence. We will not for our part help the Republican party at this crisis in an attempt to capture the Presidency for a trickster, as Joshua captured Jerico, by the aid of a harlot? Great as its faults are, it deserves a less ignominious end than this.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

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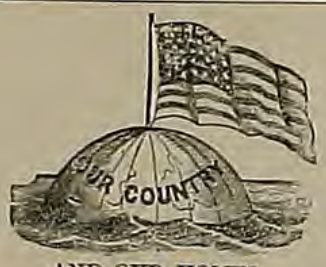
NATIONAL EQUAL RIGHTS

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

Vol. III. No. 11. San Francisco, California, November, 1884. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

Equal Rights Party.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
MARIETTA L. STOW.



AND OUR HOMES.

NATIONAL EQUAL RIGHTS.

(Organ of the Equal-Rights Party.)

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HEADQUARTERS.

EQUAL RIGHTS PARTY.

Atlantic Coast: 619 F St. Washington, D. C
Pacific Coast: 1921 Sacramento-st, S. F. Cal.

Organize Equal-Rights clubs and societies at once, by calling public meetings, polling the School Districts of your County, and have at least one Grand Ratification Meeting in each Congressional District. The appointment, by your State Convention, of Presidential Electors, to cast their votes for Lockwood and Stow in the Electoral College which meets in Washington in December, is of vital importance.

Documents, information, and life-sized litographs of Mrs Lockwood can be had by addressing Campaign Publishing Co., 29 Broadway, New York City, or, Lura M. Ormes, of Campaign Club, 619 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

At the State Equal-Rights Convention, held Oct. 11th, the following Presidential Electors were appointed: Clara S. Foltz, Mrs. Knox-Goodrich, Isabella G. Prince, Mrs. Dr. Corbett, A. A. Sargent, Judge Heydenfelt, Judge MacGuire, J. J. Owen.

Woman's Herald of Industry has suspended for four years. Mrs. Stow will bring all her energies to the aid of the Equal-Rights party and its organ "National Equal Rights." The Equal-Rights' prospectus will appear in January, when the price will be reduced to 50c. It will be a journal of reform, *cheap* in nothing but the price. Send in your subscriptions; it is within the reach of all. *Joyful News* will be retired.

Equal-Rights Polling Booths will be provided for women and men voters on the 4th of Nov., down town, and up town at 1921 Sacramento-st. S. F.

Come, let us vote together.

Belva A. Lockwood, the "Plumed Lady," has engagements to speak in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, and Cleveland, upon "The Political Situation."

WOMAN'S PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

PLATFORM

OF THE

NATIONAL EQUAL RIGHTS PARTY.

1 We pledge ourselves, if elected to power, so far as in us lies, to do equal and exact justice to every class of our citizens, without distinction of color, sex, or nationality.

2 We shall recommend that the laws of the several States be so amended that women will be recognized as voters, and their property rights made equal with that of the male population, to the end that they may become self supporting, rather than a dependent class.

3 It will be our earnest endeavor to revive the now lagging industries of the country by encouraging and strengthening our commercial relations with other countries, especially with the Central and South American States, whose wealth of productions are now largely diverted to England and other European countries for lack of well established steam-ship lines, and railroad communications between these countries and our own, encourage exports by an effort to create a demand for our home productions; and to this end, we deem that a moderate tariff—sufficient to protect the laboring classes, but not so high as to keep our goods out of the market, as most likely to conserve the best interests of our whole people. That is to say, we shall avoid as much as possible a high protective tariff on the one hand and free trade on the other. We shall also endeavor by all laudable means to increase the wages of laboring men and women. Our protective system will be most earnestly exerted to protect the commonwealth of the country from venality and corruption in high places.

4 It will be our earnest effort to see that the solemn contract made with the soldiers of the country on enlistment into the United States service viz: that if disabled therein they should be pensioned, strictly carried out, and that, without unnecessary expense and delay to them; and a re-enactment of the "Arrears Act."

5 We shall discountenance by every legal means the liquor traffic, because its tendency is to demoralize the youth of the land; to lower the standard of morality among the people; and we do not believe that the revenue derived from it would feed and clothe the paupers that it makes, and the money expended on its account in courts, workhouses and prisons.

6 We believe that the only solution of the Indian question is, to break up all of their small principalities and chieftainships, that have ever presented the anomaly of small kingdoms scattered through a republic and ever liable to break out in some unexpected locality; and which have been hitherto maintained at such great expense to the Government; and treat the Indian like a rational human being, as we have the negro—make him a citizen, amenable to the laws, and let him manage his own private affairs.

7 That it is but just that every protection granted to citizens of the United States by birth should also be secured to the citizens of the United States by adoption.

8 We shall continue gradually to pay the public debt and to refund the balance, but not in such manner as to curtail the circulating medium of the country so as to embarrass trade, but pledge ourselves that every dollar shall be paid in good time.

9 We oppose monopoly, the tendency of which is to make the rich, richer, and the poor, poorer, as opposed to the genius and welfare of Republican institutions.

10 We shall endeavor to aid in every laudable way the work of educating the masses of the people, not only in book knowledge, but in physical, moral and social culture, in such a manner as will tend to elevate the standard of American manhood and womanhood—that the individual may receive the highest possible development.

11 We recommend a uniform system of laws for the several States as desirable, as far as practicable; and especially the laws relating to the descent of property, marriage and divorce, and the limitation of contracts.

12 We will endeavor to maintain the peaceable relations which now exist between the various sections of our vast country, and strive to enter into a compact of peace with the other American as well as European Nations, in order that the peace which we now enjoy may become perpetual. We believe that war is a relic of barbarism belonging to the past, and should only be resorted to in the direst extremity.

13 That the dangers of a solid South or a solid North shall be averted by a strict regard to the interests of every section of the Country, a fair distribution of public offices, and such a distribution of the public funds for the increase of the facilities of inter-commercial relations as will restore the South to her former industrial prestige, develop the exhaustless resources of the West, foster the iron, coal, and woolen interests of the Middle States, and revive the manufactures of the East.

14 We shall foster civil service, believing that a true civil service reform, honestly and candidly administered will lift us out of the imputation of having become a nation of office seekers, and have a tendency to develop in candidates for office an earnest desire to make themselves worthy and capable of performing the duties of the office that they desire to fill, and in order to make the reform a permanent one, recommend that it be ingrafted into the constitution of the United States.

15 It will be the policy of the Equal Rights Party to see that the residue of the public domain is parceled out to actual settlers only, that the honest yeomanry of the land, and especially those who have fought to preserve it, shall enjoy its benefits.

A NEW REPUBLIC.

An Equal-Rights Republic.

Republics have always been *despotisms*, and Man the despot. Empires and monarchies have always been equal-rights. Blood and inherited power recognizes no sex. Only brute force dominates sex. The hour has struck for a bloodless revolution, and we proclaim from the housetop of public opinion, from every crag of prejudice and pinnacle of derision, that on the fourth day of March 1885, we will inaugurate our chosen President, Belva A. Lockwood, with all the pomp and circumstance attendant upon that ceremony, when a man is crowned Chief Magistrate. This ceremony to follow (women are followers) immediately after Blaine's, Butler's, Cleveland's or St. John's *in the same place*, in *our* capitol and in *our* White House. We have builded them both and paid for them by an unconstitutional taxation. Those mansions are *our* homes. Every owner of a home has a right to enter and possess that home.

If Lockwood is elected, then the spectacle of a double class government will not be witnessed, but if not then we (women) must be represented. We *must* have a separate and distinct, normal government composed of an equal number of women and men, and the Equal-Rights party must sustain that government. It will be a government for the proscribed class. To bring to the light of day every crook, turn and twist of the wicked laws which hedge us in; which devour the widow's substance and the fatherless' portion; which stones and slays a woman and lets a man go free; which dictates boundary lines in clothing and comfort.

Our battle-cry shall sweep up, with a besom of destruction, against the old moss-grown, rust-eaten stronghold of masculine might. Prayers and tears, with lance in rest, have proved abortive. Now the bended knee shall be straightened and with dry eyes and fearless steps, we will take our own. Our own by birthright; our own by purchase.

CAMPAIGN.

Rouse women! Rouse Justice! Rouse Truth! The she eagle has left her nest to tear with beak and talons the ravergers of her unfledged brood.

Men who are in love with *honesty* will vote the Equal-Rights ticket. Women in places of trust dont steal. To all women we say: Urge your fathers, brothers, husbands, lovers, to vote the Equal-Rights ticket. Organize Equal-Rights societies and use every available means to put money in the treasury, so that by the 4th of March you will have enough to send one, two or three representatives to Washington to assist at the inaugural of the first woman president, of a republic, in the history of the world. She will do more for us than all the man-presidents have done in the last century.

Is this treason? No! It is a slave insurrection, which while supporting a tyranical government will maintain its own.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

Wake sluggard, wake! Behold the flame
That bursts to life when woman's name
Is etched in splendor on the wall
That topples ere its final fall.
The wall of Prejudice is rent,
And balls of ridicule e'er-spent.

San Francisco, Sept. 13-84.
331 Montgomery-st.

Belva A. Lockwood.

Madam: We, the undersigned, have the honor to congratulate you as the first woman ever nominated for the highest office in the gift of a nation, and we further congratulate you upon the cordial manner the nomination has been received by both people and press.

Clara S. Foltz;
Mary J. Holt;
Elizabeth J. Corbett, M. D.
Marietta L. Stow,

Wash. D. C., Sept. 25-84.

Clara S. Foltz,
Mary J. Holt,
Elizabeth J. Corbett M. D.,
Marietta L. Stow,

Mesdames: Your letter of congratulation reached me in due time and I am proud to have such a coterie of able women at my beck.

Now, without stopping to look back, let us see what a few earnest capable women can do.

Do not fail to have a State Convention called in California, and Electoral ticket in the field and some talented woman or man nominated on the "Equal-Rights" ticket in each Congressional District. Then work bravely for the Election. If we can get one Elector elected on our ticket so that, that person will form one of the Electoral College that meets here in December, this Campaign of our Equal Rights Party will pass into the history of 1884, and become the entering wedge—the first practical movement in the history of Woman Suffrage, and will be the beginning of the end. It will open a door to be shut no more forever, and four years from now will sweep the country.

Already every newspaper in the land has caught up the refrain and all over the country earnest men and women are saying Why not? With my best wishes to you ladies I remain,

Yours Truly
Belva A. Lockwood.

Editors Herald: Will you allow me although not an American citzen, to express my sympathy and approval of the movement which has resulted in the nomination of a woman to the Presidency of your Country. It seems to me a wise as well as a grand step, and taken upon the wisest platform, that of Equal Rights. It is the only sufficiently wide one, in my opinion, upon which any political claim can rest. Any man, or any woman seeking to govern, or in any way to influence the State should have that, and that only before his eyes, and be determined honestly and fearlessly to carry out the principle.

I have for a long time been dissatisfied with the narrowness of the Woman Suffrage party (*as a party*) in England, and have reason to think there is the same cause for dissatisfaction with the W. S. party in America—though in this I may be jumping too hastily to a conclusion.

The Suffrage movement in England has drawn to it a very large section of the thinking women of the country; but, whether from having worked so many years for one single object, or from the influence of the leaders of the movement upon the minds of their followers, there is great danger that when the small right of a vote is gained, few of those who have worked so hard for it will have mind and sympathies sufficiently enlarged so as to exercise this power for the equal-rights of *all* their fellow citizens.

If all good and true Americans would vote for the candidate whom they believed to have the cleanest hands, the clearest head and the noblest heart, whether man or women, or whether their nominators were 6 only or 6000, they would do honor to themselves and their country, and then Equal Rights on whichever side they might lie would be sure, ultimately, to be acknowledged.

Mrs. E. M. King, Hon. Sec. National Dress Association.

P. S. "National Dress" means Equal-Rights in the matter of clothing.—E. M. K.

GRAND RATIFICATION MEETING

at Wilson's station, Md., Sept. 18-84: and Synopsis of Mrs. Lockwood's Speech.

After describing minutely, even to the burrs on Belva A. Lockwood's dress, the never to be forgotten event of the first presidential ratification meeting ever called and held in the world, in honor of a woman, the *National Republican* says:

About a hundred people gathered on Amanda Best's lawn, where a stand and flag-staff had been erected, and draped with flags, last evening to witness the ceremony of ratifying the nominations of the Equal-Rights party's candidate. E. C. Barnard, of the treasury department, presided, and Nettie Sandford acted as secretary. Mrs. Bennett, the candidate's venerable mother, Laura Ormes, her daughter; Charlotte Smith, of the Washington Labor League; Mrs. E. A. Gelston, the pension attorney, and her sister; Seth Terry, of the war department, and his wife; Capt. Barnham, Mrs. Dora Boyer, of San Francisco, and Mrs. Henrietta Bowen, her daughter, were among the visitors from Washington, while Geo. T. Suit, Isaac, C. C. and Lewis Magruder, Arthur Tolsen, G. C. Nichols, and Joseph K. Wilson were present from the county. Newspaper reporters were also there in goodly numbers from Washington and Baltimore.

In introducing the nominee Mr. Barnard said that in this age of progress it was not astonishing to see a woman nominated for the presidency. Mrs. Lockwood needed no introduction to those who knew her, and to those who did not, her well-known and well-earned reputation was a sufficient passport to good opinion. She commenced her speech, which was addressed to the "gentlemen and ladies" present, by referring to the state of the country and its politics.

THE SPEECH.

Today, we are at peace with the whole world and ourselves, but are on the eve of a great political election.

The two dominant rival political parties came early into the field, and with a blowing of trumpets and rattling of drums and a noise as of muttered thunder, made their nominations, chose their candidates and set them up like so many heathen gods, each for the other to fire at, and, if possible, demolish—not because there was any great moral issue between the parties, for there is none, except that of a high tariff or a low tariff or a tariff for revenue only; but the question between them resolves itself into a grand scramble as to who shall have the offices or who shall be rulers. They have sounded no battle-cry that involves the liberties of the people. They have raised no great moral or political issue sufficient to raise an interest in foe or constituency. But they have presented to the people the same old platitudes upon which they have been drumming for the last quarter of a century, and by and through which the present incumbents in office have raised themselves to place and power. And they to-day are thinking more of perpetuating their own rule than of preserving the Union intact, elevating the condition of the laboring classes, enfranchising the women of the country from the thraldom and disabilities of sex and, above all, rescuing our people from a financial panic with which the industries of the country are to-day threatened by the contraction of the national currency, the mutterings of which are now heard from the lakes to the Gulf and from the Hub to the Golden Gate. We are a progressive people, an educated people, a thinking people, whose life and vitality, whose freedom and prosperity is in the onward march of free thought and in the dissemination of the views of true republicanism. A republic is a government by the people, and to-day, brothers and sisters, men and women of the commonwealth of Maryland, we have met to solve the great problem of Who are the people of these United States? Does it mean the men and the women? Or the men only? Are women persons? Are they citizens? May they be freeholders, and can they contract, sue and be sued? We come out to-day under the banner of the great equal rights party, with our motto, "For our Country and Our Homes," and we unfurl that flag to the breeze with a new issue—one that concerns every man, woman and child in this whole country, and which to-day is thrilling the pulses of this people from the North to the South, and from the East to the West—one which makes our issue a vital one, which will revivify and rehabilitate the old political parties of this country, or they will be left to die of their own inanition and be buried under the corruption which they have themselves engendered, while the women of the country, with a new democracy and a new republicanism, fling their banners to the breeze and march on to liberty and victory. But the ideas that we promulgate are as old as the republic, and like the fathers, we start out with the pronunciamento, "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are born free and equal, with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

That governments are instituted among men by the consent of the governed, and that whenever they become subversive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter and abolish them. But we give to the term man a broader catholicity than the political parties of the country for the past 100 years have chosed to give to it. Our lexicographers have always defined man as a comprehensive and generic term embracing woman, while our legislative and judicial powers have never failed to make it cover her under any statute that deprived her of property or carried with it any penalty.

The world is under a civilization born of force, but as a child outgrows its swaddling clothes, it has outgrown its civilization. The woman of to-day is fulfilling her mission and doing her share of the physical and mental work of the republic. Hitherto she has been the slave or dog, but with her help you have populated this country with fifty-two millions of people. She has made the country blossom as a rose, and has patched and poulticed over the scars of the late civil war, which forced her against her will into the arena of public life. It is now too late to relegate her back to the cradle and kitchen. The full fledged American woman stands before you to-day, ready for the workshop, ready for the pulpit, the forum or the political arena, demanding equal political rights under the Constitution and equal rights before the law.

It is meet that this, the first gathering ever assembled in this country for the ratification of a woman nominee should be on the soil of Maryland, one of the thirteen united colonies that ratified the immortal Declaration of Independence. We are here to-day because an impelling popular impulse, above and beyond ourselves, has forced us out here to give expression to the thought, and to demonstrate by acts that a woman may be president of the republic, to assert our womanhood and manhood by an expression of equal rights and privileges, to greet the citizens of Maryland and extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and to ask their co-operation and aid in the great moral contest that is now before the sovereign American people. There are those who will tell you that such an election is impossible under the Constitution. But I quote from that immortal document to show to you that the brain that conceived it and the hand that wrote it builded better than he knew. The fifth section of article 2 of the Constitution defines a qualification of a president of the United States. Another bugbear that some astute person has conceived and promulgated is that no resident of a territory of the United States is eligible to the presidency. This doubtless arose from the fact that the citizens of the several territories have no electoral vote. There is nothing in the Constitution or its several amendments that tends to render a citizen of a territory or a woman citizen of a territory or state ineligible to the high position of president of the republic; so I desire to say to you all, gentlemen, that you may safely cast your ballots for me in the coming election, and if we win we will have equal rights for all, and if we lose we will take off our hats to the successful nominee.

At the close of the interesting exercises Mrs. Amanda Best, of Wilson Station, and Mrs. Hollowell Mills, of Sandy Springs, were nominated presidential electors for the Fifth district of Maryland.

A letter was read from Dr. Hale, of Troy, N. Y., the point in which was that if woman got the ballot, she could not put it to a more corrupt use than man had.

Rev. N. A. Chamberlain, of Denver, Colorado, says: "I have lived in Wyoming one and one-half years, and let me assure you woman's presence at the polls makes election day as sweet, quiet, and orderly as a New England Sabbath."

CORRESPONDENCE.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[Ed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: Communications over a FOURTH of a column long put in the form of articles, NOT letters.

Belva A. Lockwood, D. C *Dear Mrs. Stow*, you can hardly realize what a vein of interest you have struck all over the land or what will grow out of it. Letters of inquiry and congratulation are pouring in upon me from every direction.

Clemence S. Lozier, M. D., New York City. My Precious friend, Marietta L. Stow, I am almost overwhelmed with my professional duties, college and hospital, with private practice. What can I do but decline the great honor, and added duties of the position you, and my dear friends, have assigned me? I wish I were able to accede to the demand but feel I am not. Committed for the last twenty-one years to the healing of the sick and the medical education of women, it is difficult for me to do much else. True, the best impulses of my heart are for justice, as the foundation of life, health and happiness, being always ready to speak my best word for honest motives.

Cornelia A. Brows, New York, *Dear Mrs. Stow*, how glad I am *you* have the courage to run for Vice-President, for owing to the herculean work which you have done in your efforts to free widows and fatherless children from the relentless grasp of the probate court you have laid humanity under perpetual tribute, and endeared yourself to the justice loving people of the land, therefore I rejoice that you will occupy the niche, in history, accorded the first woman candidate—to accept the honor—nominated by a party; and by the *only* party worthy of a name in the canvass.

J. C. Weybright, Calistoga, Cal. Am glad a woman has been nominated for president of the United States. *I* shall vote for *her*, and keep step with the Equal-Rights party. Age has corrupted the Man party. A *normal* (equal-rights) party will clear the political sky of some of its thunder heads.

Dr. Knorr, Savannah, Ga. Enclosed please find renewal of subscription for W. H. og I. I am glad to see the energy and boldness you have manifested in the movements of the "Equal-Rights Party" that culminated in the nomination of Belva A. Lockwood. If I should vote at all, I should certainly vote for her. But I am opposed to the presidential office that puts more power into the hands of one person than a constitutional queen or king in Europe posesses, and that is the chief promoter or prompter of the terrible political corruption prevailing throughout the whole Union. I am in favor of an "Executive Council" selected by the people's representatives, the chairman of which "Council" would be the nominal president of the U. S. Such an arrangement exists in the Helvetian republic, and works very well.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Man Wonderful in the House Beautiful. An Allegory. Teaching the Principles of Physiology and Hygiene, and the effects of Stimulants and Narcotics. For Home Reading. Also adapted as a Reader for High Schools, and as a Text-book for Grammar, Intermediate, and District Schools. By Chilion B. Allen, A.M., LL.B., M.D., and Mary A. Allen, A.B., M.D., Members of the Broome Co. (N.Y.) Medical Society. 370 pp., 12mo, extra cloth, price $1.50. New York. Fowler & Wells Co., Publishers, 753 Broadway.

A book which is almost as wonderful as the subjects of which it treats. The motive of the book is to teach that the most beautiful, and, at the same time, the most wonderful thing in nature is man; and no one can read these chapters without feeling that the authors have accomplished their task.

The book is an allegory in which the body is the "House Beautiful," and its inhabitant the "Man Wonderful." The building of the house is shown from foundation to roof, and then we are taken through the different rooms, and their wonders and beauties displayed to us, and all this time we are being taught—almost without knowing it—Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, with practical applications and suggestions.

We are then introduced to the inhabitant of the house, "The Man Wonderful," and learn of his growth, development, and habits. We also become acquainted with the guests whom he entertains, and find that some of them are doubtful acquaintances, some bad, and some decidedly wicked, while others are very good, company. Under this form we learn of food, drink, and the effects of narcotics and stimulants.

The illustrations are of the best, and these, together with the happy verbal illustrations, give the reader a clearer idea of the subject treated than any other work dealing with the same themes.

To pick up the book and read a chapter at random is to excite an interest that can not be satisfied until every chapter has been read, and the critic will not then be content, for he will wish to re-read in order to admire the beauty and simplicity of the style, as well as the ingenuity with which the different subjects are handled, and the skill with which the important points are made prominent.

The Table of Contents by chapters has these striking subjects: The "Foundations," which are the bones. The "Walls" are the muscles, while the skin and hair are called the "Siding and Shingles." The head is an "Observatory," in which are found a pair of "Telescopes," and radiating from it are the nerves compared to a "Telegraph" and "Phonograph." The communications are kept up with the "Kitchen," "Dining-Room," "Butler's Pantry," "Laundry," and "Engine." The house is heated by a "Furnace," which is also a "Sugar Manufactory." Nor is the house without mystery, for it contains a number of "Mysterious Chambers." It is protected by a wonderful "Burglar Alarm," and watched over by various "Guardians." A pair of charming "Windows" adorn the "Facade," and a "Whispering Gallery" offers a delightful labyrinth for our wanderings.

In fact, the book is more wonderful than a fairy tale, more intensely interesting than a romance, and more replete with valuable truths than any book of the present day.

The authors—husband and wife—are both regular physicians, and besides graduating in the best schools of America, spent three years under the best instructors in Vienna, Paris, and London.

The authors have been teachers and know what will aid both teacher and scholar, and they have kept in mind the fact that many teachers will be called upon to teach these subjects who will feel the need of aids, and they will find them in the questions, which are so arranged with exponents in the text that the lessons are easily comprehended.

The Health Miscellany.—This is the title of an illustrated octavo pamphlet published at 25 cents by Messrs. Fowler & Wells, 753 Broadway, New York. It contains a series of papers devoted to important health topics, opening with an excellent article on the External Senses, with illustrations of the eye, ear, nose, tongue, and skin, giving important information in regard to the functions and also the care of these important organs of the body. The next is an illustrated article on the Cause and Cure of the Backache, especially found among so many women. An extended article on Chronic Catarrh points out its causes and the proper treatment. A chapter on Ethnology is illustrated with a number of portraits showing the races of men. A very important paper is one devoted to Bodily Position and Dress in relation to health and form. The Teeth, their use and care, containing illustrations showing how the teeth are formed and grow, why and how they decay. The work also contains "Confessions and Observations of Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton," originally published anonymously, under the title "Confessions of a Water-cure Patient," written in his peculiarly attractive style; is most entertaining and profitable reading. The Cause of Malarial Diseases is one which may be read profitably in almost every community. Getting Used to It shows how the system appears to get used to unhealthful habits. Fat Folks and Lean Folks shows how to treat these two conditions. Rheumatism is the subject of another article. We also have Medical Electricity; Position on Horseback; Trichina Spiralis: Hygienic Dwellings; Wheat, and the true way to use it; The Bath in Small-pox; etc.

The people need educating in this direction, and certainly no better use could be made of twenty-five cents than to send for this work.

The greatest work the coming century has to do in this country is to build up an aristocracy of thought and feeling, which shall hold its own against the aristocracy of mercantilism.—*Andrew D. White.*

Food Reform.

TEMPERANCE "COUNTRY COOKING."

Truth Seekers.

Mr. Editor: When Horace Greeley edited the New York *Tribune* he took a trip in the country amonge farmers, and when he returned he wrote an article for his paper on "Country Cooking," criticising severely the manner of cooking of farmers' wives.

I have taken a great many such trips myself, one of which I hav just returned from, and for the benefit of your over-zealous prohibition correspondents I hav a word to say. I hav long been satisfied that the food question underlies the drink question—that intemperance can never be abolished until there is a radical reform in the kind of food people eat, but especially in the manner of cooking. It is no libel on anyone to say that at least three-quarters of all the food to be found on the tables of farmers is not fit to be taken into the stomach. My present feelings are nothing new on the all-important subject, for some five years ago, when I was in Washington, D. C., I offered a resolution in a meeting that "the stomach is the seat of war." Many times I hav since thought how I ever could hav stood up before an audience and offered such a resolution, but experience has proved the truth of my words, "the stomach is the seat of war"—that never until the people hav clean stomachs, made so by a more healthy and better-cooked food, can intemperance or war be abolished. That people's passions are set on fire by the unhealthy and badly-cooked food I hav not a doubt. I hav seen men sit down to eat fried ham when the thermometer registed ninety degrees in the shade, with a pint of clear fat in the platter, when I know that said fat was worse for their stomachs than alcohol. And most of the bread is only an apology for bread. The longer I liv the more I am satisfied that as an article of food pork is an abomination, and, as a physician once said, "fit only for savages." And where is this article, pork, which Christians take into the same stomach they do a part of their God, made? In a filthy sty, reeking with the stench of the hog's own excrement. And a large part of the food of hogs is eaten in a trough that is never washed, and thousands of hogs eat their food thrown in among their own excrements.

And this food is washed down with what Horace Greeley called "a muddy preparation called coffee." I am sorry to say that not only Christians, but Spiritualists, keep these filthy brutes, hogs, and eat them, and sell their nice lambs to the drovers because they are too ignorant to keep them for their own use. But this is not all of the sad story. A large portion of the men, and sometimes a woman—and a Spiritualist too—use the twin abomination, tobacco

And with this state of things universally with the young and old, our prohibition friends try to make themselves think they can stop the spread of intemperance by law. Wait a hundred years, my friends, and your children will see your folly. I would not hav it understood there are no exceptions to this state of things, for there are—noble exceptions. But I do say that seventy-five per cent of the food taken into the stomach is not fit to eat; that it causes disease, insanity, and premature death; that fried hog, and the heating, poisonous grease that has come out of it, and is eaten by millions of gallons, has done more to curse the race than ever rum did; that all the laws that can be made and backed up by an army, and a navy as strong as the Spanish Armada, can never stop the tide of intemperance until the people hav clean stomachs.

When the seventy thousand priests in this country, together with the so-called temperance lectures, will teach the people the laws of health, take up the questions of food, right generation, advocate shorter hours of labor, and an increase of pay for the same amount of work, the abolition of all laws that make usury legal, the abolition of the army and the navy, and many other reforms that must some time come, and then wait patiently for the people to grow up to a knowledge of these things, we may hope to see a better state of society.

The above words, hastily written after hanging up the scythe are put on paper for the sake of doing good, and if they are not true, he or she who will point out their errors is my best friend,

Seward Mitchell.

Newport, Me.,

What hope is there for us? We ask seriously, unless the ballot is put into our hands! We must form a self-protecting and defensive league that will call for secret orders and countersigns. This league must employ detectives to defend the helpless, discover the guilty and stand by the injured party in court, with a demand that all violators of women shall be punished to the extent of the law.—*Alpha.*

Was $500 a "generous settlement" for having secured a woman's affections and person, stolen her child, put her in the lunatic asylum, and then called her a professional drunkard?

☞ Vote the Equal-Rights Ticket

Just Arived, Finest & Choicest

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—OF—

WOOLENS, Ready Made CLOTHING

AND GENTLEMN'S FURNISHING GOODS

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ARTISTS Admire it.

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ELEGANT.

PHYSICIANS

Recommend It.

Perfect Fitting.

Elegantly Finished.

Plain, from 22 to 30 inches	$1.75
Trimmed, from 22 to 30 inches	$2.50
Made to order	75 cents extra.

☞Take a light measure at the belt over the dress.

Small waists are no longer fashionable. A lady of artistic education, desiring health, comfort and usefulness, no longer is vain of a wasp-like waist. A Boston dress-maker says: "Fifteen years since the average size of the waist of her customers from all parts of the United States was twenty and twenty-two inches, while now from the same classes, the average size at the belt, is from twenty-six to thirty inches."

The BATES WAIST is a beautiful garment, exquisitely finished, thoroughly made from the best cotton and supports the clothing on double seams, direct from the shoulder. It is really a Venus waist, giving the figure a supple form and artistic outline.

These waists give health, comfort and ability to breathe. Mrs. Scott-Siddons after wearing these waists remarked that her health had greatly improved; no more neuralgia or backache. When she wore corsets she could hardly drag herself through the last act, but now she could begin when through and give the entire program again.

A woman valuing her responsibility to offspring will not fail to secure these waists.

Dr. A. B. STOCKHAM, author of TOKOLOGY, says: "The BATES WAIST is what I have sought for years. It is really a 'THING OF BEAUTY' is equable in warmth, supports the skirts, gives a handsome figure, offers no restriction to circulation, digestion or respiration and supports the bosom better than any corset."

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS writes: "The Bates Waist is thoroughly satisfactory."

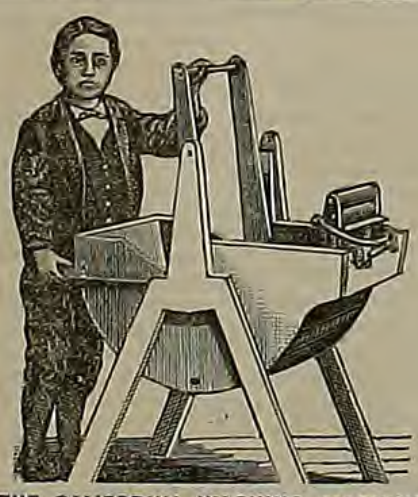
MRS. L. B. MONROE: "The Bates Waist is simply perfect."

DR. MARY J. SAFFORD: "Recommends them to all her patients."

Elocutionists, singers, teachers, clerks, and in fact every woman is delighted with the BATES WAIST.

☞Agents wanted. Address

SANITARY PUBLISHING CO., 159 La Salle St., CHICAGO.



THE CALIFORNIA WASHING MACHINE.

☞LADIES ATTENTION. *The California Washer* is guaranteed to last an ordinary family *five* years, and it will save *half* the time and labor of putting the wash on the line, and the price is only

TWELVE DOLLARS.

Now suppose it takes four hours to do your washing each week for five years—which is 104 days, or, 1040 hours. Mind you: The California Washer saves HALF that time—and only costs the *small* sum of $12.

Address G, M. PURSELL,
431 Fourth-st, San Francisco, Cal.

MR. PURSELL, 431 4th-st., San Francisco, Sir: I have used the Cal. Washer for the last three months and find it a great help; it does away with nearly all of the rubbing which is the hardest part of washing. I would not part with it for twice its cost.—Mrs. J. W. PEEK. Sunol Glen, Alameda Co., Cal.

The women of Seattle, W. T., have organized a Woman's Equal-Rights Association.

☞VOTE FOR LOCKWOOD AND STOW.

Cleveland is strongly opposed to prohibition, and is against all sumptuary laws. He has been the attorney for the Brewers' Association of this city for many years. He is also a stockholder in the Buffalo Co-operative Brewing Company. At the great Saengerfest held here last year he delivered the address of welcome, and it was praised by all the Germans who heard or read it.—BUFFALONIAN.

☞VOTE THE EQUAL-RIGHTS TICKET.

PROPAGATION OF CRIMINALS AND PAUPERS.

EMILY P. COLLINS.

Much as we may deprecate the recent action of England in taking measures to multiply a race of criminals in the Southern hemisphere, yet cultured philanthropic, Connecticut, as well as other of our states, are but slightly less reprehensible, with regard to propagating the criminal and pauper classes. Though stringent laws are enacted denying the criminal some minor rights; yet, that right which will injure society the most vitally, if he exercises it, the right to marry and multiply his kind, is unrestrained.

The pauper spirit is as surely transmitted from parent to child as any other mental or physical defect. Our neighboring town of Enfield has four generations of one pauper family in its alms house. We hope Enfield will take the premium for producing paupers, though many other towns might compete for the prize.

According to our law, the wife and children of a pauper must be supported by the town responsible for *his* subsistence; so the officers of a town, adjoining Hartford, craftily arranged to be relieved from supporting one of its female, imbecile, paupers, by marrying her to a like imbecile, male pauper in the next town; the result of which marriage was a new brood of half idiotic young paupers. Should a man, or set of men, try to have a hybrid race produced,—a cross between the human and the brute,—were there such a physiological possibility,—the whole country would join in a cry of horror at such a crime; but is it one of much less enormity to provide for the perpetuation, or permit the propagation of half rational beings of the human race, or those whose instincts partake more of the brute than of the human nature?

Wisdom would dictate a law, that all candidates for marriage should produce certificates of not only good character, but of ability to support a family. But it is argued that those, whose moral or mental qualities should forbid their marriage, would gratify their brute propensities in illicit connections. If the walls of a penitentiary could not oppose an effectual barrier to such connections, then, the surgeon's knife should be brought into requisition.

Could a tithe of the money, time and talent, now given to *re*-generate the race, be used to enlighten and arouse people to the necessity of *right generation* we might look forward to a time when there would be no use for prisons and poor houses.

HARTFORD, CT.

EQUAL-RIGHTS MEETING,

Held at 1921 Sacramento-st, San Francisco, Sept. 20-84. Synopsis of the

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Ladies and Gentlemen: The originator and organizer of the Woman,s Equal-Rights party, Marietta L. Stow, was in receipt of so many letters asking why there was not a *woman's* party organized, and so many of her newspaper exchanges were calling loudly for a new, clean, uncorruptible party, that in July '84 she named the party ("Equal-Rights") and individually nominated Abigail S. Duniway for President of the United States and Clara S. Foltz for governor of California, and published the party and nominees at the head of the column of July WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY. The following editorial was in type for July but was crowded out and did not appear until September:

The *Century* clamors for a new, clean, uncorruptible party. So does the HERALD, and names its party, and candidates to represent that party in our State and Nation. Nothing but this Equal Rights Party, composed of an equal number of women and men, will save this Nation from the entailed ruin of rum, crime and crushing monopoly.

Mrs. Dunning publicly (in *New Northwest*) declined the honor conferred upon her by an individual and her mouth-piece. At this crisis Mrs. Lockwood's letter dropped, like a star from Heaven, upon the editor's desk. "Bravo!" she cried, "Behold our Deborah!" and lost no time, but called a Convention, *at once*, which, after hearing the letter read, nominated Belva A. Lockwood for President of the United States, and Clemence S. Lozier, M. D., for Vice-President of the United States, by acclamation. The most intense enthusiasm and delight was evinced by those present.

An official letter was *immediately* written and mailed to Mrs. Lockwood, informing her of the high honor bestowed upon her by the Convention. When this message reached its destination a flash of electricity illumined the political sky of the entire nation. True men and women wept for joy. They saw a shaft of sunlight breaking through the clouds of political discord. They saw the dim arc of women's rainbow of promise set in the sky. Equal Rights stood out, upon a background of doubt and anxiety, in letters of burnished gold. Earth and air seemed resonant with the acclaim, "Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!"

This is the

GOLDEN LETTER

Which was published in September HERALD under the caption of "Women rulers:"

WASH., D. C., Aug. 10-84.

EDITOR WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

The August Number of your valuable paper is before me. It has so much the true earnest ring of justice and right in it, without fear or favor, that I am sure that it must do good wherever it goes.

Why not nominate women for important places? Is not Victoria Empress of India? Have we not among our countrywomen persons of as much talent and ability? Is not history full of precedents of women rulers? The appointment of Phœbe Cousins as Assistant Marshal of St. Louis is a step in the right direction. It is in keeping with her education and profession,—is suitable, legal work, and will have a softening and refining influence on the criminal classes of the City of St. Louis, and the attaches of the Court. There should be more appointments of the same sort.

If, women in the States are not permitted to vote, there is no law against there being voted for, and if elected, filling the highest office in the gift of the people.

Two of the present political parties who have candidates in the field believe in woman suffrage. It would have been well had some of the candidates been women. There is no use in attempting to avoid the inevitable.

The Republican party claiming to be the party of progress, has little else but insult for women, when they appear before its "Conventions" and ask for recognition. Note, for instance the Resolution on Woman Suffrage presented to their Convention on the 5th of June.

It is quite time that we had our own PARTY; *our own* PLATFORM, *and our own* NOMINEES.

We shall never have rights until we take them, nor respect until we command it. Act up to your convictions of justice and right, and you cannot go far wrong.

Your Articles on dress reform should be read by every professional woman and every laboring woman in the land. The dress of the women of this generation holds them in chains. To break away from it requires more moral courage than for a soldier to face the bullets of the enemy. What our women want is enfranchisement,—freedom from dependence. The ability and the will to earn their own living without fear or favor.

Reforms are slow, but they never go backward. There originators may die, but the reform will live to bless millions yet unborn. Your reform looks to the welfare,—the healthfulness, the purity of the coming generation. Success to your efforts.

Yours Truly,
BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen: In the Secretary's report you get an idea of the origin of the Equal-Rights party. It had birth in this house and was christened at the altar Hope and baptised in the fountain Inspiration. Its motto is "Dirigo;" its watchwords "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity;" its heritage goodfellowship.

Equal-Rights is the talisman that will turn the rust-corroded key in the mssaive portals of the stronghold Might; which will emancipate woman from the ghoul, Public Opinion—as well as from political and fashion slavery; which will fill her brain with knowledge, instead of heaping glittering chains upon her back; which will make a true Brotherhood and Sisterhood of humanity possible; whose creed is the Golden Rule. It rises above contending factions into the pure light of reason, and unfurls its banner upon every pinnacle of emancipated thot. It scales every crag of scorn, derision, prejudice, and suns itself on the white cliffs of Freedom. It is the wand of Progress which touches and vivifies all hearts. It recognizes no supremacy of sex, no heritage of blood or power. It is the standard bearer of universal personal, political and mental liberty.

Our candidate, by inherent ability, education, professional and social status, is the greatest living woman. She has brains, tongue, and pen. She has the wit and foresight to strike while the iron is hot and forge to the polished point. Ideas flit thru her brain on gossamer wings, instead of having to be driven in with a catapult. She is our "Plumed Lady," and we wear the "blue" for her.

What are we going to do? Electioneer for our candidates thru the columns of WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY. Hold "Parlor Meetings," in these rooms, and have two voting booths (one down town and one here) on the 4th of November. We invite every adult person to vote the Equal-Rights ticket. We shall hold a grand ratification meeting, as soon as we receive Mrs. Lockwood's life-sized picture. That meeting will be managed and conducted according to our own ideas of a successful political campaign.

Last evening I attended a Republican meeting, and listened to the eloquent speech of Thomas Fitch. Men filed in and sat in double, triple, quadrouple rows of dismal black. Joy lit up their faces and a foretaste of triumph warmed their hearts. The speaker gave, in matchless word painting, scenes from the battle fields of twenty years ago: How the *sons* of the Republic did and dared ere their "souls went up in Battle's firy chariots," but no word was spoken of what the *daughters* of the Republic did and dared—in lonely homes camps and hospitals. All thru the two hours and ten minutes speech it was man eulogizing men.

Such a speech as that should rouse the dormant energies of every woman who heard it. What right has woman to be forever crowded to the wall, without a protest? None whatever! The hour has struck for persistent, aggressive action, and we shall soon know who is equipped and ready to act.

MRS. STOW, do not be so unwise as to leave your great work of Dress Reform to enter the political field. Dress Reform is the most important question before the world, to-day. Mary E Tillotson has accomplished a greater work for humanity, in the last thirty years, than all the political philosophy evolved from the brain of man since time began.—JUDGE HYDENFELT, of San Francisco.

The Polk County, Iowa, Suffrage Society does not agree with Miss Anthony's and Mrs. Stanton's advice to suffragists to stand by the Republican party. They

Resolved, That we look upon the recommendation of these representative women as an uncalled for interference with our private political preferences, unwarranted by reason and unworthy its source.

The pastor of the M. E. Church at Battle Ground, Ind., delivered an anti-woman suffrage sermon recently. He has on his side every wife-whipper, every man whose wife supports him by taking in washing, every man who makes his living by selling whiskey, and all the vile, low and ignorant elements of society.—*Our Herald.*

Whisky and its allies, beer and wine, are universally recognized as the cause of all but a fraction of the crime, disease, pauperism and rottenness that exist in this Nation—but Mr. Blaine wants it dragged out of politics, so that by his compact with rum, his covenant with hell and death, he may be elected to office. The National question of 400,000 human beings being rum murdered to keep Mr. Blaine in office four years, he dont want dragged out before the Nation.—S. F. *Patriot.*

To every woman in the United States we say: Organize, *at once*, Equal-Rights clubs and societies and get to *work*.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY
☞OFFICE 1921 Sacramento-st.

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second class matter.

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THE TORCH.

J. H. Dell.

"Pass on the Torch!" the Patriot cried,
The life-drops ebbing from his side,
As to his thatch the flame he gave,
From worse—a tyrant's arm—to save;
"Relume our altar-fires of erst,
But Freedom's first—but Freedom's first!
Pass on the torch!"

"Pass on the Torch!"—so sighs the Sage,
O'erspent with toil— o'erbent with age;
"The light is low, and age is blind,
The o'ergrown paths of truth to find;
And life is short and progress slow,
And long the way yet left to go;
Pass on the Torch!"

"Pass on the Torch! haste! haste!" he cries,
And almost in the utt'rance dies;
"Far let her beacons spread their light,
For where they beam not all is night;
Haste! haste! let not her fires burn low;
Science must keep her flames aglow—
Pass on the Torch!"

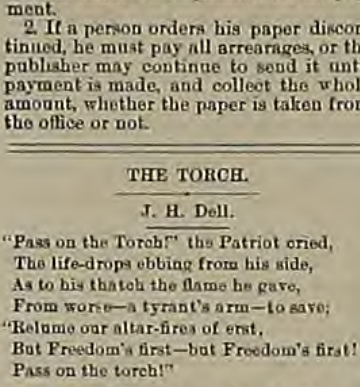
Pass on the Torch! the Helmsman's eye
May scarce the compass-points descry;
The grasp that steered the vessel long,
Holding true course with purpose strong,
Relaxing, yields the helm to Death,
As faint he gasps with his last breath:—
"Pass on the Torch!"

"Pass on the Torch!"—the Artist's hand,
That with a line could charm a land,
Falls by his side!—the wand whose wave
But now, life to the marble gave,
Fails—as he bids, with glazing eye,
While the last lingering life-tints fly:—
"Pass on the Torch!"

"Pass on the Torch! with it expire,
And beacon-light, and altar-fire;
Pass on the Torch!"—the Poet's song
Fell hush'd! yet swept the strain along,
As dropp'd the harp, and snapped the chords
In echoed music to the words—
"Pass on the Torch!"

ADDED.

"Pass on the Torch!" and light to flame
The word that gives to woman name;
"Pass on the Torch!" till every hight
Is beaconed with "Equal Rights."
Till mental power and stirling worth,
Take precedence of sex and birth,
"Pass on the Torch!"



"A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death.
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."

OUR EQUAL RIGHTS NOMINEES,

LOCKWOOD AND STOW.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

Belva A. Lockwood was born at Royalton, Niagara county, N. Y., October 29th, 1830; her family name was Bennett. She was the second of five children, all raised on the farm; she attended the district school and was an attentive and studious scholar, and always stood at the head of her class. At the age of 12, she had mastered grammar, geography, arithmetic, algebra and philosophy. She was a bible student, and her faith took hold upon the mysteries of miracles. She studied nature as only one can whose early childhood is spent where nature is not veiled by the city's brick and mortar. She early noted down her thoughts, and was soon a leader in championing the cause of the weak and oppressed. She taught school in her own district before she was fifteen years old, and continued there for several terms, getting for the first term the munificent sum of five dollars; the second, six; third, seven; and the fourth term eight dollars per month. She was now eighteen, with a maturity of knowledge far beyond her years. About this time, she was married to Uriah McNall, a thrifty young farmer n t he neighborhood. One daughter was the issue of this union. Her husband met with an accident at a sawmill he was operating, and, after lingering two years, died.

Thus before she was 22 years old she was a widow. For a year she carried on the farm and mill with wonderful energy and business capacity. She then sold the farm, stock,&c., and entered the Gossport Academy, studying geometry, grammar, anatomy, physiology, book-keeping, and other studies, keeping house the while and boarding five students at the same time.

When these studies were mastered she accepted a pressing invitation from her old neighbors to teach, they offering $12 per month and board for herself and child. The little girl was a great favorite, going to school every day with her mother. Mrs. McNall taught two years, and then entered Genesee Wesleyan College, at Lima, N. Y., thus putting in force the dream of her childhood, to obtain a thorough education.

She was now in her proper element. Her father had once said to her, "*Girls* should attend to household duties; *boys* only should go to college. She wrote for the village papers and for *Moore's Rural New Yorker*. Between 15 and 18 she had contributed both prose and verse to the *Western Literary Messenger*, Boston *Olive Branch*, *Ladies, Repository*, and other papers, only in a few instances signing her name.

When 16 Judge Baker, after listening to one of her essays at Middleport, said: "That effort is worthy of a man."

By invitation she wrote a history of Christian Missions, which was read in the college chapel to a crowded house. She taught a Bible class, visited the sick and ministered to their wants, and lived a "busy life" at Lima, as is her wont all along its pathway.

The Wesleyan was the second college that admitted women. It is now called the Syracuse University. Her examination for degrees disclosed to the faculty, to their and her surprise, that she was entitled to enter upon the junior instead of sophomore year. She graduated with honor in 1857.

Soon after, without her knowledge, she was elected preceptress of the Lockport Union School, and remained there four years, educating her daughter and sister at the same time. She kept up a "ragged school" at her own expense the meanwhile, and was active in mission, Sunday-school and benevolent work.

At the time of the Kansas troubles she was President of a relief society, and spent much time and money in the cause. She was subsequently preceptress of Gainesville Seminary for one year, when the edifice burned. She then built up a school at Hornelsville, N. Y. She then purchased the seminary building at Oswego, and sustained a flourishing school for young ladies there, selling out for twice what the building cost her, and placed her daughter at the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, where she herself had taught eleven years before. These were the years of the war, and Mrs. McNall closed up her business in New York in 1865. In the spring of 1866 she went to Washington, remaining several months. She then visited Richmond, going from there by water to New York, thence to Chicago, returning via Ohio, and stopping at Harper's Ferry.

In 1867 she visited Union League Hall, Washington, and commenced a select school. She rented three halls, using one for school purposes, and rented the others to temperance, religious and political organizations. At this time she studied and mastered international law, studied Spanish, and read several German works. Her daughter Lura, having completed her education, took charge of the French and Latin classes in the school.

On March 11, 1868, Mrs. McNall married Dr. Ezekiel Lockwood. This, like the first, was a happy marriage; one daughter was born of this union, in 1869, a bright but frail flower that drooped and died July 1871.

In 1870 Mrs. Lockwood received the degree of A. M. from the University of Syracuse. In the same year she commenced the study of law at the National University, at Washington, after being refused admission to the law school of Columbia College. Fifteen women were admitted, but only Mrs. Lockwood and Lydia A. Hale completed the course.

During the ensuing summer, she made a tour of the southern States, contributing to the *Golden Age* articles on the prevailing questions of the day.

The faculty of the National University, where she had studied, in the last quarter denied these ladies the privilege of attending these lectures, and finally refused them the award of their justly-earned diplomas, an injustice they afterward regretted. Mrs. Lockwood called President Grant's attention to this rank injustice (not to say stupidity), in a letter dated Sept. 3-73. On Sept. 23-73, she received her diploma, and on motion of W. B. Wedgwood, Esq., made to the District Court, she was admitted to the bar.

In 1878 Judge Magruder, of the Circuit Court of Md., refused to allow her to practice in his Court, and would only allow her brief to be presented through other counsel, on this, among other grounds, "that the immutable laws of nature" were against it; that woman was made after man and was therefore inferior to him; that she was made out of his rib and she was therefore his help meet; that she was physically incapable of appearing to advantage in public; that the track of her orbit was around man, not parallel with his path; that she should stick to the fireside; that her true mission was to nurse the sick and minister unto man's wants. The stern Judge said the day would never come when women would be allowed to practice law in Maryland. At the next election the prophetic Judge was relegated by the voters to private life, and Mrs. Lockwood has for years been a practitioner before that Court. She has practiced before the Federal Court at Baltimore, and also before the Federal Court of the western district of Texas, in cases involving $50,000.

After a long fight in Court and Congress, she was, on March 3-79, on motion of Hon. A. G. Riddle, admitted to the Supreme Court, and on the 6th of the same month, on motion of Thomas J. Durant, she was admitted to the bar of the Court of Claims.

She has appeared in the United States Court, at Boston; she was the first woman that ever broke in upon staid New England customs in this regard. Since then Mass. and Conn. have both admitted women to the bar.

We have not room to mention the many things of interest in connection with Mrs. Lockwood's great labors in connection with temperance and other reforms. She has practiced nearly eleven years, and during that time has been an indefatigable worker. With strong mental and physical ability, she has been enabled to accomplish more than usually falls to the lot of one individual.

She practices in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, where she is seen almost daily. She often appears in the Court of Claims and United States Supreme Court, to which Courts she was admitted in February, 1879. She is frequently before the Committees of Congress, urging reform in legislation, and especially upon the question of woman suffrage and temperance. Her recent speech upon the Cassidy bill, and against the disfranchisement of the women of Utah, before the House Committee on Territories, has called forth the comments of the press of the whole country.

In the recent raid made by the Commissioner of Pensions on pension agents and attorneys, Mrs. Lockwook was included in the list, but was restored next day to practice. Nothing daunted, she at once commenced a series of letters in the *Washington World*, showing the oppressions, inconsistencies and often erroneous rulings of the pension officials, as well as the defects in the law; wielding so trenchant a pen as to call forth the encomiums and gratitude of the soldier element of the country, and securing a relaxation of many of the over-stringent rules of the pension office.

In addition to this work, Mrs. Lockwood attends to land, patent and customs matters, and may be daily seen gliding from Department to Department on her tricycle, which she manages with consummate skill: the very impersonation of health, cheerfulness and activity.—*Western Land Guide.*

MARIETTA L. STOW.

Marietta L. Stow was born, of farmer parents, in Webster, Monroe Co., N. Y., nearly a half-century ago. Her family name is Beers, Burr; Wood, Fuller. Paternal side Beers, Burr, of Connecticut. The grandmother was own cousin to Aaron Burr. Maternal side Wood, Fuller, of Massachusetts. The grandfather, Levi Wood, served as private during the Revolution, under the leadership of Capt. Fuller, his wife's brother. At the close of the war these families took up their residence in the state of New York and their children intermarried; Asaph and Lois Wood to Ann and Wakeman Beers. The latter resided in the town of Webster until Marietta, the third child, was two and a half years of age, when he emigrated to Columbia Lorain Co., O.

Owing to the great distance from school and her mothers ill health she learned the alphabet after her ninth birthday. She could cook, housekeep, sew, knit, wash, iron, spin and weave before she could read.

At fifteen she was the proud "schoolmarm," of the "Center School" of sixty pupils, and two unpaid assistants, chosen from the "first class" scholars, each day. In this school were youths eighteen and twenty years of age, who studied (beside the three R's) botany, algebra, history, philosophy—and made love to their teacher—who for all this received the munificent sum of $1 a week and "board around." Her school-days were "finished" at Baldwin Institute, Berea, O., and Oberlin College.

At nineteen she was married to E. F. Bell (North Ireland Bells), a merchant of Cleveland, O., and at the age of twenty-three was a widow and childless. Her only child, Frank Arthur, having died with malignant scarlatina the year that the angel of death swept the homes of Cleveland and Sandusky of their crown jewels.

Before her graves were green she fled from the scenes of her sorrow and took up her residence in New York city, where she soon became identified with humanitarian work. She was an officer with Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Beatty, Judge Edmonds, Rev. Dr. Bellows, and other distinguished women and men, in an association for the protection of shop girls. In '59 she made her debut, under the auspices of the society, as a

(Continued 5th page.)

they must be equally effective against the right of men to the ballot.

HARTFORD, CT.

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THE DIETZ PATENT DUST-PAN. Invented and patented July 12th, 1881, by Emma L. and Mary A. Dietz of Oakland, Cal. supplies a long felt need, and is conceded by all who have used it to be the best invention ever introduced by which carpets may be thoroughly swept without injury, or the annoyance of dust rising. Being simple in construction, it cannot get out of order. It is well made and with care will last for years. Price within reach of all, ranging from $1.00 to $1.50 according to size and quality. Samples will be forwarded on application, with price, to trade. Territory will be sold and the Right to manufacture on Royalty given. This is just the work for earnest women to engage in. Orders addressed to Miss E. L. and M. A. Dietz, Oakland, Cala. will receive prompt attention.

Also, "The Dietz Patent Crum Receiver," a little bijou of neatness and convenience. Price $1.50. When both pans are purchased a deduction of 25 cts is made.

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Is pleased to inform her many friends and patrons that she has returned from Europe, and is prepared to execute ORDERS, for *ladies* and *children*, in the purchasing line, with promptness and dispatch.

☞ ADDRESS, 1921 Sacramento-st

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

lecturer, before a crowded house, at Hope Chapel, B'way, being introduced by the eminent lawyer, James T. Brady, who made one of his witty speeches, after her maiden effort. She afterwards read and lectured, for the benefit of the society, in the principle Northern cities. The Boston *Post* pronounced her one of the *best* public readers that had ever entertained a Hub audience. During the Rebellion she gave material aid to destitute, disabled soldiers and the indigent orphan daughters of our country's defenders, from the proceeds of her public entertainments and lectures. The following names are a few of the many who endorsed the person and work which Mrs. Stow did, as Mrs. Bell.

President Lincoln, ex-President Filmore; Clergymen: Tyng, Sr., Peck (Bishop), Strong, Sprague, Coit, Fowler, Chamberlain, Flagg; Generals: Dix, Wool, McDowell, Rosecranse, Burnside, Hooker; Governers: Fenton, Andrews, Low, Sprague, Smythe; Mayors: Opdyke, Fargo, Faxon Lincoln; Physcians: Mott, Warner, Taylor: Civilians: Everett, Elsworth, Cooper, Clafflin, Lord, Weed, Fred Law Olmstead, Green, Miles, Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis; Congressmen: Garfield, Colfax, Hutchinson, Riddle.

The last year of the Rebellion she traveled over 25,000 miles and had subscribed (not paid excepting in California) over $50,000, to found a "National Home and School" combined for the destitute orphan daughters of soldiers. Nearly $8,000 in gold of this money was collected in San Francisco and other California towns, by Mrs. Bell, and placed in the hands of the treasurer J. W. Stow (who was first her treasurer and then her treasure.) This money is builded in a monument to woman's indefatigable energy in the San Francisco Ladies Protection and Relief Society Home.

The "*National* Home" was abandoned because nearly every *state* was creating "Patriot Orphan Homes."

In '66 she was married to J. W Stow (England Stows), a prominent hardware merchant of San Francisco, who died in '74 when about joining his wife in Europe. Upon her return she found their joint estate and her separate property under the lock and key of the Probate Court. For two years and two months she sat at the feet of Probate praying for what was hers by every law of right and justice and got empty words for her prayers and tears. She wrote two books, "Probate Confiscation" and "Probate Chafi" and made a four years pilgrimage thru the Northern states selling her books and talking and lecturing about the unpardonable crimes of Probate, in plundering the widow and the fatherless and laying waste the homes of the *un*"protected" of the land. She advocated a unification of the entire probate law system of the United States. She had her "Widow's and Orphan's Bill" before six state legislatures and the 46th Congress, during that time. Church, State, Bench Bar and Press were with her in the effort,—*which will yet become law.*

Four years ago she was nominated, on both Greenback tickets, for school director of San Francisco, with Marian Todd for city and county attorney, and called the first political mass meeting ever held by women, in the world, at her house, where rousing equal-rights speeches were made by Clara S. Foltz, the nominees and others. On the following day the porch of her house was converted into a regular polling booth, with all the pomp and circumstance of placards banners and ballots. Several hundred women cast their *first* vote and no pots went unboiled, no stockings unmended, and the cradle kept rocking to the tune of a new lullaby.

February 11-81 Mrs. Stow had her house broken open by three armed policemen and was forcibly dragged down stairs and put in a carriage at he door, taken to the city prison and thrust into a felon's cell, robbed of $6.10, and kept in the underground pit of stench and dirt until morning. What for? Because she refused to remacadamize a perfect street in front of her own residence, 1921 Sacramento-st. S. F. Wm. Patterson, street superintendent, said he caused her arrest and imprisonment (no one else was molested in the block) to test a street ordinance which he knew at the time was unconstitutional and inoperative, Dr. R. H. Mc. Donald, late Prohibition presidential candidate, who joins lots with her, on the same street, was not even notified that the "street was dangerous." Up to Sept. 22-84 there had not been a spoonful of macadam put upon the street and yet it was in "good repair." Mrs. Stow sued the city, and all concerned in the nefarious transaction, for malicious imprisonment, placing the damages at $100,000, but the suborned judge refused to let the case go to the jury, which would have given the claimant $50,000; therefore costs of court, $52, were added to the rascality and indignity of "A Night Behind the Bars."

Does not this transaction, alone, call, in thunder tones, for equal-rights and *normal* national, state, town and city public households?

Sept. '81 Mrs. Stow issued the first No. (10,000 copies) of WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, which contained "A Night Behind the Bars" and *defeated* Wm. Patterson in his second term scheme. Her persistent war of pen and speech, upon the outrages heaped upon women by unjust taxation, probate robbing, and imprisonment, has caused the lick-spittle, monopolistic press of San Francisco enough to dam her onward march. But no damn is strong frantic alarm.

Mrs. Stow was an independent candidate for Governor of California in '82. She was the second president of the C. W. S. A. and she organized, with the assistance of Mrs. J. H. Smyth, of Oakland, Miss Isabella G. Prince, Mrs. David Bush and Mrs. J. T. Moulton, of San Francisco, the California Woman's Social Science Association, of which she was made president—and continues as such. Silk culture is only a part of Social Science work and accomplishment. She is a practical and uncompromising advocate of Political Reform, Dress Rerorm and Food Reform.

WEFT FROM OTHEL LOOMS.

It has been told in the notices of the death of Mrs. Swisshelm that she was the first woman to sit in the galleries of Congress, but no mention is made of what she saw and accomplished by being there.

She saw barrels of whisky rolled in and tapped. Pages used to carry glasses of liquor from the barrels to the thirsty Congressmen. So much of this was done that some men laid down to rest there after drinking.

Her publication of a description of the things she saw induced Congress to put alcoholic liquors, in original packages, out of the Senate Chamber and Hall of Representatives.

So much one woman did to purify politics.—MARIANA T. FOLSOM.

The women of this country will never see the citadel of crime crumble to ashes until they are armed with the ballot and vote as they work and pray. A woman who considers herself the inferior of man is the proper person to stay at home and hysterically weep over man's oppressive deviltry.—*Cline's Press.*

As for Blaine and Logan, I see little to gain by choosing them instead of Cleveland. They represent the whiskey ring, the power that has corrupted the government in all its departments more than anything else. Mr. Blaine proposed to divide the revenue from whiskey among the States, and Logan advocated a bill giving it to the public schools. Both had the same end in view; to make the business a part of the very life of the nation, to make it even more than now seeming benefit to the country, so that whoever attempted its destruction should be attacked as an enemy of the people. No one could have secured the nomination of the Republican party who was not known to be "all right" on the liquor question. The majority of the politicians are men who work for and with whiskey, and consider it their best tool. For twenty years this party has been in power, and the liquor business has prospered under its administration. It has dictated the party policy, and is dictating it to-day, not only in this city where I write, but in the State and nation. Whiskey has been its most powerful and successful agent, from the jug in the country canvasser's buggy, and the bottle in the hands of the man at the caucus and election, to the money which represents whiskey in the hands of its faithful servant sent to arrange matters in the Legislatures and halls of Congress.—EMMA HARRIMON in *Woman's Journal.*

When the choice between parties is the choice between one horse lame in three legs and another lame in four, the same independent element of which we speak will go for a horse sound in all 4 is legs. In other words, when the Republican argument has fallen to an assertion that Democrats are no better than Republicans, the time will have arrived for a new party.—*Harper's Weekly.*

MAN'S MESS.—As politics run now a-days, a political campaign is but little else than a campaign of slander, barroom slang, billinsgate and personal calumny; so much so that a man who has any respect for himself or his family hesitates to aspire to any position in the gift of the people.—X.

"TALL OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW."—The nomination by the Equal Rights party of Belva A. Lockwood for the Presidency, may be the hugh joke Belva and her friends are disposed to make it. But it may be the beginning of that which will grow into a mighty controlling political party. Many controlling forces have had a very insignificant commencement.

Who can read the future? The movement cannot be said to be without principles or issues. We shall see!—*Alpha.*

PACIFIC FOOD REFORM SOCIETY

OFFICERS: L. C. KELLY, PRESIDENT;
Marietta L. Stow, Vice-President;
E. N. Boyd, Treasurer.
Mrs. Tarrant-Siddons, Secretary.
Prof. Van Der Naillen, Chairman of Executive Committee.

Fortnightly meetings, Monday evenings at Heald's Business College parlors, 24 Post-st, S. F. Ladies and gentleman interested in food *temperance* are cordially invited.

Friends of the *New Party* let us hear from you. Send in your subscriptions for its organ; give us the right hand of goodfellowship by word and act, and dont confound broad, far seeing, far reaching Equal Rights with the Woman Suffrage parties; with the Stone-Duniway Amirican Woman suffrage party, or the Stanton-Anthony National Woman Suffrage party.

These parties have thrown away their trousers and pitched their silk and velvet tents on the diamond and point lace plateau. Equal Rights dont put up there. *It* is broad enough to welcome all needed reforms, and the "calico woman," too. It is the peoples party, the party of progress and Success looks ont from its top-gallant sail.

With many and sincere thanks for past favors the *W. H. of I.*, begs its exchanges to continue to brighten this office, and the office at the heart of the Nation.

"Woman is to-day as much of a diplomat as she ever was and if she caters to the vanities of man, she despises his weak moral nature as much as he can despise her physical incompetence, so you see we are even, and man has no right to claim a thing superior to her, except the physical force, which a high state of civilization equalizes."

INTERNATIONAL DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY

MARY E. TILLOTSON. Vineland, N. J. "Have worn the Science Costume for more than 30 years, everywhere."

ABBIE KNAPP, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, Bloomfield, N. J. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home for several years."

MRS. E. M. KING, Hon. Secritary of the Rational Dress Association, London, Eng., wears a waistcoat and jacket-bodice, with a slightly trimmed short skirt and narrow kilted trousers, which extend three or four inches below the skirt.

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

EMELINE A. PRESCOT, Hollowell, Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

ALEXIS LE BEUF, SAN JACINTO, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. DOANE, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Washington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I adopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

CAROLINE B. KEESE, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29 years of age, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

MARTHA S. SEVERANCE, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 30 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

MARIETTA LIZZIE BEERS BELL-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S costume: Trousers and kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

MARY DODDS, M. D., St. Louis, Mo., has worn a Trouser-dress for years, everywhere.

MARY E. LUCAS, M. D., Newfield, N. J., "Have worn the Short Dress (as a work dress) for 20 years."

RITA BELL, Painesville, O. "Have worn a short dress for several years, everywhere, and made my living in it.

ALMEDIA B. GRAY, Schofield, Wis., wears the Tripple S costume.

S. GERTIE SMYTH, Oakland, Cal. wears a short Trouser-dress, at home.

MRS. C. H. WEBB, San Francisco, Cal., has adopted the Tripple S costume for home wear and country outings.

MRS. DR. STROBRIDGE, Cortland, N. Y. has worn the Science costume, in her infirmary, for many years.

SUSAN P. FOWLER, Vineland, N. J., has worn the Science costume, everywhere, for the last eighteen years.

FRANK A. M. COOK, M. D. Columbus, Ks.: Have worn the Science costume, everywhere, since 1853.

At the "Home School," Ancora, N. J. men and women, boys and girls, dress just alike, in a combination suit without skirts.

SAMANTHA H. BANCROFT, Toms River, M. Y. "Have worn the Trouser-dress for nine years, everywhere, traveling extensively in the U. S. and Canada."

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Too late for change the page hsads were discouvered—*unchanged.*

VOTE THE EQUAL-RIGHTS TICKET.

Children's Corner.

"THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B."

By Frank H. Gassaway.

South Mountain towered on our right.
Far off the river lay,
And over on the wooded height
We held their lines at bay.

At last the mutt'ring guns were still,
The day died slow and wan,
At last the gunners' pipes did fill,
The Sergeant's yarns began.

When as the wind a moment blew
Aside the fragrant flood,
Our briarwoods raised—within our view
A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,
From fireside fresh she seemed.
(Of such a little one in heaven
One soldier often dreamed.)

And as we stared, one little hand
Went to her curly head
In grave salute. "And who are you?"
At length the Sergeant said.

"And where's your home?" he growled again.
She lisped out, "Who is me?
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane,
'The pride of Battery B.'

"My home? Why, that was burned away;
And pa and ma are dead,
And so I ride the guns all day,
Along with Sergeant Ned;

"And I've a drum that's not a toy,
And a cap with feathers, too,
And I march beside the drummer boy
On Sundays at review.

"But now our bacca's all give out,
The men can't have their smoke;
And so they're cross—why even Ned
Won't play with me and joke;

"And the big Colonel said today—
I hate to hear him swear—
He'd give a leg for a good pipe
Like the Yanks had over there.

"And so I thought when beat the drum,
And the big guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent and come
Out here across the hill,

"And beg, good Mister Yankee men,
You'd give me some Lone Jack,
Please do—when we get some again
I'll surely bring it back.

"Indeed I will, for Ned—says he—
'If I do what I say,
I'll be a General, yet, may be,
And ride a prancing bay.'"

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er,
You should have heard her laugh
As each man from his scanty store
Shook out a gen'rous half.

To kiss the little mouth, stooped down,
A score of grimy men,
Until the Sergeant's husky voice
Said "Tention, Squad!" and then

We gave her escort, till good-night
The pretty waif we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight,
Or else 'twas tears that hid

Her tiny form, nor turned about
A man, nor spoke a word
Till afterwhile a far, hoarse shout
Upon the wind we heard!

We sent it back—then cast sad eye
Upon the scene around,
A baby's hand had touched the tie
That brothers once had bound.

That's all—save when the dawn awoke
Again the work of hell;
And through the sullen clouds of smoke
The screaming missles fell.

Our Gen'ral often rubbed his glass,
And marvelled much to see
Not a single shell that whole day fell
In the camp of Battery "B!"

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIEL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

Ephraim and Amasa were embryo men, in the chrysalis state of bibs and petticoats, and of no earthly account, Etta thought, excepting to scare, with their noisy gambols, the queer spiders out of their wits,—that had their gauzy nests high up in a corner of the kitchen. Mrs. Bigly would not brush it down because they "eat up the flies," she said,"and flies dont add to the flavor of cheese or butter."

Mr. Bigly's house was painted red as a brick, inside and out. This intensified color had been laid on the great hall floor and the wainscotting, everywhere, with no sparing brush. A tall chimney stretched its uncanny neck out of either gable. One warmed the parlor and the other the sitting-room; They were, respectively, at each end of the house, with the ample hall between. The kitchen and dining-room were in the L part. There was, also, an immense barn, and an aristocratic corn-crib on stilts, daubbed with ochre, and a shed for the ten cows. Just think of it! ten whole cows, and every one of them giving a swimming pail of milk at night, beside the "strippings." When they were driven into the barnyard, Etta went, with Jim, to see the red heifer and her pied calf. She was very gentle and liked to hear them praise the beauty of her baby, just as well as any other mother.—Etta thought, as she scratched her sleek sides. Etta had a way of taking out her cup, when she was at home, and having Bill fill it from the warm stream, fresh from the udder, foaming full, and drinking it then and there, beside him. As soon as Jim found out, accidently, of Etta's passion for warm unstrained milk he provided her with a white earthen mug to sip her frothy nectar from, and filled it himself, and enjoyed the fun of seeing her smack her lips as she finished her nightly draught; and wondered if warm milk would "*plumpen*" him up any; and nearly upset a pail of milk in trying to drink out of it. But he spurted the milk out of his mouth and declared that he would rather be lean as a herring all his life, than to drink the nasty warm stuff, that tasted and smelled so *cowey*.

Etta made herself useful in many ways during her visit. She had, at times, what her mother called "*ambitious streaks*" and one of them was upon her the week that she was at the Bigly's. She would gather the great golden apples to fill the baskets until commanded to stop. It was such rare sport to hear the boys catcalling among the branches—imitating every thing from a grasshopper to a Camanchee—bleating, crowing and howling—such a racket as they made, beating off the winter apples; and when the hard sour things bounced on the ground, Etta wondered why they took such pains to gather them. But they were taken from the heap, wiped dry and headed up in barrels to remain until after the holidays: then, when the barrel-heads were taken out, what a perceptible change had come over them. The hard sour substance had been converted into a rich, juicy, mellow fruit, whose delicate aroma filled the room.

Every morning Jim was up with the first note of the lark, and off through the dewy grass, in search of hidden nests. The barn and shed-loft were always reserved for the pleasure and surprise of *two* pairs of eyes instead of *one*. Etta was generally on the alert for him when he returned, and would hunt over all the eggs to see if there really was a *double-yolked* one among the lot. If by any good fortune her search was rewarded by finding the coveted prize, it was speedily wrapped in a cabbage leaf coat, and thrust into the hot ashes to roast. When thoroughly cooked and divested of its kronty envelop, the shell would present a beautiful mottled appearance like varigated marble. Each shell was laid carefully away to be taken home to adorn the play-house, and surprise Milly. Then came the exciting race to the barn, Jolly—the old dog—taking the lead, with the basket between his teeth and Etta's duck-legs bringing up the rear. There was a perpendicular ladder extending from the breast-beam of the mow to the loft-beam overhead. Climbing this steep highway Etta always found a trying feat to perform. Being such a dumpy body, her hands and arms had to perform much that her legs and feet failed to do. When making the (to her) perilous ascent, she resembled a sea-lion toiling up the face of an abrupt rock. But Jim was always sitting astride of the big beam, encouraging her forward, and just as soon as he could "grab hold" of her, it was all right and she was soon popped over into the hay with a merry shout of, "Here you are all safe and sound as a bug in a rug, little shakin! quaker! Come, there's old "speckle" sneakin in under the hay already. She's gettin the start of "Browny" this time, the shy old fox!"

THE FUTURE OE ENGLISH WOMEN.

BY MRS. A. ORR.

The Nineteenth Century.

When new opinions first come into collision with an established creed, the most effective reasoning will generally proceed from the aggressive side. The orthodox party are slow to perceive that there is room for argument, and when they do perceive it, their own best arguments are not immediately at their command. Most persons have realized the fact that their strongest and also most justifiable impressions are those for which, if they are called upon to explain them, the least adequate reasons first present themselves to their minds; and this tendency can be none the weaker when, as in the case of the natural subordination of women, there is not a merely personal feeling to defend, but an idea which has subsisted so universally, and so long, as apparently to need no defending. It is a serious drawback to the equitable settling of the question that a close, though superficial, logic has been enlisted on the side of the emancipation movement, whilst the opposition it encounters represents chiefly those instinctive sentiments which may be combated under the name of prejudice; and which resemble prejudice in so far that they have only a limited force of reasoning at their command, but in so little that they accept a rational defeat. Their strength has become their weakness; and though they still hold their own in our legislature, we can scarcely doubt the issue of a contest in which the militant energy of a young conviction is thus brought to bear on the rusty weapons and disused fortifications of a world-old belief. This difficulty of re-establishing a proposition, which to most minds has become almost self-evident, is complicated by the practical form which the "Woman" question has assumed, and which has caused its larger issue to be obscured by the more immediate interests, corporative or professional, that it was calculated to affect. It would be presumption to say that these larger considerations were in no sense present to the intelligence of those who have publicly disputed the claims made in behalf of women, or that their words have not more or less directly suggested them; indeed, as far as Parliamentary discussion goes, the advocates of the movement are, for the time, being overcome; but it is not in Parliament that its most effective strength has been displayed, and the fact remains that scarcely any argument has been brought against it, either in the House or elsewhere, which could not be refuted or set aside. The real strength of the Conservative party lies below and beyond the actual ground of controversy: and they can only reach the one by surrendering the other. They cannot disprove the capacity of women to do the various things they feel impelled to do, or which individual women have already done, nor their power to do them in such a spirit as will protect social decencies from being infringed; but they can prove that doing such things must exercise a reactive influence on the nature of those who do them; that definite evils must attend on this reaction; and that, in short, the movement is dangerous, not through its chance of failure, but through the very probability of its success.

The ultimate effect on women themselves of the new functions which are at present claimed for them is, to my mind, the distinguishing feature of the case, and that, nevertheless, which appears to be most persistently overlooked. (We often hear, it is true, that a woman is unsexed by some particular course of action; but this only means that there are actions, which, like the wearing of male apparel, jar upon her general womanhood. The assertion takes no account of a possible organic change to be effected by certain modes of action in that very womanhood.) The arguments of the friends, the opponents, and many impartial spectators of the movement, are all equally weakened by its omission; all equally vitiated by the apparent belief that an experimental change in the life of the female sex will be a test of its possibilities of which the results may be registered now and for all time, rather than the initiation of a new order of things of which the consequences may prove beyond calculation or beyond control—the belief, in short, that the most plastic and sensitive of existing organisms is an expression of fixed quantities that will stand still to be experimented upon. The cry is successively: We are round pegs, therefore those are the holes in which we are intended to stand; you are square pegs, therefore those are not the holes in which you are intended to stand; and, they being round pegs, let them try for themselves whether those are the holes in which they are best fitted to stand. It apparently occurs to no one that human pegs, whether round or square, have a tendency to fit themselves to any hole which they may attempt to stand in, and that the very attempt to stand firm in a square hole, or to force oneself into a round one, is a first step toward this adaptation. No one seems to acknowledge, and the great apostle of the movement did so least of all, that women are round pegs because they have had round holes to grow in, and will not continue to be round if they are transplanted into square ones—at least, no one acknowledges that if the training to which women have been subjected has prevented their becoming what they are not, we are also mainly indebted to it for their being what they are, and that its continuance is essential to their remaining so. On the one hand, it is declared that every department of human action would be benefited by the introduction into it of Woman's peculiar characteristics, her intuitive judgment, her mental versatility, her readier sympathies, her greater unselfishness; on the other, the serious public work is incompatible with her hastiness, her want of concentration, her emotionality, and her Quixotism. No one considers what must become of her intuitions when she has learned to analyze rather than trust them; of her versatility, when her mind has been surrendered to some one absorbing subject instead of to half a dozen, none of which could absorb it; of her sympathy, when she has been taught by the larger contact with life that half its miseries are caused by neglect of duty or violation of law, and that to relieve misfortune is too often to reward wrong doing; of her unselfishness, when, instead of living through and for others, she has descended into the arena of life, and must fight its battle for herself. It is useless to say, as is so often said, that these qualities will be preserved because they are especially needed, and will therefore be especially exercised. No such selection is possible. A man and a woman may agree to make pins together, the one systematically shaping the bodies, and the other flattening the heads; but no mental work exists which the two sexes can so divide that all the sympathetic elements shall be supplied by one and all the rational elements by the other. The two modes of action must combine in order to co-operate; and neither, least of all the female, can remain unmodified by the combination.

Belva A. Lockwood is the Equal-Rights Candidate for the presidential chair of the United States. She is said to be an accomplished tricycle rider. Her statesmanship has not been tested, but the platform upon which she stands is a good one, and her letter of acceptance able.—*Truth Seeker* (N. Y.)

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Trenchant truths in a pleasant style. We commend it.—*Woman at Work*
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To persons getting up clubs for the HERALD, we will allow them to retain 50 per cent. of the subscription price of the paper in the way of a commission. Newspaper agents and others throughout the United States and Canada will please take notice of the above offer and send us the names of whosubscribers.

NATIONAL EQUAL RIGHTS

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

Vol. III. No. 12. San Francisco, California, December, 1884. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

AND OUR HOMES.

NATIONAL EQUAL RIGHTS.

(Organ of the Equal-Rights Party.)

A monthly journal of reform—political, dress, food, drink, race—published by the Equal-Rights Publishing Co. at 619 F St. N. W. Washington, D. C. and 1921 Sacramento-st. San Francisco, Cal. Price $1 a year in advance. Jan. 85 the rate per year will be 50c. Club rates $10 for 25 copies. Send in your subscriptions to either of the above offices.

HEADQUARTERS.

EQUAL RIGHTS PARTY.

ATLANTIC COAST: 619 F St. Washington, D. C
PACIFIC COAST: 1921 Sacramento-st, S. F. Cal.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE

MR. E. V. WILSON.

In a hospital ward a woman lay
Painfully gasping her life away;
So bruised and beaten you scarce could trace
Womanhood's semblance in form or face,
Yet the hair that over the pillow rolled
In a tangled mass, was like threads of gold:
And never a sculptor in any land
Moulded a daintier foot or hand.

Said one who ministered to her need:
"None but a coward could do this deed;
And what bitter hate must have nerved the arm
That a helpless creature like this could harm."
Then the dim eyes, hazy with death's eclipse,
Slowly unlocked, and the swollen lips
Murmured faintly: "He loves me well—
My husband—'twas drink—be sure you tell
When he comes to himself—that I forgive;
Poor fellow—for him—I would like to live."
A shudder, a moan, as the words were said
And a drunkard's wife on the couch lay dead.

Oh, fathers who hold your daughters dear,
Somebody's daughter is lying here.
Oh, brothers of sisters, come and see
What the fate of your precious ones may be;
Oh, man! however you love your home,
Be it palace or cottage, 'neath heavens blue dome
This demon of drink can enter in,
For law strikes hands and bargains with sin.

You have legalized crime, you have the gold,
Now hand them over, the sons you sold—
Keep pushing them forward. Drink, boys, drink!
Your fathers are paid for your souls, they think.
And in the great mart where mammon strives,
Cheapest of all things are human lives.

Inter-Ocean.

THE FOURTH OF NOVEMBER. Woman's Humiliation day.

The Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* says: "The nomination of Mrs. Belva Lockwood as a candidate for the Presidency has been accepted as rather a broad joke. But this legal lady is a very shrewd business woman and is turning this matter to her personal advantage. She practises law in a limited way, usually having women for clients. She is very industrious and supremely independent. The advertising she receives by means of her nomination will add materially to her influence among women and to her business interests."—*New Northwest.*

The above is only *one* item of many which have appeared in the N. N. during the Equal Rights campaign. When the senior editor of that able woman suffrage journal had refused the individual nomination tendered her, by Mrs. Stow and her paper, with so much genuine courtesy and praise of "deeds well done" surely it would be in exceeding *good taste* for Mrs. Duniway, to keep silent, altogether, as several of the leading suffrage journals have done unless she was fair-minded enough to say a word in favor of a movement which has advanced the woman cause ten years and made a new epoch in the history of the American Republic. Is it this incontrovertable fact which distresses her?

THE CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION, in spite of all misrepresentations, enjoys the honor of having revived the Silk Culture interest in this State. S. Gertie Smyth, its Hon. Secretary, read an exhaustive essay upon the discovery and growth of sereculture, on the 21st of Aug. 1880. Two weeks from that date Mrs. Hittel read a rehash of that paper, before the society and was made chairman of the "Silk Culture Section." Every member of the two San Francisco Silk Culture Societies knows this fact, and every newspaper in this city knows this fact—and none better than the *Rural Press*, and yet it says, "Silk Culture was revived by Mrs. Hittell in Nov. 1880." *Truth* puts *Falsehood* to the blush, brother Dewey.

THE EQUAL RIGHTS PARTY.—Never in the history of progress has there been an event which has caused such wide-spread interest as the formation of the Equal Rights party and the nomination of a woman for the presidency. The notes of approval have rung their changes clear, sharp, decisive, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf. The campaign has projected the "woman cause" a decade. Leading people say, "Had you entered the political field six months earlier, you would not only have elected your candidate, but you would have enfranchised all women."

SOME people say, Why aim so high? Creep and walk before you "run." Be contented with your conceded right to be school directors. How kind of men to "let" women enjoy the high honor of working for nothing. Thank you, gentlemen, $50,000 a year, and the worlds homage is more alluring than working for nothing and finding ones self.

NUMBERS of women in San Francisco distributed The Peoples Ticket, which had several women's names for school directors upon its ballot. These women demonstrated their earnestness by driving in carriages from precinct to precinct all night, to learn of "How goes the city." They would not have had the courage to have done this if Mrs. Lockwood had not run for president this year and Mrs. Stow for governor two years ago. Daring in leaders, begets courage in followers.

NATIONAL EQUAL RIGHTS.—Send in your subscriptions to our four years campaign paper, friends. Send 50c for one year, or what is better send $1 and *two* names. Work *now* for equal rights if you never worked before. Come

Rally round the flag, girls,
Rally round the flag,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

EQUAL RIGHTS meetings were held every week in Mrs. Stow's parlors, during the campaign—and much interest awakened.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD enjoys the distinguished honor of being the FIRST woman ever nominated, *by a party*, for the presidency of the United States.

AT a Methodist conference, in N. E., it was decided that Belva A. Lockwood was the best candidate of the lot to vote for, *in every way*, "but that no divine had a stomach to vote for petticoats." Well, divines have always had stomachs for mince and chicken pies made by petticoats. Women who desire high places and power must discard the prejudicial petticoat. The handwriting is upon the wall.

THE *Herald* acknowledges the courtesy and kindness of Bancroft and Co., the leading publishing house on the Pacific Coast, for prompt delivery of books sent to their care for review.

THERE were over 300 votes polled in one precinct, for Lockwood and Stow in San Francisco. One gentleman voter exclaimed, as he looked at Mrs. Lockwood's picture which graced the booth "What a Martha Washington face!"

MISS CRAWFORD, of London, a prominent member of the National Dress Association, read a most interesting paper upon "The Rise and Progress of Dress Reform in England," before the Woman's Social Science Association, Nov. 1-84, in Mrs. Stow's parlors, 1921 Sacramento st, S. F. She wore the divided skirt and explained its perfect utility; its lightness, healthfulness and beauty, and gave cheering accounts of the steady growth of educated public opinion upon the great question of dress reform.

Woman's Herald of Industry has been a staunch exponent, for the last three years, of all new and better modes of life, government and equalization. It has been a terror to evil doers and a beacon light to weary, timid feet. It defeated a woman imprisoner in his greed for a second term of office. It is the mother of *Joyful News* and the NATIONAL EQUAL RIGHTS, both children of progress and promise. The mother's high aspirations for a freer, purer, nobler life will breathe through her children, sweetening and enobling every home they enter, for her watchword, "Upward and Onward," will be forever sounding in their ears. It named the Equal Rights party, nominated its fearless candidate and has led the campaign with all its guns mounted, and its flag unfurled "shouting the battle cry of Freedom!"

Conservatives claim that the *Herald* was a hundred years in advance of its time. Better be a hundred years in advance than a hundred years behind.

Every subscriber, and all such as have taken the paper from their P. O., please send the amount due and the price, 50c. for E. R. for one year.

EVERYBODY who loves their home should possess a copy of Probate Confiscation. It costs but $2, post paid. The perusal of it may save the home when the husband's hand is cold in death. Address the S. F. office.

ALL who bought tickets for the diamond raffle will have the N. E. R. for one year.

SENATOR JOHN A. LOGAN'S wife attends to the greater part of her husband's correspondence. Mrs. Logan on many days either dictates or writes over one hundred letters. She is by far the best-posted politician of any of her lady contemporaries. She never makes an enemy if it is possible to avoid it. She is very popular everywhere.

MRS. STOW, I consider the work you are doing, in behalf of the widows and orphans of the land, the most important question before the people, to-day. I wonder I have not thought of it before. DAVID SWING. No more noble work could engage the heart of a woman. PROF. PATTEN. You have my sincerest sympathy and Godspeed, in your Heaven-inspired mission. DR. THOMAS. Yours is a work I am deeply interested in. Dead men's estates have caused many an upright man to laps from rectitude. ex-Gov. Bruff.

THE three volumes of *Woman's Herald of Industry*, handsomely bound, will be sent, post-paid for $5 to any one desiring it. It will be a unique and valuable addition to any library.

SCISSORS.

The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee.

EQUAL RIGHTS TICKET.

(Warren, Ill.)

For President,
BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

For Vice-President,
MARIETTA L. STOW.

For Electors of President and Vice President,

JAMES A. CARR,	JEFFERSON BLACKMORE,
JOSEPH CRUMMER,	ROBERT HAWLEY,
EDWIN S. TOWNE,	BENJAMIN F CRUMMER,
HORACE M. CARLTON,	DAVID SANFORD,
AMELIA CARLTON,	HALSTEAD TOWNSEND,
GEORGE S. WING,	EZRA R. CARR,
JAMES BARNES,	BOYD KERLIN,
LEWIS FARNHAM,	ALVIN BUCKNAM,
WILLIAM H. BRIDGE,	JAMES WILKERSON,
JOSEPH APPEL,	WILLIAM C. DELONG,
EMMA DE LONG,	JAMES BAYNE.

The Equal Rights party has elected a precident if not a president.

The Equal Rights campaign marks an epoch in the onward march of civilization.

Never was there such an interesting campaign. Why? Because there were women in it.

Belva A. Lockwood has lead her own campaign, cleared $1,500 by her lectures and had her business gratuitously advertised to the value of $2,000—*Ex.* And yet the *New Northwest* thinks the "Stow Lockwood run" a fiasco.—*Truth.*

And who shall chide a Belva Lockwood? whose principles, as set forth in her campaign speach, are broader and better than those uttered by any man in the whole campaign. It is she who has set the idea to growing that a woman may be President of the United States. And those of us who have lived to see an ex-slave chairman of the greatest political meetings of the day, or chaperoned as an honored guest of the Blaine suite, may yet live to see a woman President of the United States. Ideas are first sneered, then laughed at, then embraced. Mrs. Lockwood's candidacy is in its second stage, and the end is not yet.—*Our Herald.*

Mrs. LOCKWOOD is not idle during her presidential canvass. Many people listening to her able addresses will find themselves wondering why, after all, it should seem so preposterous for women to want to have the rights of citizenship, and why it would be any more ridiculous for an American woman to be president than for an Englishwoman to be queen. She is eligable according to the Federal constitution. A fine picture of Mrs. Lockwood has been issued by the Equal Rights party, and if it were of some foreign princess our press would pronounce it regal.—*Woman's Tribune.*

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake closed an extended tour of New York just before the election, having since July visited 40 counties of the state and made forty-five speeches in advocacy of Woman Suffrage.

One value of this Republican victory is the Democratic party is rebuked for its treachery to the people in nominating for so great an office as the presidency of the United States a petty ward politician, a confessed libertine, an illiterate ox, a betrayer of the people, and a man who turns the scales not of justice, but of the grocer, with 250 pounds of very inferior meat.—S. F. *Post.*

The World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition at New Orleans will open on the 1st of Dec. 1884, and close May 31-85. It will be the most memorable Exposition ever held in the world.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, as president of the women's department, is calling by circular on every woman who has published one or more books, or has illustrated the works of others, to forward them at once to the commissioner of her State for transportation to New Orleans.

Dress Reform should act in concert and be well represented. Abbie Knapp, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich. and Mrs. Stow will each send their special costume and contribute $10 apiece towards the expenses of an exhibition. If each dress reformer will do likewise we shall have a creditable exhibit, and advance the comfort and convenience cause a decade. Write to the S. F. office or Celia B. Whitehead, Southington, Ct. at once, stating just what *you will do.*

There are four ladies on the grand and an equal number on the petty jury in attendance on the present term of the Dis. Court in Kickitat county, W. T.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)
Washington, D. C., }
Sept. 20, 1884. }

It is but natural that the country should wish to know more of the latest Presidential candidate, Belva A. Lockwood, the nominee of the Equal-Rights party. The condidate's life, written by an impartial hand, as the only means for completely supplying this demand, will doubtless appear at an early day. Here in Washington no book of the kind is needed. She is to be seen almost any day threading the streets mounted on a tricycle, head erect, and feet working with an energy which is indicative of the secret of her success in life. She was the first of her sex to mount the tricycle and demonstrate the right of woman to ride whatever will best suit her purpose. As a lawyer, she rides wherever her business calls, and she also rides for the pleasure it affords, as others do in their carriages, and how she does ride! No laggard's pace is hers. Wherever she goes she is the observed of all observers. She is not a devotee of fashion in any respect. She sets her own fashions. With head in air and face earnestly, not to say fiercely, pointing in the direction her industrious feet are propelling her, she whirls along, every turn of the crank flipflapping her skirt with unceasing regularity. She stops at nothing, and turns aside only to pass slower goers or pick a stretch of clear track whereon to display a pace which might make Maud S. envious.

Of late a demand has sprung up for pictures of the Equal-Rights candidate. In preparing to supply this demand the artist has been at a loss how to take her. Blaine is generally represented as speaking in the House or Senate, Cleveland as standing on the rostrum. Logan as cavorting on his war horse—each in a position designed to show the man at his best. Reflecting on these things the artist was not long in coming to the conclusion that the proper thing was to represent Belva mounted on a tricycle, a familiar sight in Pennsylvania avenue, where, as any one will say she too, appears at her best. The pictures, it is understood, will be ready, at an early day. She might have been taken pleading at the bar; laying down the law as man would, and often better than men do; giving tit for tat, after the custom of the profession; taking graceful flights of oratory, as orators sometimes do, responsive to a suggestion from the bench; citing precedents and cases, principles and practice from a well stored repository of learning covered by the well known bonnet, or appealing to the jury for justice for her client.

But after due consideration the tricycle idea was adopted as not only the most novel, but the most truly characteristic.—*California Patron.*

A DRUNKEN CONGRESS.

According to the *N. Y. World* there was never more drinking among our Senators and Congressmen than at last session—nor a greater proportion of men of small caliber. Not being able to achieve any other distinction they made themselves famous for intemperate drinking. "In each of the restaurants liquor was sold and every committee room had its demi john or sideboard. In the Senate it was the worst probably because the oldest soakers were there. It says that at 3:30 P. M. every day, 20 or 30 of them were "fuddled" tho it was rare to see any of them actually *drunk!!*"

The two Senate Conference rooms are only private bar rooms attached to the Senatorial Club. Mr. Edmunds of Vt., and his Repub. friends are very frequent visitors into the Democratic room, because a rich Dem. Senator has kept a free supply of high toned drinks there 12 years or more—and about half the Senate get a dozen drinks or more there daily.

"The House people do most of their drinking in the committee rooms, in the restaurant and at the Congressional Hotel.

The Supreme Court has its bar-room, too. This fact is not generally known. It is between the clerk's office and the private dressing room of the justices where they put on their ridiculous silk gowns. The room is a small, square one, fitted up with broad, easy chairs, a plain, horsehair sofa and an open fire-grate. A little blockiron tea-kettle hangs upon a crane near the grate. This is used for boiling water when hot grog is served to the Court after their arduous labors of the day are done. There is a very smart colored boy in attendance upon this judicial bar room. His skill in mixing fancy drinks is said to equal any of the artists of the best bar rooms of New York."

That is a pretty kettle of fish to be entrusted with the affairs of a great Nation. It is no wonder that our statesmanship dont rise above the level of its bar-room source. No wonder corruption reigns and Star route steals and gigantic whiskey frauds are condoned and whitewashed. No wonder that the new man sent to Congress to keep such bad company, learns to forget the people's interest and seek solely his own enrichment.

No wonder the cry should be general except among the spoilseekers to drown both old parties of drunkness, jobbery and corruption. Which one goes first is immeterial; neither is worth a moment's consideration, except it be how to dynamite it out of power—or hope of power.

WOMAN'S WORK.

The World's Industrial and Cotton Exposition has wisely decided to give prominence in its programme to woman's work. It has not simply said: Bring hither your handiwork and show it to the world. Far otherwise. It generously set aside the sum of $50,000 to promote this branch of the great undertaking, and then scattered abroad its invitation to women of every clime, complexion and degree to be represented here. Lack of money has not stood in the way of the poorest laborer in this cause. In this woman's congress all stand on the same level of advantage. Silk woven by the nimble fingers of Florida's fair daughters will be seen near that made by the yellow maidens of far away China.

The rich garments fashioned by the ladies of the Siamese court will not receive greater attention from the management than the seeds and herbs of the poor negro woman dwelling on the borders of the Mississippi. The ladies of the South will vie with their sisters of the North in presenting exhibits of things useful and beautiful.

In the fields of art and domestic decoration the Exposition promises to be rich and attractive. Hundreds of Exposition societies devised and managed by ladies in various parts of our broad land have been actively at work during many months, and we shall soon see in New Orleans the fruit of their skill and painstaking industry.

We shall see thousands of evidences of the genius of woman displayed in in many ways. Not the least, certainly, will be articles of comfort fashioned by her hand to promote the love of home and all its tender ties.—Exposition *Bulletin.*

In spite of the summer crusade against the Mother Hubbard, fashion boldly declares that the maligned garments are popular again this season, and a pretty model made of red and golden brown, crossed with hair lines of pale blue, is perfectly lovely.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON says: "We have proved it possible to have a state without a king, a church without a pope, a currency without a gold basis and a family without a divinely ordained head."

Organize Equal Rights Societies, and Equal Rights Clubs.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD'S

Before the Congressional Committee, December 16-79, in Behalf of the "Widow's and Orphan's Bill.

Gentlemen of the Committee:—I know that the hour has elapsed during which we were to have a hearing upon this bill; and I know also that weighty and important matters of State are before you for consideration; and yet, because I believe that this bill is of more vital importance to the people of the country—and particularly the people of the District of Columbia, especially the women portion of it—I feel that I must address you, even at the risk of encroaching upon your time.

I have read the laws on the property rights of married women in the various States of this Union, and in no one of them are the laws of descent so burdensome upon women as in the District of Columbia. We are living here under the English common law begotten of the system of English tenures that prevailed in the 10th century under the Norman invasion; the ground principle of which was that "might made right." Since that day eight centuries have elapsed, and we are to-day living in the broad light of a Christian civilization, but still with this vestige of heathendom clinging to our laws. To-day the pen is mightier than the sword, and the tongue is mightier than the pen; and, gentlemen, women have ever been held to be able to make a very clever use of that instrument. Under the primitive feudal law no woman could either inherit or purchase the fee because she could not bear arms. Idiots, priests, and children were also included. The introduction of better laws, of culture and refinement, changed the feudal law, and it is now time that the last vestige of it was wiped out of our civilization. I had intended to bring with me a compendium of our District laws of descent, but the Committee can readily turn to them. You will discover that the wife and mother, who should be the first, is the last person who heirs a dollar of her husband's property. We have no homestead exemption here as you have in most of the States. The widow is entitled to the use of one-third, if the estate be preserved, but she cannot will away a dollar. If the estate be sold, and she is advanced in years, it may be only one-tenth. I have no pecuniary or selfish interest in this bill, but, on the contrary, it would take business out of my hands. It would, to a large extent, wipe out the Probate Courts. It would remove most of the causes for divorce. My business experience has forced upon my attention the inequalities and injustice of our laws with reference to married women before Mrs. Stow drafted the bill before you, but daily duties and business cares prevented my giving attention to it. Nobody pays us for those things which benefit the public. Yesterday a woman came to me and said, "My husband has been dead for a month. There has been an administrator appointed, the estate is solvent, but he will give me no money. I helped to earn the property, but I cannot even buy me a suit of mourning." "Yes, Madam," I replied, "you should have administed yourself. You can buy yourself a suit of mourning and charge it to funeral expenses." The same day came a worthy citizen to me, formerly a resident of the State of New York, and asked me: "Madam, how can I make a man support a wife in this District?" "You cannot do it at all. You can compel him to support his illegitimate child, but you cannot compel him to support his wife and his legitimate children." As I was leaving my office to come to this Committee-room, a lady pulled my skirts and said: "Madam, I am in need of clothing, and my husband will not furnish me the money. He is chief of a bureau in the Treasury at $120 per month, and draws a pension of $30 per month more, but he will not support me. Cannot I buy them and charge them to him?" "Yes, Madam, but get only the plainest clothing and necessaries, as the law will allow you nothing more." This week I have been instrumental in settling up an estate valued at about $50,000, which has been for nearly seven years in the court, without the heirs having received any benefit from it; although the husband and father had used, as he thought, every precaution for the speedy settlement of his affairs. A weeping widow with seven infant children, whose husband had been killed by the cars, called upon me to bring suit against the railroad. Her friends had told her that she had a good case for damages. With sorrow I was compelled to tell her that the law of the District of Columbia held her to be her husband's slave. That, had he lived and she been killed, he could have brought suit for her loss on that ground; but she could not recover for the loss of her husband, although she and her helpless little ones had lost their only means of support. Our present laws do not insure to married women even a support during the coverture.

I am very anxious that the 1st Section of this bill should become a law, if we cannot have the whole of it. Marriage should be a civil contract in which the property rights are equal. No young woman should marry until she is able to support a husband. We have always taught the boy that marriage must not be thought of until he is able to support a wife. What we need in this age, is the same culture for boys and girls, and habits of industry, thrift, and frugality in them both. It may seem a little absurd, gentlemen, for me to attempt to instruct you in the law; you, who have practiced law for years; but I realize that all this may be, and there still be something therein that you have not thot of. I should like, just for a little while, to transform the Chairman of this Committee into a woman and put him into the Probate Court. Not that I have any animosity toward him, on the contrary, I have the kindliest sympathy and the highest regard, but the person who wears a shoe knows exactly where it pinches. You need, gentlemen, only to look at the laws for this District to discover that they need to be changed; and what more opportune time than this, when the District Committee are codifying the laws? Gentlemen, we must leave this bill to your kind consideration, after thanking you for your patient attention.

LET WOMEN VOTE.

T. M. Callaway.

If women ask the right to vote,
For God's sake let them have it.
Our land with whisky is afloat;
Their vote alone can save it.

As men I'm sure we've done our best;
We've fought and legislated;
But o'er our land from east to west
The fiend works unabated.

And most of good that has been done
Kind woman's work hath wrought it;
She's asked no pay since first begun;
Her love alone has bought it.

A mother sees her son sink low,
Until the sod's heaped o'er him;
He's killed—and yet the common foe
Holds sway o'er her who bore him.

The husband drinks; the poor wife finds
Her joy is turned to sorrow;
And yet in love she kindly binds
Her hopes with the to-morrow.

But hope's bright star grows sadly dim;
To save she has no power;
And though she prays and pleads with him,
Each day but sinks him lower.

The fearful end at last has come—
Oh, God, such desolation!
He's murdered by the demon Rum,
That's licensed by our nation.

O angels of the love-lit skies,
Is Justice driven away,
That man may thus her laws despise,
And find no reckoning day?

Women must vote; 'tis God's decree;
Justice has taken her throne;
This land from alcohol is free,
And sorrow's night is flown.

Food Reform.

PACIFIC FOOD REFORM SOCIETY.

OFFICERS: L. C. KELLY, PRESIDENT; Marietta L. Stow, Vice-President; E. N. Boyd, Treasurer. Mrs. Tarrant-Siddons, Secretary. Prof. Van Der Naillen, Chairman of Executive Committee.

Fortnightly meetings, Monday evenings at Heald's Business College parlors, 24 Post-st, S. F. Ladies and gentleman interested in food *temperance* are cordially invited.

PEOPLE WHO DO NOT EAT BREAD.—The *Gartenlaube* has an article on those civilized nations a large portion of whose peasantry eat little or no bread. Baked loaves of bread are unknown in many parts of South Austria and Italy, and throughout the agricultural districts of Roumania. In the villages of the Oberstelermark, not very many miles from Vienna, bread is never seen, the staple food of the people being sterz, a kind of porridge made from ground beech-nuts, which is taken at breakfast with fish or curdled milk, at dinner with broth or fried lard, and with milk again for supper. This sterz is also known as helden, and takes the place of bread, not only in Stelermark, but in Carinthia and in many parts of the Tyrol. In the north of Italy the peasantry live chiefly on polenta, a porridge made of boiled maize. The polenta, however, is not allowed to granulate, like Scotch porridge or Austrian sterz, but is boiled into a solid pudding, which is cut up and portioned out with a string. It is eaten cold as often as it is hot, and it is in every sense the Italian peasant's daily bread. The modern Roumanians are held by many scholars to be descended from a Roman colony—in other words, to be the cousins of the Italians, and, curiously enough a variation of the polenta, called mamaliga, is the national dish of Roumania. The mamaliga is like the polenta in that it is made of boiled maize, but it is unlike the latter in one important respect, as the grains are not allowed to settle into a solid mass, but are kept distinct, after the fashion of oatmeal porridge.

Miss Lizzie Knowles, aged 16, of East River, Conn., has eaten nothing but a little fruit and drank nothing but milk since the first week in February of this year. She preserves her health and strength on this simple diet. Two years ago she was attacked with a disease that baffled the skill of many doctors. When first taken ill she became numb and all her nerves were paralyzed. She lost her voice and was very weak, but her muscles were unaffected and she retained all her powers of motion. Her prostration continued for nearly three months, when she gradually recovered strength and is now able to attend to domestic duties. Her voice has not wholly returned, and although everything she says is perfectly distinct, it is uttered in a low but peculiarly pleasant whisper. The strange part of Miss Knowles's case, however, is that as her strength returned her appetite failed. At first she lost all desire for meat, and finally her stomach refused to retain it. Then her desire to eat anything at all grew gradually less, and during the latter part of last and the early portion of this year she rarely ate more than one or two meals a week. For some time her food, what little she ate, comprised several kinds, but she took a dislike to one article after another, until nothing remained that would tempt her appetite except fruit and milk, and on these two articles of diet alone she has been living since last February. Her principal nourishment is milk. She partakes but sparingly of fruit, and it seems probable that she will abandon it entirely. That she does not do this of her own free will is evident from the fact that twice since last February she has attempted to retain food of other description, but her stomach rejected it. About two weeks ago she swallowed an oyster, but her stomach would not retain it.—X.

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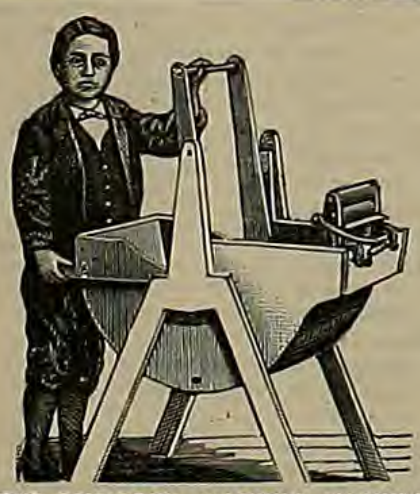

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TWELVE DOLLARS.

Now suppose it takes four hours to do your washing each week for five years—which is 104 days, or, 1040 hours. Mind you: The California Washer saves HALF that time—and only costs the *small* sum of $12.

Address G, M. PURSELL,
431 Fourth-st, San Francisco, Cal.

A Blaine and Logan Club, of Columbus, composed of sixty young ladies, recently marched in a procession, dressed in uniform, and carrying torches.

Any person who is devoted only to himself, and works only in his own little corner, be he a professional, a merchant, a mechanic or a man-of-all work, will sooner or later have his heart consumed by the dry rot.

With George Chainey's conversion to Spiritualism comes an abandonment of beer, cigars and meat.

There, just watch that woman giggle, throwing up her hands in holy horror. "Oh, dear!" she exclaims, "I shouldn't like to trust my life in the hands of a woman doctor!" Quite right, my dear, the doctor might feel the temptation to kill an idiot too strong for her. Men like fools of women.—Montreal (Ca.) *Gossip.*

THE FUTURE OE ENGLISH WOMEN.

BY MRS. A. ORR.

The Nineteenth Century.

It follows from this very adaptability of the female nature, that the admission of women under certain conditions and restrictions, to educational, professional, and, as far as it is now contemplated, to political activity, need cause no direct or actual disturbance of the social body, but that it must effect a gradual transformation of individual and social life. The movement does not tend to revolutionize society, but to decompose it. It is not a firebrand cast upon its surface, but a ferment introduced at its base. In what way the leaven will work may be exemplified by the experiences of three women, whom, without any straining of existing possibilities, we may imagine to be living thirty, forty, or fifty years hence, and whose actual and relative positions will show how irrelevant to the nature of the proposed change are the immediate tests of good and evil, of failure and success, by which it is sought to measure it. These three women will be sisters, educated alike under the progressive conception of female capacities and female rights, without expectations, or with very slight ones, but all qualified to exercise some profession. One of these may love and marry, and be fairly prosperous in her marriage. She will have a kind, if not always devoted, husband; averagely good and healthy children; an average proportion of domestic pains and pleasures, disappointments and success—a life, in short, which will stand for happiness in the gradual self-effacement which will prevent her ever entirely realizing whether or not it is so. She will never wish to die. She may sometimes feel the kind of weariness which only death cures.

Of the two who will not marry, one, being devoid of sentiment, will pass through life without experiencing an attachment or inspiring one. The other will inspire an attachment, and will return it, but in such a manner as to leave her professional interests and her social liberties untouched. She will be a wife just so far as is consistent with remaining free. Her conduct will create no scandal, because the increasing equality of the sexes will naturally, if not logically, have modified the prevailing view of the moralities of female life. The position will be accepted by a large section of society, and she will proceed with just so much caution that the more orthodox members of her acquaintance will either be ignorant of its facts, or their eyes not forcibly opened if they determine not to see. She will love rather less than she is loved, because her lover will be a normal man, and she only a modified woman, whilst the circumstances of their relation will be such as to stimulate his constancy and to remove all sense of anxiety from hers. Both these women will have professional success, social prestige, the mental and bodily health which proceeds from the unshackled exercise of national powers. They will at no time envy the lot of their more feminine sisters; they will very often see cause to pity it. Their lives will be no more wanting in dignity than enjoyment. Their intercourse with women will be naturally free from littleness; their manner toward men from all ungraceful extremes of reserve or freedom. They will have done some good in the world; they will not consciously or intentionally have done any great harm. Their eccentricities will simply have been the manifestation of a new order of things.

No one can deny that the elements of this new order are already present among us. No one can deny that as the self-sustaining single woman is an existing fact, the self-sustaining free woman is the natural outcome of an existing tendency—a woman whose conduct may or may not be immoral in the accepted meaning of the word, but who will be so far below the tenderness as above the weakness imputed to her sex, that she will refuse to render, whilst she will often abstain from claiming, any sacrifice in the name of love. No one can truly affirm that such a character, and the life which corresponds to it, will not in its own way be good. But it will scarcely be considered so by those who demand new spheres for female activity in order that the traditional female virtues may have a larger field of expansion.

Assertions like these have been disputed on two grounds: that for the majority of women the married life with all its drawbacks is the happiest, and that therefore the inclinations and the efforts of the majority will always tend toward it; that woman's plasticity, however great, must be limited by the conditions of her sex, and remain subservient to them, so that Nature or Providence itself forbids the appearance of that hybrid form of humanity into which the original woman may seem in danger of being transformed. The first of these arguments would be unanswerable in a social system slightly different from, we might say more natural than, our own. The second must discard all registered experience in order to be proved so. Women of masculine temperament occur even now; they have probably occurred from time to time since human life began; and though we should require a Darwinian command of time, with a more than Darwinian assumption of the instability of natural types, to predict that Woman in the narrow, perhaps we should rather say the broad sense of the word, will ever cease to exist, we need only the facts of adaptation going on daily and hourly before our eyes, and without which no habit could be formed, no faculty strengthened or acquired, no difficulty overcome, neither growth nor life possible, to compel us to admit that a race of women, brought up during successive generations under a rule of life departing more and more from its original form, must itself depart more and more from its original type, and becomes less and less likely to revert to it. We must remember that an altered rule of life means also an altered ideal, and that existing ideals are more or less distinctly present in every influence to which the growing mind, whether male or female, is subjected. From their cradle onwards, boy and girl unquestioningly, if not always willingly, accept a different standard of character, of manner, and of appearance, and they accept it not only because it is impressed upon them in words, but because they see it embodied in the grown-up world which surrounds them. They see that women are tender, whilst men are physically strong; that women's work is connected with home, that men's work is distinct from it; that women are skillful in one class of occupation, and men are proficient in another; that the greatest pride of either Man or Woman is entirely to look a man or to look a woman. But no such sense of difference can prevail when the family doctor or the family lawyer is indifferently a man or a woman; when excepting the fact that women are never soldiers, and men not often milliners, there is no recognized line of demarkation between the possible pursuits of men and of women; and when the personal elegance and social graces of a still feminine mother are to her children's understanding no more typical of her sex than the austere dress and business-like demeanor of the other and perhaps more respected members of it which belong equally to their little sphere. No sense of difference can prevail when the nursery, in which both children have felt alike, is exchanged for the school room in which they will learn to think alike, and in which they will be qualified for the same university course, and look forward to competing for the same literary or professional rewards.

Dress Reform.

SANITARY CLOTHING.—The clothing reform proposed by Dr. Gustav Jager, of Stuttgart, is said to have been already approved and carried out by thousands of Germans, not a few Russians, and some Englishmen. Dr. Jaeger contends that clothing made exclusively from wool, a natural covering from animal bodies, is the safest and most healthful for mankind to wear, and he urges its uses for all purposes of men and women. Not only would he exclude every article made from cotton or other vegetable fiber from the apparel in use by day, but he would also reject them from the beds on which we sleep at night. He advocates garments of such form that draughts of cold air under them are prevented while he doubly protects the throat and chest by an extra thickness of cloth, and keeps the feet clean and dry by the use of boots of porous leather or felt, and porous inner-soles. The advantages of wool over vegetable fibers are claimed to be very great as, the latter impede the circulation of the air, retain the noxious emanations of the body, and expose the surface of the skin to sudden change of temperature, while wool is free from those objections.—X.

DANGER IN DRESS.

How slow are women to take warning when fashion is at stake, and how reluctant to make any change in dress that will not meet the approval of those who constantly have the fear of what "they" will say before their minds. During the week four fatal accidents to women have come under our notice, resulting from a superabundance of drapery in inappropriate places. One poor girl's clothing was caught in the machinery in a restaurant where she worked and a terrible death was the immediate result. Another, a young mother caught her long riding habit in the stirrup, as she attempted to dismount from her horse, the animal started dragging her until life was extinct. The third was from fire and the fourth from being thrown upon the pavement when alighting from a carriage the trail of the dress having caught on the step.

The precious lives that have been sacrificed to senseless styles of dress are numberless, and in the face of all warnings, dangerous skirts are trailed and flirted among machinery, in the saddle and every other place of peril because our sex lacks the moral courage to reserve fashion for society and wear suitable and safe dresses in dangerous places.—X.

At a ball recently, a lady came near fainting after a long waltz. She was given into the charge of a physician who happened to be there. Upon loosening her clothes she was found to have on a band or kind of corset made of metal, and worn to give her waist a regular appearance. After this was removed her dress could not be fastened; so she was wrapped in shawls and sent home.

Three-fourths of the officers in the German army wear corsets.

The use of knickerbockers in Scotch cheviots with blouses, for gentlemen who are going into the country is increasing. They are very comfortable to tramp in.—*N. Y. Sun.*

TO PUBLISHERS.

Books upon Dress Reform, Physical Culture, Stirpiculture (Race Culture), Heredity, The Industrial Education of Women and Girls, and general reform, Equal Suffrage, Temperance, etc., will be carefully reviewed in these columns. Please remember 1921 Sacramento-st., S. F. Cal.

Books for review can be sent either to Bancroft's or Roman's publishing houses, or to the office of the HERALD.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

We admit anindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: Communications over a FOURTH of a column long put in the form of articles, NOT letters.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, SOUTHINGTON, CONN. The Oct. *Herald* is a magnificent number. You just "struck it," when you nominated Belva. Wish you had done it earlier. Enclosed please find $10 to help keep the ball rolling.

KATE PARKER, Anahiem, Cal. You have struck the key-note to our emancipation from nonentity. How I wish I could clasp your and Belva's hands and give you a hearty goodspeed.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diego, Cal. I feel sure that Lockwood and Stow are the purest candidates in the field, and as capable of filling the position as any of the other candidates.

HARRIET S. BROOKS. Omaha, Neb. I have been greatly interested in your nomination of Lockwood and Lozier, the two most suitable women in the United States for the position. How came you to discriminate so nicely? I look upon this as a new form of protest, and I hope it will be kept up until the E. R. party grows into power—a power that shall overturn some of the dawdling powers now extant.

MARY E. TILLOTSON, Vineyard, N. J. Glad Mrs. Lockwood recognizes the necessity of fisical freedom for womem. Glad your clarion notes, in spite of Duniways sneers, fell like music upon Lockwood's sentient ear. Bear your standard fearlessly. It will educate faster and farther than colleges and degrees, professorships and fame bubbles. Make a four years crusade and the next campaign shall recite its lesson and receive its mede of glory, in a nation's roll of honor.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, Nov 1-84 Lectured at Flint, Mich., last evening, on "Women and Money" to a very appreciative and intellectual audience of about 1,000 persons; numbers of them coming from 50 to 100 miles to hear me speak. An Equal Rights banner was flung across the street and the ushers, were girls wearing E. R. badges.

I have had a splendid campaign, well received and attentively listened to everywhere. My campaign fund was my lecture receipts, and I more than covered expenses. I had more fun and less worry than any of the other candidates and have accomplished a great deal.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WHAT'S THE MATTER? By CELIA B WHITEHEAD. Published by the author at Southington, Conn. Price, 25 cents. The author of this book of 124 pages is well known to our readers as her gifted pen has graced the columns of this paper almost from the day of its birth. There is no other question before the world today of such vital importance to the welfare of the world as Dress Reform, in woman's apparel. The long, uncouth, dragling bag called a dress skirt must go. There is no help for it. Its doom is sealed. The world has got to know that women have *legs* and *feet* which are going to assert themselves, and, Mrs. Whitehead ranks high among the daring inovators and practitoners. Her graphic little (it aint big enough) book bristles with facts spun and woven in a merry, merry vein. It is worth a $1. Send on your two bits and see if it aint.

THREE VISITS TO AMERICA. By Emily Faithful. 12mo, pp. xii, 400. Cloth, price $1.50, Published by Fowler & Wells Co., 753 Broadway, New York.

The author of this volume needs no introduction to an American public; her work in behalf of struggling women during the past twenty years has been attended with so much success that she has acquired wide-spread celebrity in spite of herself. Her three visits to this country were made for the purpose of studying our society, our industrial methods and organizations in behalf of poor and unfortunate English women, and the record of these three visits is not a rush into print to gratify personal motives merely, or to let the world know "my impressions of America," after the style of so many foreign tourists, but the notes of a warm-hearted, practical observer who is in earnest for the improvement of the condition of her fellow-women.

Every woman in the land should possess this work which reviews woman's labor-field so carefully, and gives such portraitures of American character from a contrasting standpoint. It is as bright and readable as a romance.

THE WOMAN CANDIDATE.

Belva A. Lockwood, Who Aspires to the Presidency, Speaks at the Opera House.

Cleveland Leader.

Cleveland has within her borders, at the present time, the first woman candidate for the Presidency of these United States, Belva A. Lockwood, of Washington. Last evening she addressed a select assemblage at the Euclid Avenue Opera House. Mrs. Lockwood was visited yesterday, at the Hotel Stillman, by a number of the most distinguished people of this city, whom she received gracefully. This evening she departs for Louisville, Ky., where she will devote part of the week to the exposition. From there she will go to New York. Mrs. Lockwood, as she appeared on the brilliantly lighted stage of the Opera House last evening, is a medium sized woman of perhaps forty-five years of age. She was quietly dressed, and perfectly at ease. Her style of delivery her equipoise, and her firm, determined face marked her as a cultured and highly educated woman, bold and individual in her thoughts, bold and straightforward in expressing them, and bold, determined, and unflinching in carrying them into effect. She could not be otherwise to have broken down the barriers placed around the United States Supreme Court

BY CENTURIES OF TIME

and custom, and entered its forum as a constitutional attorney. The blazing of her eyes, her anger and impatience when she described what she called the wrongs of womankind, showed she possessed a high spirit and considerable pugnacity. She is a close student of national affairs, and no one who has heard her speak can doubt but that she is fully in earnest in her championship of the cause popularly known as "woman's rights".

SYNOPSIS OF HER SPEECH.

"I propose to talk to you about the political issues before the country, because there are none. There is more brains wasted in both the great parties, than would serve to govern this country peacefully and prosperously. The high protection policy of the Republican party, if carried into effect would do more harm than good, while the Democratic party, with their free trade, are willing to compete with all the world." [Loud applause by a coterie of Democrats in one corner.] Neither of them has a great moral issue, and the great political issue is, who shall rule and distribute the offices. The same old platitudes which placed present office-holders in power are being used to keep them there. The industries of the country are suffering, mills are shutting down, strikes are recurring, and it is all due to the financial policy of the government. Capital and labor should not be antagonistic—capital is the machinery and

LABOR IS THE MOTIVE POWER.

If capital takes too much, labor groans and struggles; if labor takes too much, capital is crushed, and bankruptcy results. Both are parts of a corporate whole. It is our duty to keep a happy equipoise between them. Protection and free trade need master minds and pure hearts—men with an eye to the common weal, rather than to the good of their personal constituency. After studying all sides, looking North and South, we know the National Equal Rights party is the party of progress, and of the future. We do not propose to disturb or change the existing condition of affairs more than is necessary, but we will govern for the whole, and not for a section. The President should be the President of the people, and not of the Republican or the Democratic party. We are not afraid of Butler or his party, and we might be willing to stand on his platform if we knew what it was. I want a platform that will hold not only the laboring men, but the wives of the laboring men, the wives of their employers, and the millions of adult taxpaying women of this country. Such a platform as this must needs be a strong oen; it must be a platform of

COURTESY AND EQUAL RIGHTS.

Nearly all will admit that monopoly is not contemplated in the Constitution. If that is so, for one hundred years you have been in diametrical opposition to the Constitution, for so long has *man* had a grand monopoly of the *offices* of this government. The people are waking up, and are beginning to see the monstrosity of this—the power which makes women slaves, the monopoly founded merely on the difference in sex. We are a progressive, thinking nation. Our prosperity depends on the onward march of thought. Our life is in action and progression. To stand still is retrogression. This is a government of the people. Does this mean men alone, or men and women? Women can make contracts, they pay taxes, they sue and are sued. But man says idiots, priests, and women shall not vote. With free and equal rights, the two old political parties will die. They will be buried beneath their own corruption, and the Equal Rights party will unfurl its banner and march on to victory. The country will then be what it was destined to be, free.

We give to the word man a broader significance than

THE GREAT POLITICAL PARTIES

have given it. Lexicographers say man embraces woman. The Legislatures hold the same view when they come to levy taxes or exact penalties. In this free Republic, contrary to the Bill of Rights, we are governed without our own consent. At the coming election, out of a population of fifty-four millions of people, only 10,500,000 will vote. Twelve millions of taxpaying women are denied the privilege of helping to decide how they shall be governed. To-day, by reason of the ravages of the civil war, brought about by the pugnacity of male politicians, there are one and one-half million more women than men in the United States. In accordance with the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights it has become our duty to alter the Constitution or make a bold stand for our rights. The civilization of physical force is past, and that of brains and force is here. In this new civilization woman has been doing her share. Hitherto she has been a slave. There is no longer the possibility of relegating her back to the kitchen and the cradle. Machinery and invention have buried household drudgery, and women are ready for the workshop and the pulpit. This is

NO REVOLUTIONARY SCHEME,

or the plan of some enthusiast thirsting for individual notoriety, but it is a grand uprising, no more to be resisted than the waves of the Atlantic or Pacific.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD,

ATTORNEY & SOLICITOR,

—619 F Street Northwest,—

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PRACTICES IN COURT OF CLAIMS AND UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT. CLAIMS A SPECIALTY.

☞ *Pensions, Bounty, etc.*

The Rev. Joseph Powell, of San Francisco, recommends a novel method of preventing the propagation of crime. In a paper recently read before the Congregational Club of that city he treated of the law of heredity, and claimed that as things were at present criminals were born and bred such, and that the only efficent way to apply the "ounce of prevention," which here as elsewhere was better than "the pound of cure," according to the common proverb, was to bring in the services of the surgeon and forever deprive confirmed, vicious, and criminal persons of both sexes of the power of propagation. He proposed that confirmed drunkards, thieves, and licentious persons, and all who had been twice convicted of vicious and criminal acts should be subjected to the proposed treatment, and that children of vicious and criminal parents, who at the age of twelve years exhibited, as in most cases they would do, a decided proclivity to the evil ways of their progenitors, should be subjected to the same treatment as a prophylactic.

He recommended this, not by way of vengeance or even punishment, but as a safeguard for society, which was in danger of being overrun and swamped by the vicious and criminal class, which seemed to have a power of propagation greater than was possessed by those who were virtuous and moral. A few of the clergymen who took part in the discussion which followed, favored the views of Mr. Rowell, but most of them dissented therefrom, and some of them quite strongly.—X.

LADY LOBBYISTS.

The lady lobbyists have played important parts in the social life of Washington, especially since the Buchanan administration. Some of them have been the widows of officers of the army or the navy; others have been the daughters of congressmen, and others have drifted here from home localities where they had found themselves the subjects of scandalous comments. A few of them have been very beautiful, some had scorched their wings on ill-lighted torches, and they have generally been very clever. It has been their business to so ingratiate themselves with senators and representatives as to control their votes on matters which they have been paid to advocate or oppose. Failing in this, they have sometimes managed to secure the absence of opponents of the bills which they have been retained to advocate by ingenious schemes. They looked at every question before congress from a business standpoint, and their smiles were for those whose votes were doubtful. To them the highest compliments and most honeyed phrases were thrown away, for they know their vanity. They "meant business." The parlors of some of these dames have been exquisitely furnished, with works of art and bric-a brac donated by diplomats. Every evening they received, and in winter their blazeing wood fires were surrounded by a distinguished circle. Some would treat favored guests to a game of euchre, and as midnight approached there was always an adjournment to the dining-room, where a choice supper was served. A duck, a venison pie, broiled oysters or some new exquisitely cooked dish with salads and cheese, generally constituted the repast, with iced champagne or Burgundy at blood heat.

Who could blame the congressman for leaving the bad cooking of his hotel or boarding-house, with an absence of all home comforts, to walk into the parlor web which the adroit spider lobbyist has cunningly woven for him?—*Ben: Perley Poore.*

It is said that the New York city car drivers are taking to water as the most steadily stimulating drink. One of them entertained a passenger not long since with the following: "I've tried liquor and I've tried cold water, and I must say that cold water takes the cake every time. I used to be what you might call a hard drinker, but I've turned over a new leaf. The first thing I do in the morning is to take a good big drink of cold water. It serves as my eye-opener. While I'm on the car I get a drink at the end of the route. I don't know how to explain it, but it keeps me as warm as toast all day long. Some of the men drink hot tea or lemonade. The men who prefer whisky are the men who complain most of the cold every time."—*Union Signal.*

they must be equally effective against the right of men to the ballot.

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35 Churton-st, Belgravia, London, Eng., Who won the 1st *prize* (£50) at the London Exhibition of the Rational Dress Ass'n, begs to say that she makes dresses which conform to the requirements of the R. D. A., and forwards them to all parts of the world. Also, dresses in the ordinary style, according to the prevailing fashion. All her Costumes are made with a due regard to comfort, lightness and warmpth combined.

MADAME BROWNJOHN has constantly a choice and varied selection of the latest Parisian models, as well as materials from the best firms.;

Samples of materials and forms for self-measurement sent on application. When ordering dresses it greatly facilitates matters if a good fitting dress body accompanies the order: also, photo. and length in front, from neck to bottom of skirt hem.

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Also, "The Dietz Patent Crum Receiver," a little bijou of neatness and convenience. Price $1,50. When both pans are purchased a deduction of 25 cts is made.

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☞ ADDRESS, 1921 Sacramento-st

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

GRAND EQUAL RIGHTS
(Lockwood and Stow)
RATIFICATION MEETING
At Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Nov. 1-84.

MRS. STOW'S ADDRESS.

Ladies and gentlemen: The time has arrived in the progress of events to recognize the dual head of the human family. Hitherto there has been but one head, a masculine head, and that head has got the governments of the world into a lamentable muddle.

Now we, women, propose to take our true place, in the natural plan and help straighten the crooked labyrinths, made and presided over by men.

This is the supreme moment in womans world. It marks an epoch in the history of nations. It is unprecedented in the annals of time. The Equal Rights party swept up from the lowering horizen and across the threatening clouds of the political sky like a comet. It is a child of necessity. Everywhere came the cry, "O for a new, clean, uncorruptable party! A peoples party!" The name, *Equal Rights*, will unfurl its banner from every pinnacle of emancipated thot and bring to every friend however humble, the glad tidings, "Liberty Equality, Fraternity," No civic movement has ever caused such wide-spread interest and generous approval. Wherever Mrs Lockwood has been called to speak, her line of march has been a triumphal ovation. She has been banqueted, serenaded, made the honored guest of expositions, called upon to speak from railroad carriage platforms, hotel balconies, and treated in all respect as an equal with male candidates and as one who has the right to occupy the highest position in the gift of the people—in spite of the

HE

in the Constitution. Opponents claim that that one word, in that man made instrument, forever bars women from the presidency. Not so! The alphabet, the stage, the pulpit, used to be *he*, but an ever advancing civilization has decided that there is no HE in knowledge, forensic, lyric, or dramatic art, or religious propaganda, and it will soon be discovered that there is no sex in the ruling power of a republic any more than in a kingdom. Qualification moral character and merit should be the test of a persons right to rule—and it will be.

Men have tried to keep house alone and what a mess they have made of it. The temple of justice is filled with thieves (as their own courts of justice have proved) and office seekers. The science of government, masculine gender, has become little else than a cunning system of robbing the poor by unjust taxation to pay government officials large salaries, and perquisites. $589 for wines, liquor and mineral water for the use of the Board of Visitors to the Naval Academy, is an item in last year's Government expenditures. Would women official visitors empoverish the government to that extent? I think not.

After having expended over $100,000,000 upon its buildings in the District of Columbia, Government finds itself paying nearly $6,000 for rent of private buildings. Is this household economy? Would women be as prodigal of the public funds as that? I think not.

During the past ten years Government has expended nearly $70,000,000 in caring for the Indians—and how have they been cared for? The total number of Indians attached to agencies is only 246,000, and of these 90,000 in Indian Territory, 7,700 in Wisconsin and 5,000 in New York are partly self-supporting. Emancipate these people from their tribal relations and the problem of their civilization is solved. Poor people will not then be taxed to support them and the hungry Indian commissioners.

Were it only for the sake of economy men should be willing and anxious to share the spoils of the many and renumerative offices, created by them, with women. Woman has been forced to economize so much, that economy is a part of her inheritence. And *she is honest*. She will not go to congress on $5,000 a year and in five years own a brown stone front and a stable of blooded horses.

The two old parties have become so corrupt and unreliable, such unblushing scramblers for place and power, that other parties have sprung into existence: Parties too weak to grapple with the old disciplinarians. What is needed now is to have the new parties unite and under the brave banner, Equal Rights, in four years from this time we shall carry the country. The Equal Rights watch-word is "Liberty Equality, Fraternity," Every intelligent woman in the land should work for the Equal Rights party. Women are good workers and have proved themselves good voters in Washington and Wyoming Territories. The Equal Rights party is a live party. The dominant parties are slowly dying of dry rot, whiskey rot and greed rot. Whoever votes for either of them votes for *whiskey* rule.

The Repudlican party is dying of dry rot plethora. It is the most stupendous monopoly ever created. It is a sex aristocrat with a blue blood pedigree. It loves an obedient woman, but a rebellious one it spews out of its mouth. Women who want place and power sour on its stomach. What has it ever done for women? Nothing! And yet the Stanton-Anthony National and the Stone-Dunaway American suffragists cling to it with a death grip. There are women in San Francisco who refuse to work for the Equal Rights party, because they are pledged, forsooth, to the Republican party. What has it done for those "loyal" women? Has it called upon them to lecture during the campaign? Said the Sec. of the Republican State Committee, "There are several ladies names on the list of speakers upon our books but not a call has been made for one of them in city or state." I should think this state of things would open the eyes of all women to the fact that the Republican party is a stag party.

Slavery killed the Democratic party. It dug its little grave, wrapped it in its cold cerements and headed up its coffin with Union balls and iron spikes.

The Greenback party has changed its name and offended Miss Anthony.

The Prohibition party wants to put God in the Constitution. That offends Liberals. If that party will put Woman instead of God in the Constitution it will do a wise and politic thing.

The Equal Rights party is the only party worthy of a generons vote, in the somewhat crowded party field.

The San Francisco Chronicle has got the stomach-ache, as usual, over the 'fifth wheel" to the political coach, which is hub deep in the mire already. True! But the "fifth wheel" is a *triple* wheel, out of the mire, and goes by its own upright and uncorruptable motor. It shuns man's political quagmires and pestilential gutters, and skims, like a bird, over clean pavemens tand firm ground.

Voters say

"WAIT.

You take our breath away with your *hurry*," "Hurry!" Have'nt we waited a hundred years? Waited until the illiterate foreigner has raised his bludgeon of a vote over our heads; waited for the emancipated slave to slap us in our faces for our temerity. Ah, yes, we know, bitterly know, what it is to "wait," when jubilant man says, "You take our breath away. Wait four years give us time to eat, drink and digest your Equal Rights principles; to test the planks in your platform, then we shall see, *We shall see*!" And they will see!

Our white plumed Lady is the greatest living woman. She is the first woman in the world who dared to study law, and compel a recognition from bench and bar. She is the first woman in the world ever nominated, by a party, for the chief magistrate of a great nation. No other woman in all the ages yet to be, can ever stand where she stands today the observed of all observers—in the civilized world. She is the first. No other can ever be *first*. No other woman's face has ever spoken from so many journals and newspapers as hers. She and the Equal Rights party have advanced the Woman Suffrage question ten years, the last two months. People who have never given the subject so much as a passing thot have been compelled to pause, think, discuss, when the question was served hot each morning with their coffee and rolls.

No other candidate is as worthy of the distinguished honor as Belva A. Lockwood. She has carved out her own career unaided by the people of a state and $8,000 a year. No *man* will serve the *whole* people as well and faithfully as the Equal Rights candidate. Women have never been represented. She will recognize *two* heads to the household and shape her course accordingly.

NEW YORK STATE.

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MOSES C. RICHARDSON,
Lockport, N. Y.

First District: Mary P. Pell, Flushing, L. I.
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Third District: Harry M. Waldron, Brooklyn.
Fourth District: J. B. Gibbs, N. Y City.
Fifth District: S. Vos, N. Y. City.
Sixth District: Joel A. Pinney, N. Y. City.
Seventh District: Wm. B. Walsh, N. Y. City.
Eighth District: Clara M. Brinkerhoff, N. Y. City.
Ninth District: C. H. Anderson.
Eleventh district: Charlotte A. Von Cort, N. Y. City.
Twelfth district: Harriet L. Dolsen.
Thirteenth district: Helen M. Loder, Poughkeepsie.
Fourteenth district: Lydia S. Hasbrouck Middletown.
Fifteenth district: Ida Paige Butler.
Sixteenth district: Kate Stoneman, Albany.
Twenty-first district; Julia Flaesch, Schenovas
Twenty-third district:
Andrew Spangenberg, Utica.
Twenty-fourth district:
Wm. W. McNall, Oswego.
Twenty-seventh district:
E. M. Atwell, Naples.
Twenty-eighth district:
J. A. Wheeler, Watkins.
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Solomon A. Shelly, Kenyonville,
Thirty-first district: Seneca B. Foot,

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A corset maker declares that American girls are the worst in the world for tight lacing.

INTERNATIONAL DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY

MARY E. TILLOTSON. Vineland, N. J. "Have worn the Science Costume for more than 30 years, everywhere."

ABBIE KNAPP, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, Southington, Ct. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home, for several years."

MRS. E. M. KING, Hon. Secritary of the Rational Dress Association, London, Eng., wears a waistcoat and jacket-bodice, with a slightly trimmed short skirt and narrow kilted trousers, which extend three or four inches below the skirt.

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

EMELINE A. PRESCOTT, Hollowell, Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

ALEXIS LE BEUF, SAN JACINTO, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. DOANE, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Washington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I adopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

CAROLINE B. KEESE, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29 years of age, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

MARTHA S. SEVERANCE, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 30 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

MARIETTA LIZZIE BEERS BELL-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S costume: Trousers and kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

MARY DODDS, M. D., St. Louis, Mo., has worn a Trouser-dress for years, everywhere.

MARY E. LUCAS, M. D., Newfield, N. J., "Have worn the Short Dress (as a work dress) for 20 years."

RITA BELL, Painesville, O. "Have worn a short dress for several years, everywhere, and made my living in it.

ALMEDIA B. GRAY, Schofield, Wis., wears the Tripple S costume.

S. GERTIE SMYTH, Oakland, Cal. wears a short Trouser-dress, at home.

MRS. C. H. WEBB, San Francisco, Cal., has adopted the Tripple S costume for home wear and country outings.

MRS. DR. STRONBRIDGE, Cortland, N. Y. has worn the Science costume, in her infirmary, for many years.

SUSAN P. FOWLER, Vineland, N. J., has worn the Science costume, everywhere, for the last eighteen years.

FRANK A. M. COOK, M. D., Columbus, Ks.: Have worn the Science costume, everywhere, since 1853,

At the "Home School," Ancora, N. J. men and women, boys and girls, dress just alike, in a combination suit without skirts.

SAMANTHA H. BANCROFT, Toms River, N. Y. "Have worn the Trouser-dress for nine years, everywhere, traveling extensively in the U. S. and Canada."

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Children's Corner.

SELLING THE BABY.

Who wants to buy a baby,
For Robby has one to trade?
Yes, he would trade his sister
For a nice new wagon, he said.

"Would you sell my baby ?"
Mamma said in surprise,
Hugging tighter the darling,
Kissing the fast closed eyes.

"Why not?" asked Robby, boldly;
"Who wants babies here?
They're not as good as wagons;
No indeedie, not near.

"Harry hasn't a baby,
And he gets along very well;
So I told a man this morning
I'd give him little Belle."

But he paused to look at baby
As she lay on mamma's lay,
With her blue eyes closed in slumber,
Taking her morning nap.

"She's an awful pretty baby,
Isn't she, mamma?" he said
And as she moved in her slumber
He patted the golden head.

Around his chubby finger
Closed the dimpled hand so white,
And Robby smiled with pleasure
As he felt it hold him tight.

"I s'pose we'll kind of miss her
After she's gone," he said;
And again, to quiet her moving,
He stroked the shining head.

"Don't you think that maybe papa
Will buy me, if I am good,
A wagon, so I could keep baby?
I'd like it lots if he would."

Just then the blue eyes opened
With a sweet, bewitching smile,
And little Belle sat upright
In the cutest baby style.

"Mamma, this baby's lovely,"
So Robby boldly said;
"And it's worth a thousand wagons
For one curl upon her head.

"I'm going to tell the shopman
I guess I will not trade,
For Belle's worth all the wagons
And tops and balls ever made."

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIEL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

Then commenced the "hunt" in real earnest. Every loose bunch of hay was carefully lifted and shaken, lest some refractory egg should lurk in its meshes. One day as Etta was plunging around under the rafters she discovered—O, joy forever! a nest with nine pearly white eggs in it.

"O my, O my!" she cried out at the lucky discovery, "Do come and see the beautiful eggs! aint they splendid?" "Yes they *be*! and you're a *hero*, little trump!" replied Jim emphatically for he was a gallant lad and proud of his little friend's success. Taking off his hat he carefully lifted out every one and placed them in the crown of it, replacing the nest-egg from his basket, "for," said he, "mother shall have every one of them to make pies, 'cos she's particular about eggs for cookin."

The long evenings were devoted to the preparation of fall apples for drying. Sam run the paring machine while the others quartered and cored, the apples, and strung them on strong twine. Then the long strings, covered with the lucious quarters, were hung on the kitchen wall to dry, at night, and on sunshiny days they were suspended on long ricks, made for the purpose, and placed in the sun and wind outside. After the evening's work was finished, the children were allowed a half hour's frolic, in which Sebe and Eunice, and sometimes Mr. Bigly, himself, took part. "I spy," "Puss-in-boots" and "Hop Scotch," made the old hall ring again. Sometimes a circle was formed and one standing in the centre sang—

"Erie, iry, ickery, *an*,
Over the hill in the frying *pan*!"

stabbing a finger into each stomach of the revolving circle until the magic word was reached, then the tangent stampede which followed was a "*buster*." Over chairs and under tables they went helter-skelter, shaking with laughter and shouting in glee—strengthening alike lungs and muscles. Mrs. Bigly, with her never finished knitting-work in her industrious hands, would sit in some safe corner enjoying the fun; mingling the merry present with the long ago; when her now scant and faded locks were as bright and abundant as Etta's silken fleece.

One night there was a grand "coon-hunt." All the old men, young men and boys in the neighborhood, assembled at an early hour in the great hall, with their dogs. The latter a mongrel, illfavored set as ever was seen, but eager to tree a "*kune*" or worry a woodchuch. The former, many of whom would have given *eclat* to Falstaff's recruits, were trapped out with old muskets that had seen service in the Revolution; hunter's stout knives and axes; and taken all in all, it was a very *queer* looking party.

A prolonged blast from the tin dinner- horn, outside, was the signal call to march! to battle! to do, or die! After the departure of the hunting-party Etta felt very lonely, the house was so *still*. Mrs. Bigly and her two dauters were doing the weeks mending, while the indefatigable knitting-work lay neglected in the basket. Now Etta could knit *some* and she longed to take a turn at the stocking, but didnt dare ask the privilege. Therefore, when Mrs. Bigly looked up from her work and addressed some words of no importance to our heroine, she saw Etta drop the half finished stocking back into the basket and divining her thoughts, said, "Do you know how to knit? my dear!"

"Yes'm a *little*!" she hesitatingly replied, ballancing on one foot, with her eyes fixed on the floor.

"Well, then you can give me a lift on that stocking, that you were looking at just now, while we are mending. Time hangs heavily on *idle* hands." Etta's face brightened as she picked up the stocking and commenced knitting, right glad to have something to do. After a little, Mrs. Bigly glanced over the iron-bows of her spectacles, and said to her, "Narrow in one needle every three times round. It's almost to the heel."

"I cant find any *seam*-needle," began Etta, closely examining the "butnut-colored leg of the stocking as she turned it from side to side." "*Ma* always has a seam-needle." "Never mind that, deary! seam *any where*, it's a poor leg that wont shape a stocking," continued Mrs. Bigly as she snapped out one of Mr. Bigly's *fine* shirts and folding it laid it beside her, wondering how it came in the mending basket.

The hunting-party had not returned, when Etta went to bed. The following morning she jumped up with the sun and hastily dressing herself, ran down stairs to see how many coons and squirrels the hunters had caught, the night before. Jim was waiting for her in the hall. "Good morning, good morning!" he called out the moment he saw her, "how'd you sleep last night?" "O, purty nice!" replied Etta. "I didn't though"—broke in Jim, "for I was dreaming all night about huntin the coons and I thought that as soon as I got a rousing *fat* feller up a tree and was about popping away at the rascal, that it was no *kune* at all, but a little rolly-polly, yeller-haired gal, instead."

"No you didn't either," cut in Etta bridling up. "What a story teller you are Jim, aint you afraid of the *bears*? They'll ketch you sometime—certain!"

Jim laughed and bounded through the back door, calling over his shoulder, "*Bears*! afraid of bears? Not when you're round little chicken! But come and see the trophies of the chase."

Etta swallowed her momentary ire and ran after him into the wood shed at the back of the house. On a bench near the door were lying three coons, half a dozen squirrels and a woodchuck. Jim said, by way of apology, seeing the surprised look on Etta's face, that they had caught twenty coons and ever so many *other* things, but that the other "fellers" had taken them home for breakfast, dinner or tea, he didn't know which.

DRESS REFORM.

KIOWA, KAN., Sept. 22-84.

EDITOR LIBERAL:—I had the pleasure yesterday of reading an article in your excellent paper on Dress Reform signed with the initials "G. R." Will you please allow me a few words in your columns for a full endorsement of that article? All hail to the clear ringing voice of one noble and brave woman in the town of Liberal in earnest protestation against the unnatural, unhealthful enslaving, and inhuman style of the fashionable woman's apparel of to-day, and appealing in logical and earnest terms to the women of Liberal and elsewhere to brave an unpopular and false public sentiment on that subject by adopting and wearing, at home at least, a sensible, natural, comfortable, and healthful mode of dress. I trust Mrs. R. will keep her pen and voice busy until she convinces the women of Liberal and elsewhere of their present suicidal modes of dress, and until she gathers around her a group of unflinching, independent, brave and heroic women who dare to adopt and wear, at home first, and eventually wherever they go, a natural, easy, and comfortable style of apparel. Think of women calling themselves Liberals, fearing to break the bonds of a fashionable slavery in dress, that is killing mind, soul, and body; living in prisons from the cradle to the grave, and carrying those prisons with them wherever they go. What do you suppose independent men think of women who are self jailed, self imprisoned in long skirts, corsets, trails, pinbacks, bustles, and with a pound or so of long done up hair on the back of the head, diseasing and heating the brain? Every physiologist and intelligent physician knows that such a wardrobe is unnatural, uncomfortable, and health-destroying. Why then do our intelligent and, so called, independent and self-reliant women persist in wearing such a suicidal and destructive style of dress?

Men would not be cooped up and imprisoned in long skirts, trails, corsets, bustles, and pin-backs, and with long done-up hair on their heads one week, before you would hear the report of a first-class cyclone, and see the work of destruction laying waste such vile prisons. They would not endure such imprisonment at all, and the world could not force them into it. Why then shall they force this imprisonment upon women, the mothers of our race, wasting their energies and killing them by slow torture and transmitting the terrible consequences of this fashionable folly (might I say crime?) to generation after generation?

How much longer, O liberal minded women, O liberal minded men, is this fashionable folly to endure, to curse our race in the future as it is doing in the present, and has done in the past? We are holding liberal meetings every Sunday afternoon in the Liberal settlement seven miles west of Kiowa, Barber Co., Kansas, and have a liberal platform on which to discuss all questions with which the human mind can grapple, on the subject of religion, politics, morals, social freedom, and habits, customs, fashions, and practices of every kind, and I desire to say to Mrs. R. that her article on Dress Reform was read before our meeting yesterday, and in a few weeks, I think, we shall take up that subject of dress reform on our free platform, and discuss it *thoroughly*; and I trust that our intelligent and independent women here will have the nerve, the spirit, the bravery to discard the present destructive styles of dress.

I hope that our true, noble and earnest women here can send greeting ere long to the intelligent, earnest and noble women of Liberal the glad tidings of their deliverance from the mind, soul, and body crushing bondage of the fashionable follies of woman's dress to-day in our own country and the world at large. I should like to see this truly noble and most worthy and vital reform in woman's style of dress, fairly and fully inaugurated, and I ask, have the independent women of Liberal and of our own liberal settlement here, the nerve, the spirit, the bravery to introdnce and fully inaugurate the work, and carry it forward to a successful termination, until victory shall perch upon their banners. Truly,

R. E. LAFETRA, in Mo. *Liberal*.

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